

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00019756361











W. A. Sherman

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES

OF

GENERAL WM. T. SHERMAN.

BY

DISTINGUISHED MEN OF HIS TIME.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES, GEN. O. O. HOWARD, HON. GEO. W. CHILDS,
GEN. HENRY SLOCUM, GEN. HORATIO C. KING, SENATOR
MANDERSON, HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, ADMIRAL
PORTER, GENERAL HORACE PORTER, SENATOR
HAWLEY, HON. THOMAS C. FLETCHER,
REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Fletcher, Thomas Clement
"

ILLUSTRATED.

BALTIMORE:

R. H. WOODWARD COMPANY.

1891.

E 467
.1
.S55 F62

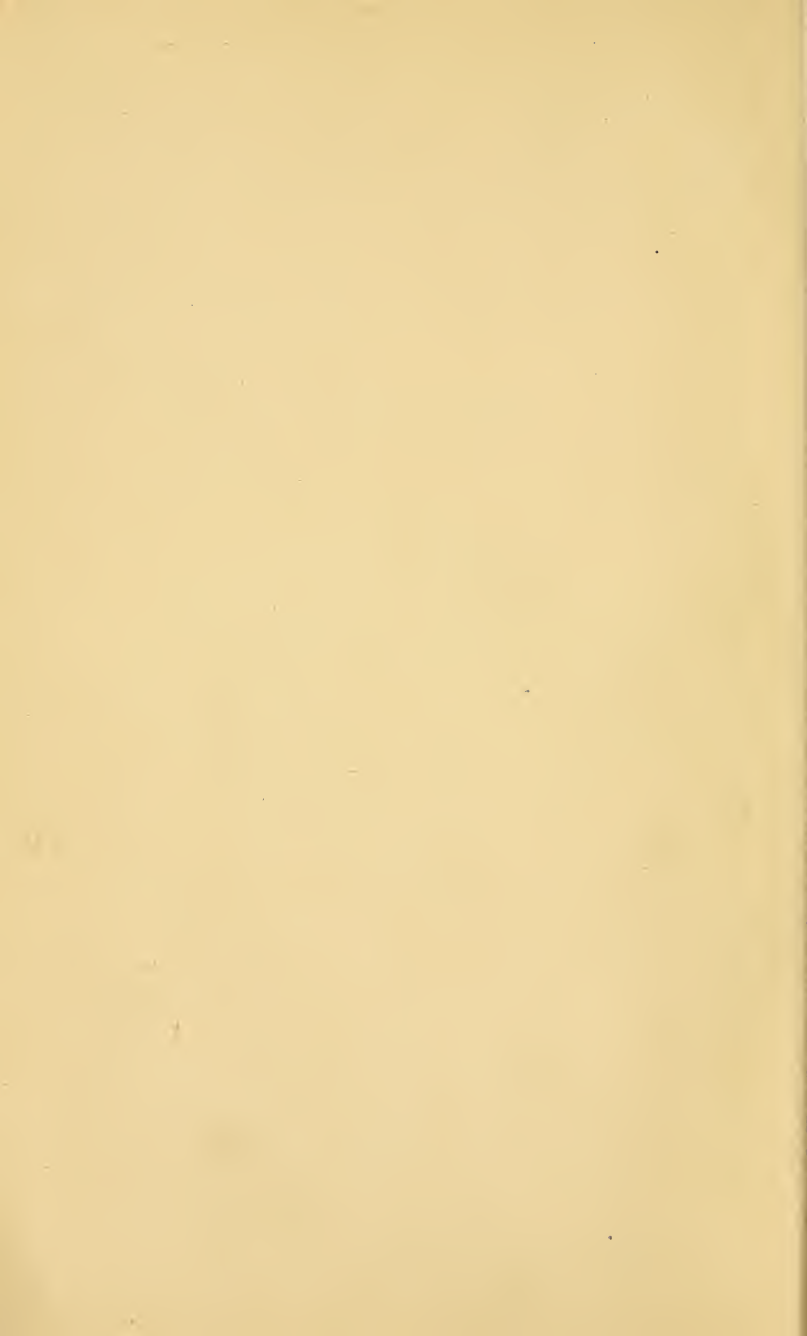
D.m.
8 N'00.

COPYRIGHTED, 1891
BY R. H. WOODWARD & CO.

01-23299

Dedication.

TO THE
SURVIVING SOLDIERS
OF THE ARMIES OF GENERAL SHERMAN.
TO YOU IS DEDICATED THIS MEMORIAL VOLUME
OF YOUR HONORED AND MUCH-LOVED LEADER,
WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN,
THE SOLDIER, BRAVE, HONEST AND TRUE,
UNDER WHOM YOU FOUGHT SO NOBLY
AND WON SO GLORIOUSLY IN
THAT MEMORABLE
CONFLICT OF
1861-65.



CONTENTS.

LIFE.

	PAGE
HIS LIFE BEFORE THE WAR	I
DURING THE WAR	19
AFTER THE WAR	66
HIS LIFE IN NEW YORK	78
HIS HUMOROUS SIDE	95
HIS LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH	110
THE FUNERAL	126
HIS CHARACTER	199

REMINISCENCES AND TRIBUTES.

BY HORATIO G. KING	253
BY GEORGE W. CHILDS	272
BY GENERAL O. O. HOWARD	287
BY MR. HIRAM HITCHCOCK	295
BY ADMIRAL PORTER	301
BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER	303
BY THE EDITORS	320

	PAGE
BY HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.	323
BY PRESIDENT HARRISON.	334
BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.	336
BY COLONEL GEORGE A. KNIGHT.	338
BY GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM.	346
BY SENATOR MORGAN	350
BY SENATOR HAWLEY	354
BY HON. CARL SCHURZ	355
BY EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.	356
BY HON. CHARLES F. MANDERSON	359

APPENDIX.

OLD TIMES IN CALIFORNIA	375
GRANT, THOMAS, LEE	398
OUR ARMY AND MILITIA	432
CAMP-FIRES OF THE G. A. R.	455
RESPONSE OF GENERAL SHERMAN	468
SHERMAN ON LONGSTREET	476

INTRODUCTION

WHATEVER history preserves of what a man said and what he did forms the basis of the opinion that posterity gathers of him. History will carry to coming generations the evidences of the military genius of General Sherman and the far-reaching and great breadth of his mind. His marches and battles and triumphs and speeches and letters will do all this, but that is not all that should be preserved to carry into coming time a knowledge of what manner of man this patriot, hero, brainy American was. I write of him of my personal knowledge. He was capable of preserving the calmest demeanor under circumstances provocative of the greatest excitement; his friendship, freely given to all whom he thought deserving, was always intense. If he had dislikes he did not manifest or speak of them, unless in defence of his self-respect. In all the years in which I was honored with his familiar association, I do not recall an instance of hearing him speak unkindly of any one, but he always had a word of commendation for all who deserved it. He never grumbled. He was eminently a just

man—liberal in all things, but would resent and resist vigorously the smallest infringement on his rights as a man, or any unjust exaction of him on the part of any one, he cared not who. He never shirked or dodged any responsibility, as witness the facts of the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, 29th December, 1862.

Genl. Morgan reported to him that he had bridged the bayou, whereas, in fact, he had only bridged a small lateral bayou; he reported to him that there was nothing between our troops and the hills, when the bayou, wide and deep, and an abattis almost impassable lay before us. I reconnoitered the situation and reported it to Genl. Blair, and Blair, in my presence, reported it to Morgan, and yet Morgan assured Genl. Sherman that he would be on the hills in ten minutes after the firing of the signal-guns for the charge, and misled him in every material fact as to the situation. The disastrous charge raised a howl against Genl. Sherman all along the line of that great army of stay-at-home army critics, and yet the brave and generous soldier wrote: "I assume all responsibility and attach fault to no one;" and there it stands on the official records of the Republic.

McClelland was sent to relieve him of his command and brought him the first intelligence he had that Genl. Grant had lost his base of supplies at Holly Springs, and had to fall back, thereby being prevented from co-operating with him at Chickasaw Bayou, and allowing Pem-

berton to re-enforce Vicksburg. McClelland assumed command, Sherman's army was divided into two corps, he was given command of one and Morgan of the other.

Of all his army Genl. Sherman was the only man who was not heard vigorously protesting against his treatment; he never murmured, but went right on. He could wait on slow-paced reason to demonstrate the truth by the aid of time, and yet in war he seemed to act from the inspirations of genius that waits not on anything.

In readiness of apprehension, quickness of perception of facts and conclusion as to course in an emergency and rapidity of execution, he excelled any officers of his time.

Annually, ever since the war, we have met with the society of the Army of the Tennessee, meeting at all the cities and principal towns of the great valley. He delighted in our meetings; hundreds and thousands of the old soldiers greeted him on all occasions; for every one he had a kind word of earnest inquiry, as to his present condition in life, his family, etc. He was our president for about twenty years. He dispatched the business of the society promptly, rapidly and with little regard to parliamentary law or rules; he properly regarded formality of proceedings as unnecessary, and went right at it and put it through. He enjoyed our songs. "The Sword of Bunker Hill" and "Old Shady" were two of his favorites. He was a model toast-master, and his speeches, preserved in the volumes of our proceedings, are remark-

able for brevity, point and appropriateness. He had the keenest appreciation of humor, and always encouraged the class of speeches that drew forth the heartiest laugh.

He lived with us in St. Louis. I had the honor to administer to him the obligation of a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic. I shall never forget the expression of uncertainty or doubt which his face wore until I reached that portion of it which pledged his honor as a soldier to honor the Constitution of our country, obey its laws, defend the Union and uphold the flag of our country as the emblem of liberty, equal rights and national unity; then he straightened himself to his full height and his face lighted with a halo of patriotic fire, he vigorously nodded his assent and repeated it in an emphatic tone. We buried him there. The whole mass of people there knew and loved him. The old soldiers took up the line of march to follow him in death as they had done in life. The old Confederate soldiers, too, fell in and marched with the great procession; a half million of people, of every party, sect and nationality—men, women and children—stood uncovered, and thousands wept as the cortége moved to the cemetery, all moved by a feeling not only that he was the greatest military chieftain at his death in all the world, but because he was esteemed by them as a kind-hearted, social, benevolent friend, whom they had learned to love in their social contact with him.

THOS. C. FLETCHER.

LIFE OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN.

CHAPTER I.

HIS LIFE BEFORE THE WAR.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN was born Feb. 8th, 1820, at Lancaster, Fairfield County, Ohio. It is an interesting coincidence that the two great Union soldiers who first successively rose to the full rank of General were born in the same State of Ohio, and that there also Sheridan, the third and only other Union soldier who reached that exalted grade, passed all his boyhood from infancy, his home being only a few miles distant from the birth-place of Sherman.

William's paternal ancestor, Samuel Sherman, emigrated to America in 1635, only thirteen years behind the "Mayflower." He was a strict Puritan

and a man of a strong character. He settled at first in Stratford, Conn., and afterward became one of the original proprietors of Woodbury, Conn.

Daniel Sherman, one of his descendants, became a member of the Committee of Safety in Connecticut during the War of the Revolution, and served for sixty-five consecutive sessions, or thirty-two and a half years, as the representative of his native town in the General Assembly of Connecticut. His son, Taylor Sherman, a lawyer and afterward Judge, was the General's grandfather. Charles R. Sherman, William's father, took to the same profession, but went to Ohio to practice it in 1810, making the little town of Lancaster his home. He was made Judge of the Supreme Court in 1823, and died while on the Bench in 1829 in Lebanon, leaving six sons, to the two elder of whom fell the task of supporting the mother and younger children.

In 1829, when William was but nine years old, his father suddenly died, and the Hon. Thomas Ewing, a leading member of the bar, residing in Lancaster, who two years afterward represented

Ohio in the United States Senate, adopted young "Cump," as the bright-looking youngster is said to have been then familiarly known, and took care that he should be well educated in the schools of Lancaster until his sixteenth year. Then it was not difficult for him to provide a cadetship at West Point for his young charge. Entering the Military Academy in 1836, Cadet Sherman was graduated in 1840, sixth in his class; and that class contained another very famous soldier, George H. Thomas, besides Ewell, Getty and others.

He beat General Grant in the race for scholarship, especially in engineering, which was a favorite study with him; but he always sighed and frowned over an ill-concealed chuckle as he confessed that he was not a Sunday-school cadet, for he stood No. 124 in the relative standard for good behavior, while Grant was near the foot as No. 149. But Sherman graduated No. 6 in his class, in 1840, when the final distribution of honors was made, while Grant three years later could not beat No. 21. All of which shows that West Point and War do not always make the same records.

Assigned to the Third Artillery as a Second Lieutenant, he saw service in Florida, and his promotion to be First Lieutenant came in 1841. The following year his company was stationed at Fort Morgan and soon after was transferred to Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor, where there was plenty of hospitable society, with out-door amusements in hunting and fishing. There the opening of the Mexican war in 1846 found him, in the company commanded by Captain Robert Anderson. He was first assigned to recruiting duty at the North and finally to Company F of his regiment, then under orders for California by way of Cape Horn. He reached Monterey Bay early in January, 1847, after a voyage of 198 days from New York. The description of his impressions of California and of his experience there forms one of the most picturesque and interesting portions of the General's memoirs. He says:

“At that time Monterey was our headquarters. Colonel Mason, First Dragoons was an officer of great experience, of stern character, deemed by some harsh and severe, but in all my intercourse

with him he was kind and agreeable. He had a large fund of good sense, and during our long period of service together I enjoyed his unlimited confidence. He had been in his day a splendid shot and hunter, and often entertained me with characteristic anecdotes of Taylor, Twiggs, Worth, Horner, Martin Scott, etc., etc., who were then in Mexico gaining a national fame. California had settled down to a condition of absolute repose, and we naturally repined at fate, at our being so far away from the war in Mexico, in which our comrades were reaping large honors. Mason lived in a house not far from the Custom House. I had a small adobe house. Halleck and Dr. Murray had a small log house not far off."

* * * * *

"I spent much time in hunting deer and bear in the mountains back of Carmell Mission, and ducks and geese in the plains of Salinas. As soon as the Fall rains set in, the young oats would spring up, and myriads of ducks, brants and geese made their appearance. In a single day I could load a pack-mule with ducks and geese.

“The seasons are well marked in California. About October and November the rains begin, and the whole country is covered with bright green grass, with endless flowers. The interval between the rains gave the finest weather possible. The rains are less frequent in March, and cease altogether in April and May, when gradually the grass dies, and the whole aspect of things changes, first yellow, then brown, and by mid-summer all is as dried up and burnt as an ash-heap.

“During the Fall of 1848, Warner, Ord and I camped on the bank of the American River at the breast of the fort, known as the ‘Old Tan Yard,’ I cleaned up the dishes, Warner looked after the horses, Ord was scullion; but Ord was deposed as scullion, because he would only wipe the tin plates with the turf of grass, according to the custom of the country, whereas Warner insisted on having them washed after each meal with hot water. Warner was in consequence promoted to scullion, and Ord became hostler. We drew our rations from Commissary at San Francisco, who sent them up the river by boat, and we were enabled to dispense generous hospitality to many a poor

devil who otherwise would have had nothing to eat.

* * * * *

“On the next day we crossed over the Santa Cruz Mountains, from which we had a sublime view of the scenery first looking east towards the Lower Bay of San Francisco with the bright plain of Santa Clara and San Josè, and then west to the ocean, the town of Monterey being visible sixty miles off. We beheld from its mountains the firing of a salute from the battery of Monterey, and counted the number of guns from the white puffs of smoke, but could not hear the sound. That night we slept on piles of wheat in a mill at Saquel. We made an early start the next morning, as our rations had about given out. By nine o'clock we reached a ranch. It was a high point of the plateau, on which were foraging many horses and cattle. The house was an adobe with a long range of adobe huts occupied by semi-civilized Indians, who at that time did all of the labor of a ranch. Everything about the house looked deserted, and seeing an Indian boy leaning against

a post I approached him, and asked in Spanish, 'Where is the Master?' 'Gone to Presidio' (Monterey). 'Is anybody in the house?' 'No.' 'Have you any meat?' 'No.' 'Any flour or grain?' 'No.' 'Any chickens?' 'No.' 'What do you live on?' '*Nada*' (nothing). The utter indifference of this boy, and the tone of his answers attracted the attention of Colonel Mason, who had been listening to our conversation, and who knew enough of Spanish to catch the meaning, and he exclaimed with some feeling, 'So we get *nada* for our breakfast.' I felt mortified, for I had held out a prospect of a splendid breakfast of meal, tortillas with rice, chicken, eggs, etc., at the ranch of my friend, José Antonio, as a justification for taking the Governor, a man of sixty years of age, more than twenty miles, at a full canter for his breakfast. But there was no help for it, and we accordingly went a short distance to a pond, where we unpacked our mules, and made a slim breakfast on a hard piece of bread, and a bone of pork that remained in our *alforjas*. This was no uncommon thing in those days, when many a ranchman, with his eleven leagues of land, his

hundreds of horses and cattle, would receive us with the grandiloquence of a Spanish lord, and confess that he had nothing to eat except the carcass of the beef hung up, from which the stranger might cut and cook without money or without price.

“All the missions and houses at that period were alive with fleas, which the natives looked on as pleasant, titillators, but they so tortured me that I always gave them a wide berth, and slept on a saddle-blanket, with the saddle for a pillow and the blanket for a cover.

* * * * *

“As the spring and summer, 1848, advanced, the reports came faster and faster from the gold-mines at Sutter’s Mills. Stories were told us of fabulous discoveries. Everybody was talking of ‘gold! gold!!’ until it assumed the character of a fever. Some of our soldiers began to desert, citizens were fitting out trains of wagons and pack-mules to go to the mines. We heard of men earning fifty, five hundred and one thousand dollars a day, and for a time it seemed as if some

one would reach solid gold. I of course could not escape the infection, and at last convinced Colonel Mason that it was our duty to go up, and see with our own eyes, that we might report to our Government. As yet we had no regular mail to any part of the United States, but mails had come to us at long intervals around Cape Horn, and one or two overland. I well remember the first overland mail. It was brought by Kit Carson in saddle-bags from Toas in New Mexico. We heard of his arrival at Los Angeles and waited patiently for his arrival at headquarters. His fame was at its height, from publications of Fremont's books, and I was very anxious to see a man who had achieved such feats of daring among wild animals of the Rocky Mountains, and still wilder Indians of the plains. At last his arrival was reported at the tavern at Monterey, and I hurried to hunt him up. I cannot express my surprise at beholding a small, stoop-shouldered man, with reddish hair, freckled face, soft blue eyes, and nothing to indicate extraordinary daring or courage. He spoke but little and answered in monosyllables. I asked for his mail, and he picked up the

saddle-bags containing the great overland mail, and he walked to headquarters and delivered the parcel into Colonel Mason's own hands. He told us something of his personal history. He was then by commission a lieutenant in the regiment of Mountain Rifles serving in Mexico, and as he could not reach his regiment from California, Colonel Mason ordered that he be assigned for a time to duty with A. J. Smith's company, First Dragoons, Los Angeles. He remained several months at Los Angeles, and was then sent back to the United States with dispatches, traveling two thousand miles alone in preference to being encumbered by a large party."

In speaking of San Francisco, he says: "The rains were heavy and the mud fearful. I have seen mules stumble in the street and drown in liquid mud. Montgomery Street had been filled up with bushes and clay, and I always dreaded to ride horseback, because the mud was so deep that the horse's legs would become entangled in the bushes below and the rider would likely be thrown and be drowned in the mud. The only sidewalks were made of stepping-stones of

empty boxes and here and there with a few barrel staves nailed on. Gambling was the chief occupation of the people. While they were waiting for cessation of the rainy season, all sorts of houses were put up, but of the most flimsy kind. Any room twenty by sixty feet would rent for one thousand dollars a month. I had as my pay seventy dollars a month, and no one would try to hire a servant under three hundred dollars a month. Had it not been for the fifteen hundred dollars that I had saved, I could not have possibly lived through the winter."

Sherman acted as Adjutant-General successively to General S. W. Kearney, Colonel Mason and General Persifer F. Smith. But while this tour of duty gave the young lieutenant a novel and most interesting experience and the brevet of captain, it kept him out of the fighting in Mexico and doubtless may have led to that withdrawal from military to civil life which he soon afterward resolved upon.

In 1850 he returned from California with dispatches for the War Department, and after visiting

his mother at Mansfield, in Ohio, was married at Washington, on the 1st of May, to Miss Ellen Boyle Ewing, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, who was then Secretary of the Interior. He had been formally engaged for some years, and, indeed, his correspondence with her, which contains some of the most interesting details now known of his earlier life, had been continued all through his career at West Point. The marriage ceremony was attended by a very distinguished assembly, including the President and all his Cabinet. During the following September he was made a captain in the Commissary Department and was ordered to take post at St. Louis.

In the fall of 1853 Captain Sherman, seeing little prospect of advancement in the army, and having made business acquaintances in St. Louis, resigned his commission so as to become manager of a branch bank to be established by Lucas, Turner & Co., of St. Louis, in San Francisco. In the latter city, accordingly, his life for the three or four years following was passed, and during that period he had plenty of opportunity to witness the

operation of the Vigilance Committee. The unsettled state of business, however, eventually made it expedient to close the branch bank, and this was done on May 1, 1857. Captain Sherman then proceeded with his family by way of the isthmus to New York, where he again became a financial agent of the St. Louis firm, which had changed its name to James H. Lucas & Co. But this new arrangement was still more speedily broken up by the suspension of the St. Louis house. The settlement of its affairs carried Sherman again to San Francisco, and thence he returned to Lancaster, the family home.

The question then arose, as General Sherman put it with his accustomed frankness, "What was I to do to support my family, consisting of a wife and four children, all accustomed to more than the average comforts of life?" It happened that two of Mr. Ewing's sons had established themselves at Leavenworth, where they and their father had bought a good deal of land, and where they were practicing law. They offered to take him in as a partner, and the law firm of Sherman & Ewing was duly announced. It is curious to note

among the letters which he had written from Fort Moultrie, fifteen years before, one which explains that he had been devoting much time to reading law, and that he had gone through all four volumes of Blackstone, Starkie on Evidence, and other books. "I have no idea," he had written, "of making the law a profession, but as an officer of the army it is my duty and interest to be prepared for any situation that fortune or luck may offer. It is for this alone that I prepare, and not for professional practice." No doubt even this slender acquaintance with the law was cherished by the soldier under these later circumstances; still, he purposed to give his attention mainly to collections and to such general business as his banking experience would justify. However, after taking in still another partner, the firm became rather overgrown for the amount of profitable business which it could secure, and in 1859 Sherman wrote to Major Don Carlos Buell, in the War Department, to see if there was any way for him to re-enter the military service as a paymaster or otherwise. Major Buell sent him the programme of a State military academy about to be organized at Alex-

andria, in Louisiana, and advised him to apply for the place of superintendent. His application was at once made and was successful, although at that time the Hon. John Sherman was a candidate for Speaker in the House of Representatives at Washington, and was regarded in some parts of the South as an "abolition" candidate. The academy was opened early in 1860, but, practically, very little was done that year, while the omens of the approaching civil war soon made it doubtful whether the superintendent would ever have much to do at all. In fact, with his accustomed vigor and promptness he wrote this letter, on January 18, 1861, to the Governor of the State:

"SIR: As I occupy a quasi-military position under this State, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such a position when Louisiana was a State in the Union, and when the motto of the seminary, inserted in marble over the main door, was: 'By the liberality of the General Government of the United States: the Union—*Esto Perpetua.*'

"Recent events foreshadow a great change, and

it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the old Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives, and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word. And, furthermore, as President of the Board of Supervisors, I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as Superintendent the moment the State determines to secede, for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States."

In accepting his resignation the Supervisors thanked the Superintendent for his efficiency, giving him also "assurances of our high personal regard," and the Academic Board also passed a resolution declaring that "they cannot fail to appreciate the manliness of character which has always marked the actions of Colonel Sherman," and that "he is personally endeared to many of them as a friend."

On returning North, his old friends Major Turner and Mr. Lucas secured for him the office

of President of the Fifth Street Railroad in St. Louis at a salary of \$2500, and this he accepted, beginning the discharge of his duties April 1, 1861. Five days later Montgomery Blair offered him the chief clerkship of the War Department, with a promise of making him Assistant Secretary of War on the meeting of Congress. But he declined, giving as a reason that he had "accepted a place in this company, have rented a house, and incurred other obligations." He added that he "wished the administration all success in its almost impossible task of governing this distracted and anarchical people."

CHAPTER II.

DURING THE WAR.

SHERMAN, however, could not be happy from the tap of the drum. About May 1, 1861, he signified to Secretary Cameron that he would be glad to serve in the war, which had now been made certain by bombardment of Fort Sumter, and on the 14th of May, 1861, he was appointed colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry.

The Secretary of War first received him coldly, saying that he thought the ebullition of feeling would soon subside. Even President Lincoln did not then believe that the nation would be plunged into Civil War.

"Humph!" said Sherman, in his blunt way, "you might as well try to put out a fire with a squirt gun as expect to put down this Rebellion with three months' troops."

He refused to go to Ohio for the purpose of raising three months' troops, declaring that the

whole military power of the country should be called out at once to crush the Rebellion in its incipency. Well would it have been if his advice had been taken. It was worthy of consideration, for his residence in Louisiana had given him an inkling of the tremendous feeling in the South—a feeling which the authorities at Washington did not fully appreciate.

As stated, he was put in charge of the Third Brigade of Tyler's division in McDowell's army, which was at that time goaded into premature action with the cry of "On to Richmond!" His brigade comprised the Thirteenth New York, Colonel Quimby; the Sixty-ninth, Colonel Corcoran, and the Seventy-ninth, Colonel Cameron, and also the Second Wisconsin; and to these Ayres' Battery was joined. With this brigade he took an active part in the battle of Bull Run, and it is interesting to note in General Sherman's report how some of the traits of this eminent soldier were visible on his earliest field. "Early in the day," he says, "when reconnoitering the ground, I had seen a horseman descend from the bluff in our front, cross the stream, and show

himself in the open field on this side, and, inferring that we could cross over at the same point, I sent forward a company as skirmishers and followed with the whole brigade, the New York Sixty-ninth leading." Sherman's brigade in that action reported 111 killed, 205 wounded, and 293 missing.

For his soldierly qualities in this battle he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers, and was ordered to join Anderson, the hero of Sumter, who was in command of the Department of the Ohio, with headquarters at Louisville. General Anderson's ill health forced him to resign, and Sherman succeeded to the command.

During a visit of Secretary Cameron to the West General Sherman astonished him by declaring that it would take 60,000 men to drive the enemy out of Kentucky and 200,000 to finish the war in that section. This declaration and other evidences of prescience, coupled with his nervous, energetic manner, actually caused the report to spread that Sherman was crazy; and such a charge was made in some of the news-

papers. Viewed in the light of history, his estimates are seen to have been anything but those of an excited imagination. Many times 200,000 men were required for the Western campaigns. But a very unfavorable impression had undoubtedly been created by this declaration of the needs of the West. Soon afterward General Buell relieved him from the command of the department, and Sherman was put in charge of the camp of instruction at St. Louis.

Grant, who still had his spurs to win, stood by Sherman in this opinion, and the latter never forgot it. One day, shortly after the occupation of Savannah by Sherman, a prominent civilian approached him and sought to win favor by disparaging Grant.

"It won't do, sir," said Sherman. "It won't do at all. Grant is a great general. He stood by me when I was crazy, and I stood by him when he was drunk, and now, by thunder, sir, we stand by each other!"

Early in 1862 the movement in Tennessee began, which resulted in the surrender of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson to General Grant, fol-

lowed by the advance of the Army of the Tennessee toward Corinth. Sherman was assigned to the command of a division in that army, and the early days of April found him established at Pittsburgh Landing, or rather a few miles distant, at Shiloh Church. While there the three advance divisions of Grant's army, those of Sherman, Prentiss and McClernand, were unexpectedly attacked by the Confederate forces under the command of Albert Sidney Johnston. A great battle at once resulted—the greatest, up to that date, ever known on this continent. The leading divisions of Grant were pressed back toward the others at Pittsburgh Landing. At that point, however, the Union forces had artillery in position, while reinforcements from Buell's Army of the Ohio were coming upon the field. The Confederate commander was mortally wounded, and his successor had been unable to drive the Union troops into the river when night came. The next day the fortunes of the field were reversed, and the two armies of Grant and Buell, united under the former, drove the Confederates back toward Corinth. In this tre-

mendous battle, lasting two days, the Union losses were 13,573, about 9600 being killed or wounded, and the total Confederate loss was 10,699. General Sherman's division lost 2034, of whom 318 were killed and 1275 wounded. In his official report on that action General Grant says: "I feel it a duty to a gallant and able officer, Brigadier-General W. T. Sherman, to make mention that he was not only with his command during the entire two days of action, but displayed great judgment and skill in the management of his men. Although severely wounded in the hand on the first day, his place was never vacant." Still more emphatically, and with his accustomed generosity to favorite subordinates, Grant said: "To his individual efforts I am indebted for the success of that battle." General Halleck reported that "Sherman saved the fortunes of the day on the 6th and contributed largely to the glorious victory on the 7th."

Halleck, having now assumed command of the combined armies, spaded his way laboriously toward Corinth, and when he arrived there the enemy evacuated it. During this advance Sher-

man's division had important duties to perform, and its commander was no longer called crazy. In fact, he was made a Major-General of Volunteers from May 1, 1862, and was also put in charge of Grand Junction, and then of the important city of Memphis, which the naval forces had captured. At Memphis he took vigorous measures for preventing the trade in cotton from being used for the good of the Confederate cause.

The summer of 1862 was passed in completely overrunning and subjecting that portion of Tennessee lying west of the Tennessee River. Sherman moved at the head of a column across the country toward Memphis. The city capitulated to the gunboats on June 6th, and Sherman occupied it and assumed command July 22d.

He found the city under a reign of terror, but his strong arm soon brought order out of chaos. The turbulent element was quelled and Union people in the city once more breathed free.

PLAN OF THE PERPENDICULAR LINE.

An interesting glimpse into Sherman's scheme of campaign was given by him in a speech deliv-

ered in St. Louis in the summer of 1865. "Here in St. Louis, probably," he said, "began the great centre movement which terminated the war; a battle-field such as never before was seen, extending from ocean to ocean almost with the right wing and the left wing; and from the centre here. I remember one evening, up in the old Planters' House, sitting with General Halleck and General Cullum, and we were talking about this, that and the other. A map was on the table, and I was explaining the position of the troops of the enemy in Kentucky when I came to this State.

"General Halleck knew well the position here, and I remember well the question he asked me—the question of the school-teacher to his child—'Sherman, here is the line; how will you break that line?' 'Physically, by a perpendicular force.' 'Where is the perpendicular?' 'The line of the Tennessee River.' General Halleck is the author of that first beginning, and I give him credit for it with pleasure. Laying down his pencil upon the map, he said, 'There is the line and we must take it.' The capture of the fort on the Tennessee River by the troops led by Grant followed.

“These were the grand strategic features of that first movement, and it succeeded perfectly. General Halleck’s plan went further—not to stop at his first line, which ran through Columbus, Bowling Green, crossing the river at Henry and Donelson, but to push on to the second line, which ran through Memphis and Charleston; but troubles intervened at Nashville and delays followed; opposition to the last movement was made, and I myself was brought an actor on the scene. I remember our ascent on the Tennessee River; I have seen to-night captains of steamboats who first went with us there; storms came and we did not reach the point we desired. At that time General C. F. Smith was in command. He was a man indeed. All the old officers remember him as a gallant and elegant officer, and had he lived probably some of us younger fellows would not have attained our present positions.

“We followed the line—the second line—and then came the landing of forces at Pittsburgh Landing. Whether it was mistake in landing them on the west instead of the east bank it is not necessary now to discuss. I think it was not a mis-

take. There was gathered the first great army of the West, commencing with only 12,000, then 20,000, then 30,000, and we had about 38,000 in that battle, and all I claim for that is that it was a contest for manhood. There was no strategy. Grant was there and others of us, all young at that time, and unknown men, but our enemy was old, and Sidney Johnson, whom all the officers remembered as a power among the old officers, high above Grant, myself or anybody else, led the enemy on that battle-field and I almost wonder how we conquered. But, as I remarked, it was a contest for manhood—man to man—soldier to soldier. We fought and we held our ground, and therefore accounted ourselves victorious. From that time forward we had with us the prestige; that battle was worth millions and millions to us by reason of the fact of the courage displayed by the brave soldiers on that occasion, and from that time to this I never heard of the first want of courage on the part of our Northern soldiers."

Sherman counted the war virtually ended when Vicksburg was taken and "the Mississippi ran unvexed to the sea," but the Confederates would

not have it so, and there had to be more fighting. Jefferson Davis had the Southerners well trained and he refused to ratify the work of the Union armies.

MOVEMENTS AGAINST VICKSBURG.

In November Sherman was assigned to the command of the right wing of the Army of the Tennessee, and conducted an expedition threatening the enemy's rear south of the Tallahatchie River, and enabled General Grant to occupy the position without a fight. In December he—having returned to Memphis—was assigned to the command of the Fifteenth Army Corps, still continuing, however, in the general command of the right wing of the army. In the middle of the same month he organized an expedition composed of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Corps and moved down the Mississippi on transports, with a view to an attack upon Vicksburg from the Yazoo River, near Chickasaw Bayou and Haines' Bluff. The surrender of Holly Springs, Miss., enabling the enemy to concentrate at the point of attack, frustrated the efforts of the Union troops.

The terrible fighting of December 27th, 28th and 29th settled the fact that the place could not be taken by storm, and the troops were withdrawn to consummate the glorious victory of Arkansas Post, in January, 1863. In this last action General Sherman was subordinate to General McClellan, having been assigned by that officer to the command of the right wing of the temporary Army of the Mississippi. Upon the concentration of troops preparatory to further movements against Vicksburg General Sherman was stationed with his corps in the vicinity of Young's Point. In March, 1863, he conducted the expedition up Steele's bayou and released Admiral Porter's fleet of gunboats, which, having been cut off and invested by the enemy, was in imminent danger of being captured. This expedition was, perhaps, one of the most severe ever experienced by his troops. They penetrated through a country cut up by numerous and deep bayous and swamps and overgrown by immense forests of cottonwood and cypress. Sherman, with his usual determination, was not to be thwarted, and pushed ahead and accomplished his object.

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

Upon the inauguration of General Grant's movement across the Peninsula to Grand Gulf and Bruinsburg, during April, 1863, General Sherman made a feint upon Haines' Bluff, on the Yazoo River. His demonstration (April 28th and 29th) was intended to hold the enemy about Vicksburg while the main army was securing a foothold on the eastern shore of the Mississippi below. Having successfully performed this duty, by means of rapid and forced marches he moved down the Louisiana side of the river, crossed at Grand Gulf and immediately pushed forward and rejoined General Grant's main army.

Sherman, with his corps, accompanied McPherson on his movement against Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. In the battle of Jackson Sherman took no prominent part, in consequence of the rout of the enemy being effected by McPherson's corps alone. The day after the battle McPherson hurried towards Baker's Creek, while Sherman remained in Jackson some hours longer to complete the destruction of the enemy's stores

and the railroad. He then moved on a line parallel with the route of march of McPherson's column, crossed the Big Black River and took possession of Walnut Hills, near Vicksburg, on May 18th. The occupation of this important position enabled General Grant to open communication with his depots of supplies on the Mississippi River, by way of Yazoo River from Chickasaw bayou. During the siege of Vicksburg, Sherman's corps held the left of General Grant's lines and co-operated in all the combined attacks of the centre and right. During the conference between the rebel commander Pemberton and General Grant in regard to the terms of capitulation for the garrison and city of Vicksburg Sherman was vigorously engaged in organizing an expedition at the Big Black River.

No sooner had Vicksburg surrendered than he received orders to throw his force across the river and move out into the country. Vicksburg was occupied on the morning of the 4th of July. The same afternoon troops were converging from all parts of the old lines, and Sherman's advance had already crossed the Big Black.

Two days' march found Sherman investing Joe Johnson in Jackson. Before the beginning of August he engaged the enemy, and, defeating him severely, was about to close in upon his rear when the rebel commander very prudently withdrew.

For his great service in the military operations of 1863 Major-General Sherman was promoted to the rank of a brigadier-general in the regular army, to date from July 4, 1863, and was confirmed by the United States Senate February 29, 1864.

HE SUCCEEDS GRANT.

Upon the assignment of General Grant to the command of the military division of the Mississippi General Sherman succeeded, by authority of the President, to the command of the Department and Army of the Tennessee, to date from October 27, 1863. After making some necessary changes in the disposition of the troops on the Mississippi River Sherman concentrated portions of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps at Corinth, and in the month of November moved, by way of Tuscumbia and Decatur, Ala., to join and

participate with General Grant in his winter campaign against Chattanooga. General Sherman's forces moved up the north side of the Tennessee River, and during the nights of November 23 and 24 established pontoon bridges and effected a lodgment on the south side, between Citico Creek and the Chickamauga River.

After the development of the plans along other portions of the lines on the 24th Sherman carried the eastern end of Missionary Ridge up to the tunnel. On the next day the whole of Missionary Ridge, from Rossville to the Chickamauga, was carried after a series of desperate struggles. By the turning of the enemy's right and forcing it back upon Ringgold and Dalton, Sherman's forces were thrown between Bragg and Longstreet, completely severing the enemy's lines. No sooner was this end reached than Thomas and Hooker forced Bragg into Georgia, while Sherman, with his own and Granger's forces, moved off to the succor of Knoxville. Burnside, by a gallant defence of the position, held out against Longstreet, who, upon the appearance of

Sherman, was obliged to raise the siege and effected his escape by withdrawing into Virginia. The enemy being defeated at every point, his army broken and his plans completely disarranged, and Grant's army in winter-quarters, General Sherman personally left for Cairo, thence for Memphis, arriving in the beginning of January. After organizing a portion of the Sixteenth Corps for the field he despatched it upon transports to Vicksburg.

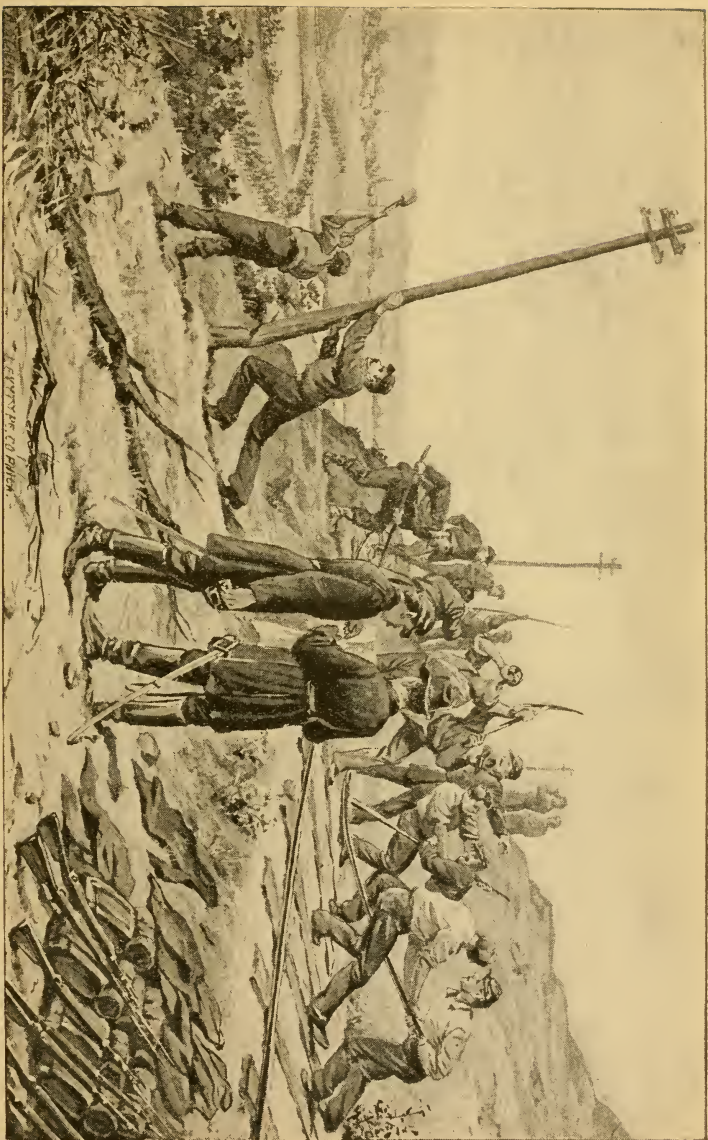
PUSHES ON TO VICKSBURG.

In the latter part of the month he joined it and finished the organization of a fine body of troops, composed of portions of the Sixteenth Army Corps, Major-General S. A. Hurlbut commanding, and the Seventeenth Army Corps, Major-General James B. McPherson commanding.

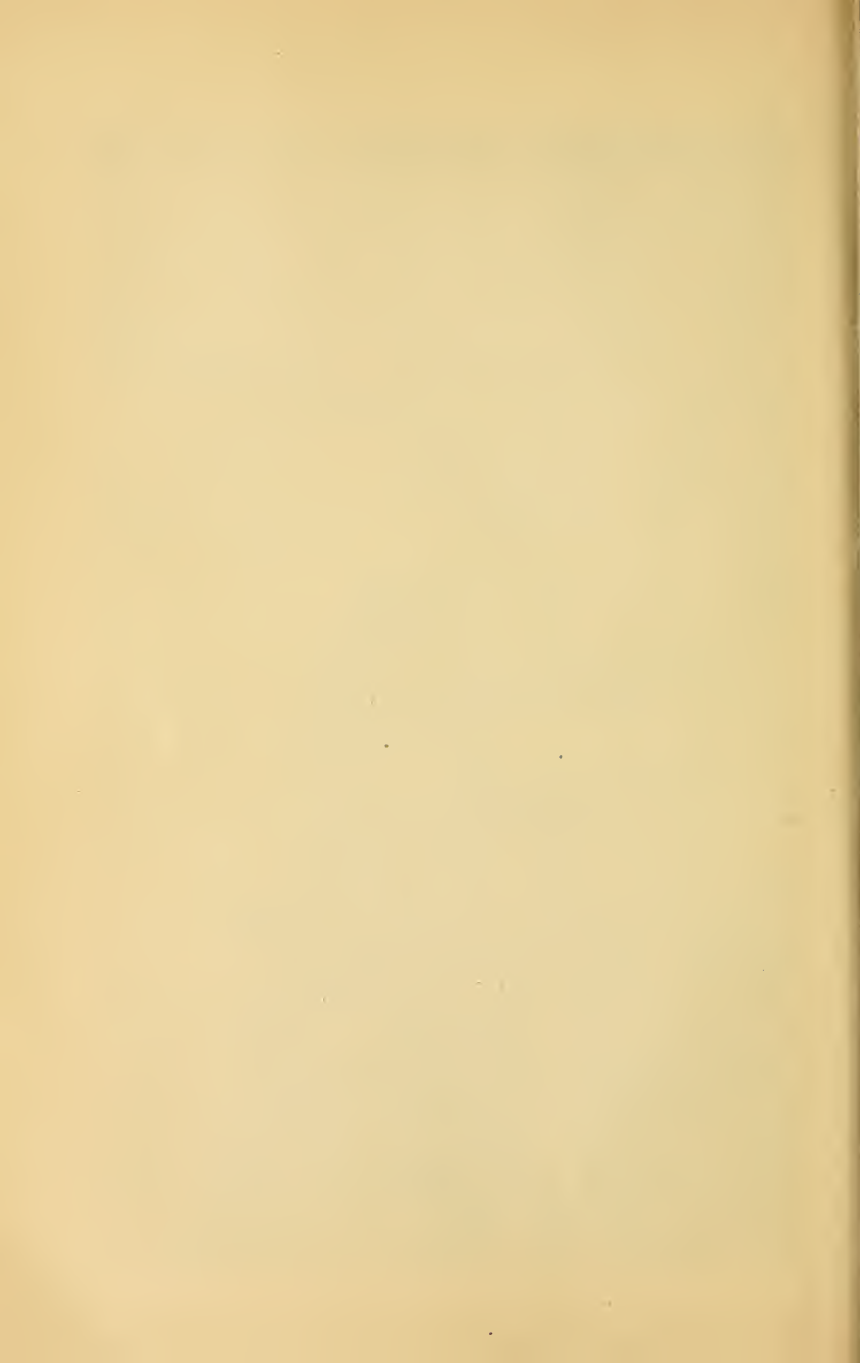
On the 3d of February the expeditionary army, commanded in person by Sherman, crossed the Big Black, and after continuous skirmishing along the route, entered Meridian, Miss., February 14, 1864, driving Polk, with a portion

of his army, toward Mobile, another portion toward Selma, and completely cutting off Lovell from the main army, pursuing him with cavalry northward toward Marion. Remaining in possession of Meridian four days, the railroads converging there were destroyed within a radius of twenty miles. The army then returned by a different route, reaching Canton, Miss., February 26th. Turning over the command of his army to McPherson, with instructions to devastate the country and then to continue the return march to Vicksburg, General Sherman, at eight o'clock the next morning, escorted by the Second Iowa Cavalry, pushed through in advance of the army, riding over sixty miles in twenty-four hours, and reached Vicksburg on the morning of February 28th. Remaining in the city but a few hours, he embarked on one of the boats of the Mississippi Marine brigade and left for New Orleans.

At the expiration of ten days he returned to Vicksburg, having, during his absence, consulted with General Banks upon the Red River expedition, toward which he was to contribute a co-



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY DESTROYING THE RAILROAD AND TELEGRAPH WIRES.



operating column. This force was immediately organized and equipped, and embarked in March for the mouth of Red River, and was commanded by Generals A. J. Smith and Thomas Kilby Smith, both veteran officers of large experience and ability. Sherman now left for Memphis.

ON TO ATLANTA.

Early in 1864 General Grant was made Lieutenant-General and assumed command of all the armies of the United States. Immediately on receiving this promotion, with characteristic generosity, he wrote as follows to Sherman:

“While I have been eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

“There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom above all others I

feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of assistance you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving you cannot know as well as I do. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction."

The reply of General Sherman to what he well called a "characteristic and more than kind" letter is worth quoting in part, to show the relations which existed between these two eminent soldiers:

"I repeat, you do General McPherson and myself too much honor. At Belmont you manifested your traits, neither of us being near; at Donelson also you illustrated your whole character. I was not near, and General McPherson was in too subordinate a capacity to influence you.

"Until you had won Donelson, I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of anarchical elements that presented themselves at every point; but that victory admitted the ray of light which I have followed ever since.

"I believe you are as brave, patriotic, and just



SHERMAN'S ARMY LEAVING ATLANTA.



as the great prototype Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic in your nature is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour."

He immediately left for Nashville and held a conference with General Grant upon the subject of the spring operations. Between the two officers there was a full and complete understanding of the policy and plans for the ensuing campaign, which was designed to embrace a vast area of country. On the 25th General Sherman commenced a tour of inspection of the various armies of his command, visiting Athens, Decatur, Huntsville and Larkin's Ferry, Ala.; Chattanooga, Loudon and Knoxville, Tenn.

Under the plan of campaign then arranged General Grant was to conduct personally the operations of the Army of the Potomac against Lee in Virginia, while Sherman, to whom was given the command of the military Division of the Mississippi, comprising the entire Western region, was to proceed against Bragg's army at Dalton, which

had now been placed under General Johnston. Sherman, who had meanwhile received the thanks of Congress for his services at Chattanooga, at once addressed himself to this task. He had urged Grant to stay at the West, where he had been so uniformly successful, even though he himself should then become only second in command there. But of the actual plan as adopted he wrote to Grant as follows:

“Like yourself, you take the biggest load, and from me you shall have thorough and hearty co-operation. I will not let side issues draw me off from your main plans, in which I am to knock Jos. Johnston and to do as much damage to the resources of the enemy as possible. I have heretofore written to General Rawlins and to Colonel Comstock (of your staff) somewhat of the method in which I proposed to act. I have seen all my army, corps and division commanders, and have signified only to the former, viz., Schofield, Thomas and McPherson, our general plans, which I inferred from the purport of our conversation here and at Cincinnati.”

In the course of his visit he held interviews

with Major-General McPherson at Huntsville, Major-General Thomas at Chattanooga and Major-General Schofield at Knoxville. With these officers he arranged in general terms the lines of communication to be guarded, the strength of the several columns and garrisons, and appointed the 1st of May as the time for everything to be in readiness. While these commanders were carrying out their instructions General Sherman returned to Nashville, giving his personal attention to the subject of supplies, organizing a magnificent system of railroad communication by two routes from Nashville.

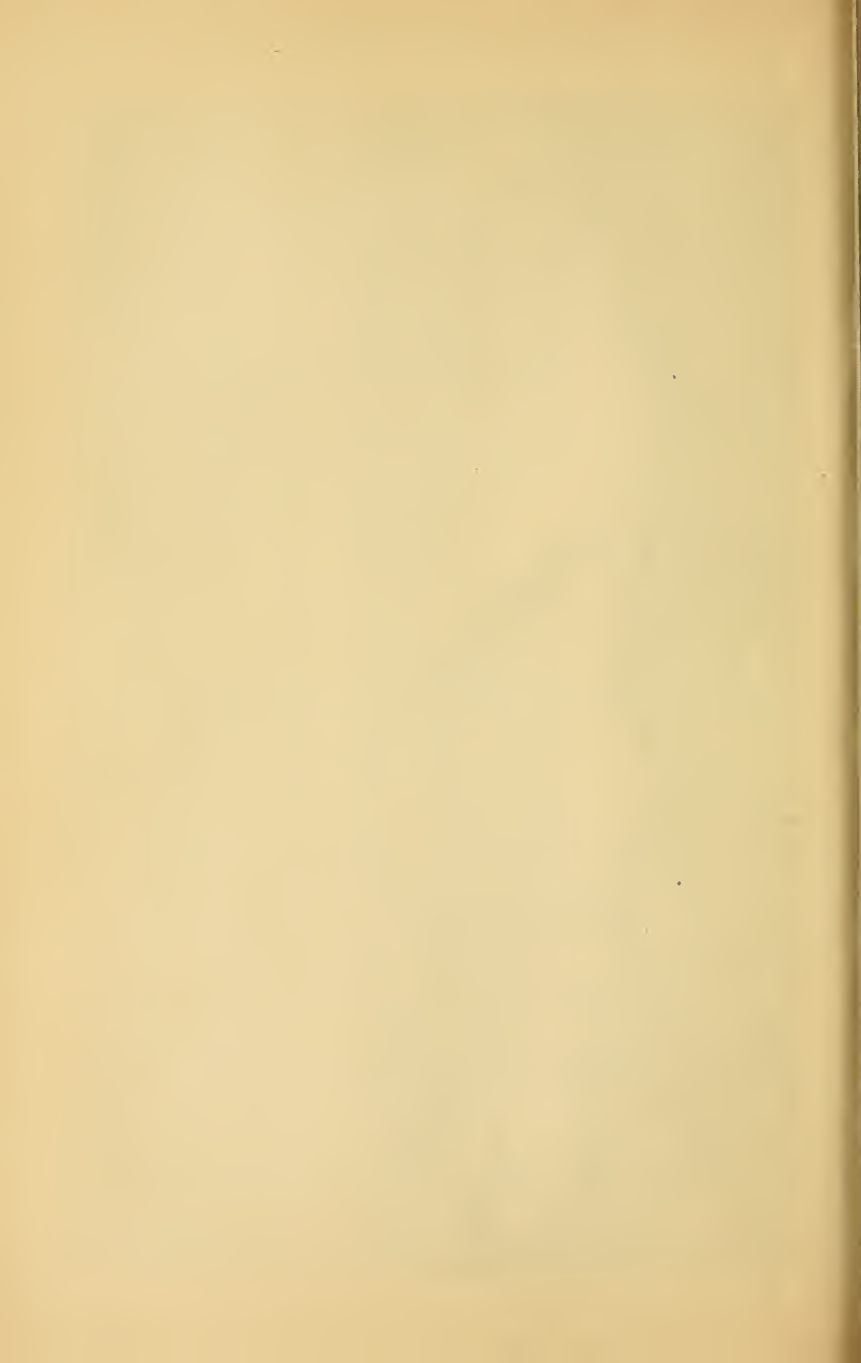
In May, 1864, the campaigns began simultaneously at the West and at the East. Sherman's confidence was indicated by writing to Grant that "from the West, when our task is done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic." In round numbers he had an effective army of close upon 100,000 men and 254 guns. The Army of the Cumberland, under Thomas, comprised about three-fifths of this strength, with 60,000 men and 130 guns, while

the Army of the Tennessee, under McPherson, had 25,000 men and 96 guns, and the Army of the Ohio, under Schofield, 14,000 men and 28 guns.

The store-houses and depots of Chattanooga soon groaned beneath the weight of abundance. The whole of East Tennessee and Northern Alabama contributed to the general store, while the whole Northwest and West poured volumes of sustenance through the avenues of communication from Louisville. On the 27th of April the three great armies of his division were converging at Chattanooga. The 1st of May witnessed over sixty thousand troops and 130 guns, forming the Army of the Cumberland, Major-General George H. Thomas commanding, encamped in the vicinity of Ringgold, Ga. McPherson, with a portion of Grant's old veteran and victorious battalions of the Army of the Tennessee, numbering twenty-five thousand troops of all arms and ninety-six guns, lay at Gordon's Mill, on the historic Chickamauga. General Schofield, with over thirteen thousand troops and twenty-eight guns, constituting the Army of the Ohio, lay on the Geor-

PANORAMIC VIEW OF CHATTANOOGA FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, SHOWING SHERMAN'S ARMY IN CAMP.





gia line north of Dalton. In the aggregate these three armies formed a grand army of over ninety-eight thousand men and two hundred and fifty-four guns, under the supreme command of General Sherman.

The enemy, superior in cavalry, and with three corps of infantry and artillery, commanded by Hardee, Hood and Polk, and all under the command of General Joseph E. Johnston, lay in and about Dalton. His position was covered by an inaccessible ridge known as the Rocky Face, through which ran Buzzard Roost Gap. The railroad and wagon road following this pass the enemy had strongly defended by abattis and well constructed fortifications. Batteries commanded it in its whole length, and especially from a ridge at its further end, like a traverse directly across its debouch. To drive the enemy from this position by the front was impossible. After well reconnoitering the vicinity, but one practicable route by which to attack Johnston was found, and that was by Snake Creek Gap, by which Resaca, a point on the enemy's railroad communication, eighteen miles below Dalton, could be reached.

Accordingly McPherson was instructed to move rapidly from his position at Gordon's Mill by way of Ship's Gap, Villanow and Snake Creek Gap, directly upon Resaca. During this movement Thomas was to make a strong feint attack in front, and Schofield was to press down from the north. Thomas occupied Tunnell Hill May 7th, facing Buzzard Roost Gap, experiencing little opposition except from cavalry. McPherson reached Snake Creek Gap May 8th, surprising a brigade of the enemy while *en route* to occupy it. May 9th Schofield moved down from the north close on Dalton. The same day Newton's division of the Fourth Corps carried the ridge, Geary, of the Twentieth Corps, crowding on for the summit.

M'PHERSON'S ONSLAUGHT.

While this was going on at the front the head of McPherson's column made its appearance near Resaca and took position confronting the enemy's works. May 10th the Twentieth Corps (Hooker) moved to join McPherson; the Fourteenth Corps (Palmer) followed; the Fourth Corps (Howard) commenced pounding Dalton

from the front. Meanwhile Schofield also hastened to join McPherson. May 11th the whole army, with the exception of Howard's corps and some cavalry, was in motion for Snake Creek Gap. May 12th McPherson debouched from the gap on the main road, Kilpatrick, with his cavalry, in front. Thomas moved on McPherson's left, Schofield on Thomas' left. Kilpatrick drove the enemy within two miles of Resaca. Kilpatrick having been wounded, Colonel Murry took command, and, wheeling out of the road, McPherson's columns crowded impetuously by, and driving the enemy's advance within the defences of Resaca occupied a ridge of bold hills, his right resting on the Oostenaula, two miles below the railroad bridge, and his left abreast of the town. Thomas, on his left, facing Camp Creek, and Schofield, forcing his way through a dense forest, came in on the extreme left.

The enemy had evacuated Dalton and was now concentrated at Resaca. Howard occupied Dalton and hung upon the enemy's rear. May 14th the battle of Resaca commenced; May

15th it continued. The same night the enemy was flying toward the Etowah. The whole army followed in pursuit. May 19th Sherman held all the country north of the Etowah and several crossings of that stream. May 23d the whole army was moving upon the flank of the enemy's position in the Allatoona Mountains. May 25th Hooker whipped the enemy near New Hope Church. On May 28th McPherson killed and wounded about five thousand of the enemy near Dallas. June 6th the enemy was in hasty retreat to his next position at Kenesaw Mountains. June 8th Blair arrived at Ackworth with the fresh troops of the Seventeenth Corps. June 11th the sounds of Sherman's artillery reverberated among the rugged contortions of Kenesaw. July 3d the enemy was pressing for the Chattahoochee. The mountains and Marietta were occupied by our forces the same day.

M'PHERSON'S DEATH,

The enemy had a *tête du pont* and formidable works on the Chattahoochee, at the railroad crossing. Sherman advanced boldly, with a

small force, on the front. July 7th Schofield had possession of one of the enemy's pontoons and occupied the south side of the Chattahoochee. By July 9th Sherman held three crossings. Johnston abandoned his *tête du pont* and there was no enemy north or west of the Chattahoochee July 10th. July 17th the whole army was in motion across the Chattahoochee. July 18th Atlanta was cut off from the east. Rousseau, with an expeditionary cavalry force, was operating within the enemy's lines. July 20th all the armies closed in upon Atlanta. The same afternoon the enemy attacked Hooker and was driven into his intrenchments. On July 22d Johnston was relieved, and Hood, in command of the enemy, suddenly attacked McPherson's extreme left with overpowering numbers. Giles A. Smith held the position first attacked with a division of McPherson's troops. First he fought from one side of the parapet, when, being attacked in the rear, he fought from the other. McPherson's whole army soon became engaged. The battle was the most desperate of the campaign. McPherson was killed when the contest was the thickest. His last

order saved the army. Logan succeeded to command. "McPherson and revenge" rang along the lines. The effect was electric, and victory closed in with the night. The battle footed up 9000 of the enemy against 4000 of our own troops killed and wounded—a balance in our favor of 5000 dead and mangled bodies.

This success gained on the 1st of September, 1864, was received throughout the country with great enthusiasm. President Lincoln sent this message of thanks and congratulation:

"The national thanks are rendered by the President to Major-General W. T. Sherman and the gallant officers and soldiers of his command before Atlanta for the distinguished ability and perseverance displayed in the campaign in Georgia, which, under Divine favor, has resulted in the capture of Atlanta. The marches, battles, sieges and other military operations that have signalized the campaign must render it famous in the annals of war, and have entitled

those who have participated therein to the applause and thanks of the Nation.

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
“President of the United States.”

General Grant was prompt also in his tribute to the great exploit, and telegraphed as follows from City Point:

“Major-General Sherman:

“I have just received your dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour amid great rejoicing.

“U. S. GRANT,
“Lieutenant-General.”

“FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA.”

Hood now sought to repair his mishaps by essaying an attack in his turn upon Sherman's long line of supplies ; and, not content with some successes gained in that direction, he undertook

a movement in force into Tennessee, perhaps presuming that this would cause Sherman to retreat thither. But that officer, perceiving that any such step would greatly diminish the success of his Atlanta campaign, made a different response. Sending Thomas north with a portion of his own command, to be joined by other forces, and leaving him to contest Hood's advance, he filled his wagons with supplies, and, cutting loose from his base, made his famous "holiday march" from Atlanta to the sea, where he could open communication with the fleet. The story of that march of 300 miles in twenty-four days is one of the most picturesque in modern warfare, and will be the theme of anecdote and reminiscence till its last survivor is gone. As an example of skill in the use of the "movable column" on a grand scale, it has also formed the study and admiration of European critics, and has given General Sherman a very high place among modern soldiers. The march itself was easily accomplished in the absence of Hood's army, and toward the end of December Sherman was able to send a dispatch to President Lincoln, saying: "I beg to present

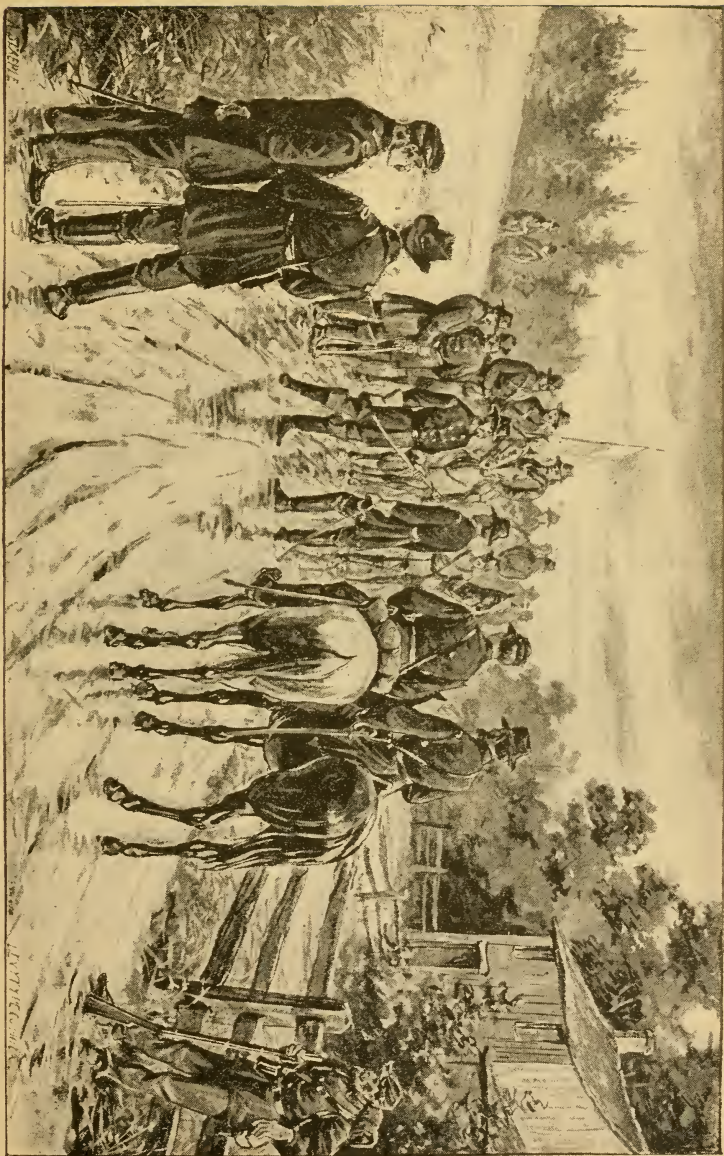
you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah with 150 heavy guns, plenty of ammunition, and 25,000 bales of cotton." The appreciation of Congress was expressed in this resolution :

"That the thanks of the people and of the Congress of the United States are due and are hereby tendered to Major-Gen. William T. Sherman, and through him to the officers and men under his command, for their gallantry and good conduct in their late campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta and the triumphal march thence through Georgia to Savannah, terminating in the capture and occupation of that city ; and that the President cause a copy of this joint resolution to be engrossed and forwarded to Major-Gen. Sherman."

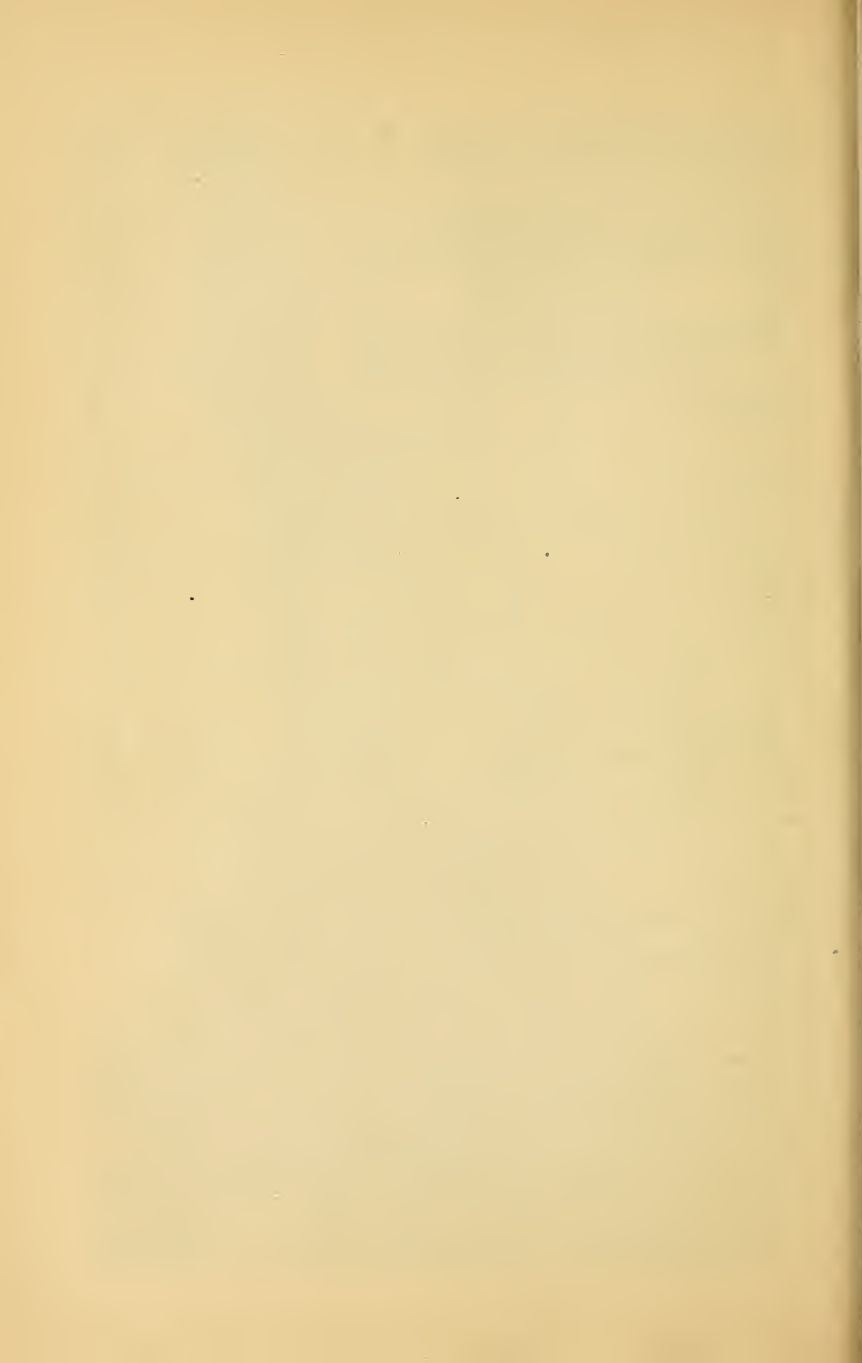
Thomas, that splendid soldier, had meanwhile magnificently fulfilled the part of the task assigned to him, which, indeed, involved the harder fighting, and, after Schofield's handsome check of Hood's advance at Franklin, had completely repulsed and overwhelmed the Confederate army at Nashville.

Pausing only to refit his command and fill his

wagons, Sherman, in February, 1865, left Savannah for a march through the Carolinas. Meanwhile Schofield had been detached from Thomas to co-operate in a march inland from the coast of North Carolina. Moving in the rear of Charleston, Sherman compelled the evacuation of that place, which thereupon fell into Union hands. Continuing his march, he reached and occupied Columbia, and then, moving northward to Winnsborough and eastward to Cheraw and then to Fayetteville, he prepared to form a junction with Schofield and Terry at Goldsborough. But before this could be accomplished, he was twice heavily encountered by Johnston, who had resumed command at Averysborough and Bentonville. However, the result was the retreat of Johnston and the junction of all the Union forces at Goldsborough. Meanwhile the campaign in Virginia had been renewed, and, after the great series of battles around Petersburg, had ended in the surrender of Lee at Appomattox on the 9th of April. As soon as the news reached Johnston, that officer sent to Sherman to know upon what terms his own surrender would be received.



SURRENDER OF GENERAL JOHNSTON.



On the 18th, at Durham's Station, the two commanders agreed on a basis of peace, which, however, was disapproved at Washington as covering ground not within General Sherman's powers, and more particularly from its stipulations in regard to the political status. Subsequently, therefore, a new agreement was made on the general basis of the one between Grant and Lee.

It only remained for General Sherman's army to pass in review at Washington, which it did on the 24th of May, following the review of the Army of the Potomac the day previous. In this remarkable display the mules, goats, cows, poultry, and various oddities which the veterans of the march through Georgia and the Carolinas had picked up caused much amusement. Following that came the farewell orders of their commander, which declared the belief that in peace good soldiers would make good citizens, and that should war come again "Sherman's army" would be first in the field.

FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

General Sherman took leave of his army in an

order dated May 30, 1865. The following was the closing passage:

“Your General now bids you farewell, with the full belief that, as in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will make good citizens, and if unfortunately new war should arise in our country, ‘Sherman’s army’ will be the first to buckle on its old armor and come forth to defend and maintain the government of our inheritance.”

Sherman’s last campaign excited much interest in England. The Horse Guards began to study his remarkable march. The Duke of Cambridge went to preside at a meeting to hear an explanation of it in detail. Sherman became the hero of the war from an English point of view, in spite of their sympathy with the South.

“On the 15th of November the splendid army of brawny western men, stripped like an athlete for the race and the struggle, set its face towards the Atlantic Ocean, and with banners streaming and bands playing, bade farewell to the smouldering ruins of Atlanta.”

When this daring movement was first made public, it is hard to say which was the more as-

tonished, the North or the South. Nothing had ever been heard like it in modern warfare. The rebel editors on the Atlantic seaboard professed to rejoice at it, for it would be the destruction of Sherman's army. The aroused people, they declared, would hang along his flanks as lightning plays along the edge of a thunder-cloud, and removed beyond all reach of provisions, so that his army would be vanquished by starvation alone. In Europe it created almost equal astonishment. Said the *London Times*, "Since the great Duke of Marlborough turned his back upon the Dutch, and plunged hurriedly into Germany to fight the famous battle of Blenheim, military history has recorded no stranger marvel than this mysterious expedition of General Sherman on an unknown route against an undiscovered enemy."

The *British Army and Navy Gazette* said: "He had done one of the most brilliant or foolish things ever performed by a military leader." The Richmond papers scornfully boasted that his march "would lead him to the Paradise of fools." The able critics of Europe declared "if he suc-

ceeded he would add a fresh chapter to the history of modern warfare."

For boldness and originality of the design and the ability with which the campaign was executed, it stands alone in the history of modern warfare. The South was struck dumb at his success. The North was jubilant and rang with his praises. He had not only gotten through safely, but he entered into Savannah, not with a half-starved and exhausted army, but if possible in better condition than when it started. The animals fresh and vigorous, and not a wagon lost. A thousand men would cover his entire loss on this famous and renowned march."

General Sherman's letters were in many respects models. The one which he wrote to his regiment after the death of his child in Memphis is most touching. We also give one which he wrote to his brother from Memphis, expressing his views of the war at the time that the letter was written :

"MEMPHIS, Tenn., August 13, 1862.—My dear brother: I have not written to you for so long that

I suppose you think I have dropped the correspondence. For six weeks I was marching along the road from Corinth to Memphis, mending roads, building bridges, and all sorts of work. At last, I got here, and found the city contributing gold, arms, powder, salt, and everything the enemy wanted. It was a smart trick on their part, thus to give up Memphis, that the desire of gain, to our northern merchants should supply them with the things needed in war. I stopped this at once, and declared gold, silver, treasury notes and salt as much contraband of war as powder. I have one man under sentence of death for smuggling arms across the lines, and hope Mr. Lincoln will approve it. But the mercenary spirit of our people is too much and my orders are reversed, and I am ordered to encourage the trade in cotton, and all orders prohibiting gold, silver and notes to be paid for it are annulled by orders from Washington. Grant promptly ratified my order, and all military men here saw at once that gold spent for cotton went to the purchase of arms and munitions of war. But what are the lives of our soldiers to the profits of the merchants?

"After a whole year of bungling, the country has at last discovered that we want more men. All knew it last fall as well as now, but it was not popular. Now thirteen million (the General evidently intended only 1,300,000) men are required when 700,000 was deemed absurd before. It will take time to work up these raw recruits, and they will reach us in October, when we should be in Jackson, Meridian and Vicksburg. Still I must not growl; I have purposely put back and have no right to criticise, save that I am glad the papers have at last found out we are at war and have a formidable enemy to combat.

"Of course I approve the Confiscation Act, and would be willing to revolutionize the government so as to amend that article of the Constitution which forbids the forfeiture of land to the heirs. My full belief is, we must colonize the country *de novo*, beginning with Kentucky and Tennessee, and should remove four million of our people at once south of the Ohio River, taking the farms and plantations of the rebels. I deplore the war as much as ever; but if the thing has to be done, let the means be adequate. Don't ex-

pect to overrun such a country or subdue such a people in one, two or five years. It is the task of half a century. Although our army is thus far south, it cannot stir from our garrisons. Our men are killed or captured within sight of our lines. I have two divisions here—mine and Hurlbut's—about 13,000 men; am building a strong fort, and think this is to be one of the depots and basis of operations for future movements.

“The loss of Halleck is almost fatal. We have no one to replace him. Instead of having one head we have five or six, all independent of each other. I expect our enemies will mass their troops and fall upon our detachment before new reinforcements come. I cannot learn that there are any large bodies of men near us here. There are detachments at Holly Springs and Senatobia, the present termini of the railroads from the South, and all the people of the country are armed as guerrillas. Curtis is at Helena, eighty miles south, and Grant at Corinth. Bragg's army from Tripoli has moved to Chattanooga, and proposes to march on Nashville, Lexington and Cincinnati. They will have about 75,000 men. Buell is near

Huntsville with about 30,000, and I suppose detachments of the new levies can be put in Kentucky from Ohio and Indiana in time. The weather is very hot, and Bragg can't move his forces very fast; but I fear he will give trouble. My own opinion is we ought not to venture too much into the interior until the river is safely in our possession, when we could land at any point and strike inland. To attempt to hold all the South would demand an army too large even to think of. We must colonize and settle as we go South, for in Missouri there is as much strife as ever. Enemies must be killed or transported to some other country.

“Your affectionate brother,

“W. T. SHERMAN.”

“While lying along the pestiferous bank of the Big Black River, his wife and family visited him, and one child sickened and died. On his first arrival in camp he became a great pet in the Thirteenth Regiment Infantry—Sherman's old regiment that he commanded at Bull Run—which made him a sergeant and heaped on him all of

those little testimonials of affection which soldiers know so well how to bestow. This kindness had touched Sherman's heart, and now at midnight, as he sat in his room at Memphis and thought of his little boy pale and lifeless far away, floating sadly up the Mississippi, this kindness all came back on him, and bowed with grief, he sat down and wrote the following letter to his regiment :—

“MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 4, Midnight.

“Captain C. C. Smith, Commanding Battalion, Thirteenth Infantry—My Dear Friend: I cannot sleep to-night till I record an expression of the deep feelings of my heart to you and the officers and soldiers of the battalion for their kind behavior to my poor child. I realize that you all feel for my family the attachment of kindred, and I assure you of full reciprocity. Consistent with a sense of duty to my profession and office I could not leave my post, and send for my family to come to me in that fatal climate, and behold the result. The child that bore my name, and in whose future I reposed with more confidence than I did with my own plans of life, now floats a mere corpse, seeking a

grave in a distant land, with a weeping mother, brothers and sisters clustering around him. But for myself I can ask no sympathy. On I must go to meet a soldier's fate, or see my country rise superior to all factions till its flag is adorned and respected by ourselves and all powers of the earth.

"But my poor Will was, or thought he was, a sergeant of the Thirteenth. I have seen his eyes brighten and his heart beat, as he beheld the battalion under arms and asked me if they were not real soldiers. Child as he was, he had the enthusiasm, pure love of truth, honor and love of country, which should animate all soldiers. He is dead, but will not be forgotten till those who knew him in life have followed him to the same mysterious end.

"Please convey to the battalion my heartfelt thanks, and assure each and all that if in after-years they mention to me or mine that they were of the Thirteenth Regulars when poor Willy was sergeant, they will have a key to the affection of my family that will open all that it has, that will share with them our last blanket, our last crust.

"Your friend.

"W. T. SHERMAN, *Maj. Genl.*"

Nothing can be more touching than this letter. How it lays open his heart to his soldiers. Ordinary expression of courtesy or acknowledgment of gratitude would not answer. Their sympathy for a time had made them his equals, and he writes them as friends—the dearest of friends because friends of his boy. Their love for him had bound them to him by a tenderer chord than long and faithful service in the field. And what a heart this man, this rough man, as many termed him, had. No man could write that letter in whose heart did not dwell the noblest impulses of nature. The regiment ordered a monument for the little sergeant, and had inscribed on it, "Our little Sergeant Willie, from the First Battalion, Thirteenth United States Infantry."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S RELATIONS WITH HIS MEN.

A distinguished officer of the Union army, who commanded a brigade under Generals Grant, Sherman and Thomas, and knew them all personally, mentions a striking point of difference in their relations to the armies they commanded. "I have seen Grant ride from rear to front of a moving

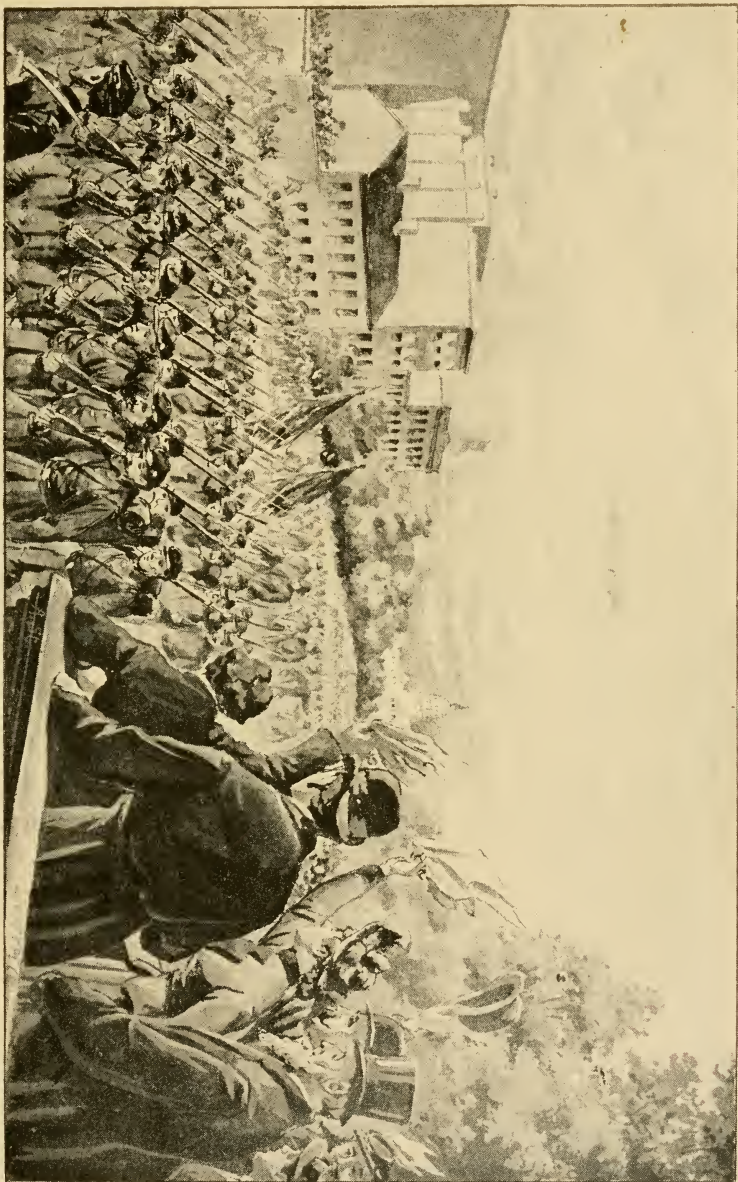
column, or from right to left of the army, receiving salutes all the time, but making none in return. He was never cheered and never a word passed between him and the lines. He always seemed absorbed in thought, and with a cigar held firmly between his teeth he looked straight ahead, as if at some objective point that nobody else could see. He was too absorbed to return the salutes, and the men never attempted to break in on his reserve. General Thomas was a good deal the same way, only sterner looking than Grant. When he rode past a column it was always with some definite object in view, and he seemed too full of that to notice anything else. The men had the greatest confidence in him and respect for him, but there was never any familiarity or demonstration of affection. With Sherman it was entirely different. I have seen him ride from front to rear of a column, and it would be a continuous cheer the whole way. Not only this, but a continuous exchange of salutations and remarks. Between their cheers the men would shout good-natured remarks at 'Uncle Billy' and he would talk to them in return, passing remarks about his

plans, what we were going to do next, etc. It seemed to me sometimes as if he would speak to almost every man in the column while he was passing. No matter what he had on his mind he never seemed abstracted, and was always ready to chaff the boys. On horseback he was the least soldierly-looking of the three, and he had a slouchy way of riding that used to tickle the boys. But what pleased them most was his free-and-easy manner and his way of talking to everybody as he rode along the lines. He got more cheering than military salutes."

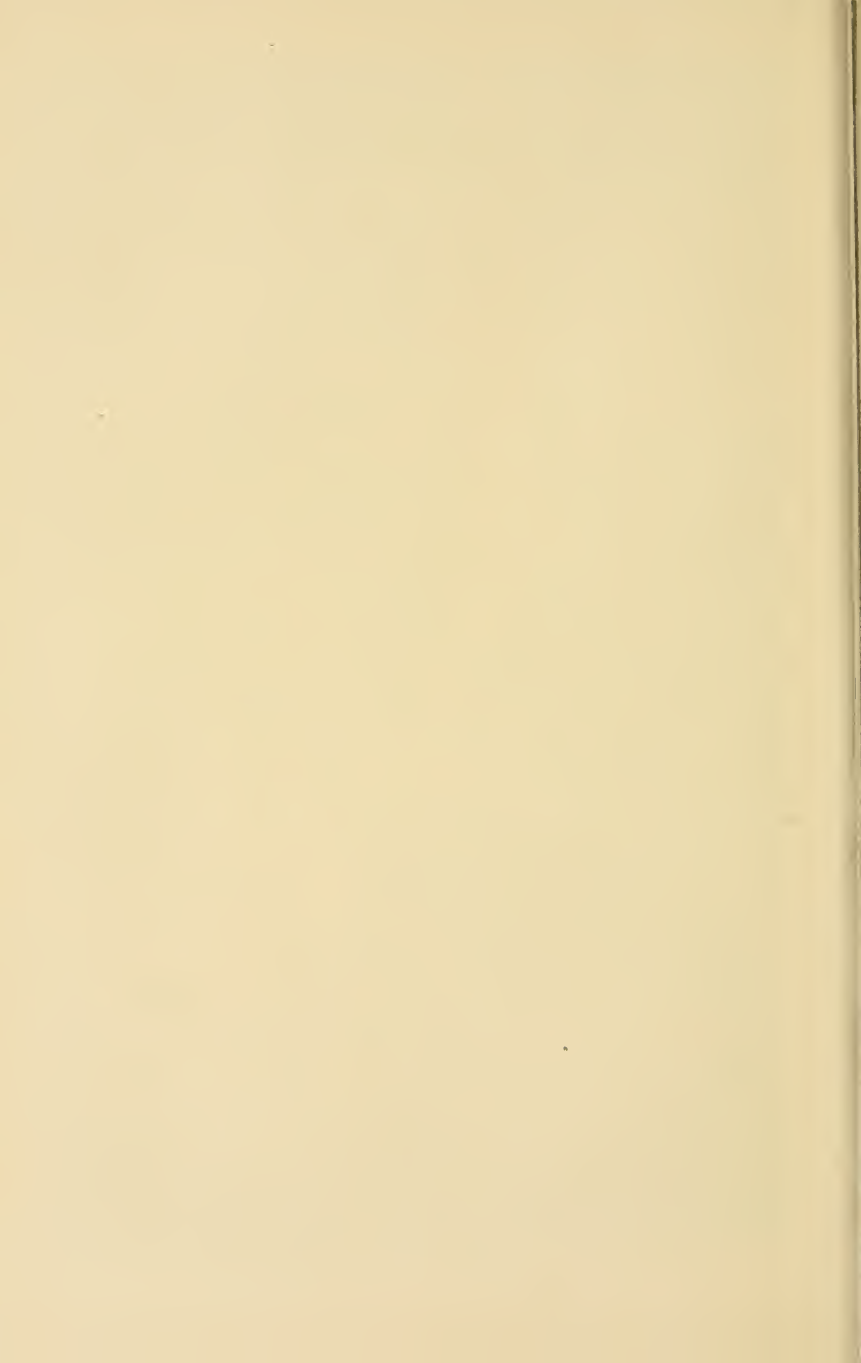
CHAPTER III.

AFTER THE WAR.

AFTER the war Sherman was in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and in 1866, when Grant was promoted to be General of the Army, Sherman was made Lieutenant-General, thus clearly indicating public sentiment as to the value of his military services to the country. When, in 1869, Grant became President, Sherman was made his successor as General, with the proviso that this grade on the active list should go to no other person, the same provision being made in regard to the office of Lieutenant-General, to which Sheridan was raised. While General of the Army, Sherman visited Europe, where he was received with distinguished honors. After his return he wrote and published his memoirs. The passage of the law of retirement for age took him from the active list in 1884, but, as a special mark of national favor, he was allow-



THE GRAND REVIEW IN WASHINGTON, MAY 24, 1865.



ed to receive full pay and emoluments. Since then he has resided in St. Louis, and later in New York. Generally in vigorous health and enjoying life, he has been abundantly honored by various institutions of learning and social organizations, as well as by the veteran soldiers, whom he often addressed at their meetings, and by his countrymen at large, who have so long admired him as a noble specimen of the patriot and the soldier.

General Sherman has been one of the most picturesque figures in our modern life, as he will be in American history. His erect figure, with grim face that often relaxed into kindness, his soldierly ways and habits of thought, had come to seem a sort of national possession. He was a most interesting writer and public speaker, whose occasional extravagances and eccentricities of expression had become well understood. Now and then hasty or careless in utterance, and sometimes making himself trouble thereby, he was never commonplace. As a soldier he knew well how to march and feed a great army as well as to engage it in battle. Of him it has justly been said that he possessed the "geographical

eye," which made every natural feature in a landscape present itself to him in its military possibilities.

ALWAYS AT THE FRONT.

Sherman believed in fighting at the front of his men, and he always lived up to that belief.

"No man," says he in the closing chapters of his memoirs, "can properly command an army from the rear. He must be at the front, and when a detachment is made, the commander thereof should be informed of the object to be accomplished and left as free as possible to execute it in his own way, and when an army is divided up into several parts the superior should always attend that one which he regards as most important. Some men think that modern armies may be so regulated that a general can sit in an office and play on his several columns as on the keys of a piano. This is a fearful mistake. The directing mind must be at the very head of the army—must be seen there—and the effect of his mind and personal energy must be felt by every officer and man present with it, to secure the best results. Every attempt to make war easy and safe will result in humiliation and disaster.

HAD NO TASTE FOR POLITICS.

General Sherman loved life and its good things. He loved a good dinner, a good story, a good horse and a good companion. He idolized his country, and his life was always at its service save in the way of politics, which he abhorred, and in a manly simple way, he paid a meed of reverence to his Creator. He was one man in very few who never listened to the buzzing of the Presidential "bee in his bonnet," and when his name was mentioned as a possible candidate for the Presidency he did not coyly hold back and wait for further developments, but came out in an honest, ringing letter and said that he did not want the honor and was not fitted for the place.

SHERMAN'S FAMILY LIFE.

Few happier or more devoted families than that of General Sherman ever lived. He was a loving and devoted husband and father, and very proud of his wife and children. But one difference marred the perfection of their married life. Mrs. Sherman and her children were devoted ad-

herents of the Roman Catholic faith, while the General held allegiance to no religious creed.

His wife was always eminent in her church and charitable work, and received in recognition for services from Pope Leo XIII. the emblem of the golden rose, a rare and priceless token, which few American ladies have ever received. Her children were devoted adherents to the same faith, and the prayers of the entire household were centred in the husband and father.

In the summer of 1878 a great disappointment fell upon the General. His eldest son, Thomas Ewing Sherman, named after the kind foster-father and the idol of his father, whom the General had hoped to make a soldier, but finding this impossible, had fitted for the study of the law, decided, after long hesitation, to devote his life to the priesthood.

In a letter dated June 1, 1878, from young Sherman to his friend Samuel Elbers, of St. Louis, which was published with his consent, he stated what he proposed to do, and besought his father's friends not to question the latter about it.

"Father," the young man wrote, "gave me a complete education for the Bar at Georgetown College and the Scientific School at Yale. On me rests the entire responsibility for taking this step. I go without his sanction, approval or consent."

At the same time he expressed his sorrow for causing such grief and disappointment to the father whom he loved.

MRS. SHERMAN'S DEATH,

He had not yet entered the priesthood when, on November 27, 1888, his fond mother died suddenly of heart-failure. In his first grief the General refused to admit the priests to his house, but he quickly succumbed to the prayers and tears of his children.

The body was taken in a private car to St. Louis and interred in Calvary Cemetery in a plot which the General and she had picked out together in 1866, and where the remains of two of her sons and three grandchildren were sleeping.

Father Sherman was ordained the following year in Archbishop Ryan's private chapel in

Philadelphia. All the sisters and brothers were present, besides many notable people, but the old General still sturdily set his face against the step and refused to be present. An unusual favor was paid to the young priest. He was made sub-deacon on July 6th, deacon on July 7th and priest on July 8th, preaching his first sermon the following Sunday.

HIS BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

Although not a religious man, General Sherman showed his belief in a future life in a letter which he wrote to the New York *Herald* on his return from burying his wife.

"I expected to go first," he wrote, "as I am much older and have been more severely tried, but it was not to be. But I expect to resume my place at her side some day."

Miss Rachel Sherman, a beautiful girl, was her father's especial pet and pride. For years she has acted as his amanuensis and has written from his dictation most of his official, business and social letters. She rendered him much assistance in getting up his autobiography. A few years

ago she interviewed him on behalf of the *Herald*, and the result, which was spicy and interesting, was widely read.

The greatest cross of General Sherman's life was that no son of his followed him into the army. That has always been his first and greatest love.

HIS RETIREMENT.

On the 8th of April, 1884, President Arthur issued the following order announcing the retirement of General Sherman: "General William T. Sherman, general of the army, having this day reached the age of sixty-four, is, in accordance with law, placed upon the retired list of the army, without reduction in his current pay and allowances. The announcement of the severance from the command of the army of one who has been for so many years its distinguished chief can but awaken in the minds not only of the army, but of the people of the United States, mingled emotions of regret and gratitude—regret at the withdrawal from active military service of an officer whose lofty sense of duty has been a model for all soldiers since he first entered the army in

July, 1840, and gratitude freshly awakened for the services of incalculable value rendered by him in the war for the Union, which his great military genius and daring did so much to end. The President deems this a fitting occasion to give expression of the gratitude felt toward General Sherman by his fellow-citizens, and to hope that Providence may grant him many years of health and happiness in the relief from the active duties of his profession."

General Sherman at once retired to private life and moved to St. Louis, where he resided for a short time. He then took up his residence in New York City, where he has since lived.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S LETTER ABOUT HIS BURIAL TO
RANSOM G. A. R. POST, OF ST. LOUIS.

In February, 1890, on the occasion of General Sherman's seventieth birthday, the members of Ransom Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of which General Sherman was the first commander, sent the General many congratulatory letters and telegrams.

The old warrior, in replying to these, among other things said:

"I have again and again been urged to allow my name to be transferred to the roster of some one of the many reputable posts of the Grand Army of the Republic here, but my invariable answer has been 'No,' that Ransom Post has stood by me since its beginning and I will stand by it to my end, and then that, in its organized capacity, it will deposit my poor body in Calvary Cemetery alongside my faithful wife and idolized 'soldier boy.'

"My health continues good, so my comrades of Ransom Post must guard theirs, that they may be able to fulfil this sacred duty imposed by their first commander.

"God bless you all. W. T. SHERMAN."

PERHAPS HIS LAST LETTER.

The following, supposed to be the last letter written by General Sherman, was addressed to Benjamin H. Field, of No. 21 Madison Square, and was dated February 3d:

"DEAR MR. FIELD:—I thank you sincerely for the handsome volume, 'Recollections of George W. Childs,' which contains such pleasant reminiscences, some of which are personal to myself. I am sure that I have read all these 'Recollections' in 'Lippincott's' or detached pamphlets, but they have increased value and interest by being assembled in one 12mo volume, with good binding and good print. With failing eyes I notice these things, and, while our newspapers are simply a disgrace in their type, I am glad to observe that our leading book-publishers have made large improvements in their type, approximating the more costly books of England.

"Mr. Childs takes such a kindly view of men and things that it is refreshing to read its pages. I have partaken of his hospitality in his princely homes at Long Branch, Philadelphia and Wooton, and know of no gentleman at home or abroad who better dispenses the wealth which he has earned by his own hand and brains. Whilst essentially American, he does not limit his expenditure, as most rich men do, to their own locality, but he takes in the whole world, as illustrated by his me-

memorial fountain to Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, and his memorial windows and tablets at Westminster and Winchester, England.

"I am not sure you know him personally; if not, and you want to meet him, I can bring you together at my table some time this spring. With great respect, your friend,

"W. T. SHERMAN."

CHAPTER IV.

HIS LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

GENERAL SHERMAN has been for five years one of the most familiar figures in New York. He was a devoted theatre-goer, and it did not take long for the amusement-seeking public to learn who he was and to honor him whenever he appeared in the auditorium, whether in a box or in the ordinary orchestra chair. It was the custom of the spectators on such occasions to give evidence of their knowledge of the presence of the General, and it was not an infrequent thing for them to applaud him liberally on his entrance to the theatre.

On one occasion, the representation of "Shenandoah," at the Twenty-third Street Theatre, the audience became so enthusiastic over the presence

of General Sherman in a box that it compelled him by its applause to come forward and make a speech from the box-rail. In all these demonstrations there was ever evinced the greatest respect and love. His very appearance riveted the attention of the spectators and his civilian dress could not disguise the bearing of the soldier, while his stern and furrowed face always indicated the warrior.

Another cause of the familiarity of the public with General Sherman's personality was his frequent presence at public dinners. There is no association of any prominence in New York City at some annual banquet of which General Sherman has not been an honored guest, and on a vast majority of these festive occasions he made speeches. At all celebrations, civil and military that the town has known since 1886, General Sherman was conspicuous, and on all such occasions the same spirit of reverence, respect and love was manifested toward him.

Immediately prior to 1886 General Sherman lived in St. Louis. In the latter part of that year he removed to New York and took up his residence

at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. For nearly two years he resided there, and then, in 1888, he removed to his late residence, 75 West Seventy-first Street, where he established a thoroughly comfortable home with his daughters. This house was comparatively new and the General took a lively personal interest in its fittings and furnishings. He had in the basement what he was wont to call his office, and the decorations of this apartment were almost wholly reminiscent of his military career. The walls were adorned with photographs of his comrades and subordinates in the civil war, each of whom he recalled vividly and about whom he was always ready to relate some interesting anecdote. In the centre of the apartment he had his working desk, a plain piece of ordinary office furniture, which was generally littered with letters and telegrams. Close by this, at the side of the room, was another desk at which his private secretary was accustomed to sit and receive daily instructions.

Among the photographs on the walls was a central group of three pictures. The middle one of these was a full-length likeness of Ulysses S.

Grant standing in an easy pose, with the left hand thrust into the breast of a fatigue coat and the right deep down in the trousers pocket. To the left of this was a picture of Phil Sheridan in full uniform, and to the right was a picture of General Sherman himself, also in full uniform. He was especially fond of these pictures of Grant and Sheridan. He was wont to say that he knew of no other likeness of Grant that showed so clearly the repose of the man. It had been taken at the close of the war, when Grant was down to fighting weight, as the General expressed it, and before he had become fleshy and taken on the heavy look that appears in some of his later pictures. The picture of Sheridan had been selected by General Sherman out of many hundreds, and on this account General Sherman preferred it to all others. He used to say that he loved these pictures because they recalled to him the men as he had known them best.

His parlors were simply but tastefully decorated, the two most conspicuous objects that adorned them being a life-size oil portrait of his dead wife and another of himself. His household

was thoroughly democratic, and his guests were always received without oppressive ceremony and were made to feel at home at once. He loved this home that he had made because of its peace and rest. It was a refuge from excitement, and it was a pleasure for him to retire to it after the diversion of the theatre or the banquet hall. It was in an excellent neighborhood near Central Park, and there the General loved to wander on pleasant days with his grandchildren, of whom he had eight. None of these lived with him, but they visited him frequently, and considered it the highest privilege as well as the greatest pleasure to walk with him.

General Sherman was always a most delightful host. His welcome was cordial and hospitable, and the guests felt at once at ease while realizing the honor and the privilege of the association. As a raconteur he was admirable. He had lived so long, had seen so much, and had done so much that the least suggestion brought forth from him stories that were both instructive and entertaining. On his seventieth birthday, which he celebrated by a little dinner in his home on the

evening of Feb. 8, 1890, he said: "Yes, I am seventy years old to-day, the time allotted for man to live, but I can truly say that I have not felt better at any time within ten years. Seventy years is a long time, and it seems a great while since I was a boy. Still, I can recall incidents that happened when I was not more than four years of age." His memory was astonishing in detail and his mind was wonderful in vigor. He could recall the minutia of incidents almost from infancy and throughout his eventful career.

His love for the theatre was prodigious. He was deeply interested in all that pertained to the stage, and he valued certain actors and actresses as his dearest friends. He used to tell how he had come to New York when he was sixteen years old and had then visited the old Park Theatre, on Park Row, between Beekman and Ann Streets. In those days, he said there were great star actors, but the general average of theatrical people was not high, and the possibility of an actress being received in social circles was not considered. He gloried in the change that had taken place in the interim, and it was

a delight to him to recognize the fact that many of our actresses to-day might grace any parlor with their presence. He maintained that it was the duty of all public men to foster and encourage an institution so worthy as the stage.

In attending public dinners, of which he averaged far more than any other man of his age, General Sherman was very particular as to what he ate. He confined himself on such occasions to the plainest dishes, and was wont to drink only a little sauterne or sherry. He never touched champagne, and had no use for the heavier wines. Of all things he abhorred what he called those mixed-up French dishes which might be anything or nothing. "Half the time," he used to say, "these concoctions are only turkey or chicken hash fixed up with some kind of sauce and called a croquette or something of the kind. I have no use for them." He had his own theories about dining both in private and in public.

He disliked exceedingly the prevalent custom of late dinners. He declared that all private dinners should be given at such an hour as to enable

the diners to attend the theatre afterwards. His great love for the theatre probably had more to do with this position than his dislike for late dinners. He also advocated plain food for public dinners and deplored the costliness of modern banquets, declaring that it was absurd to pay \$25 a plate for a dinner. Most people could not eat such dinners, and those that could paid the penalty of sickness for their rashness. Fond as General Sherman was of public banquets, he loved his home better. He was happiest when he could gather about him a choice circle of intimate friends and entertain them in his own house.

When he attained his seventieth birthday the Union League Club proposed to honor the event by a banquet to him in its club-house. He thanked them for the kindness intended, but refused on the ground that he had arranged and preferred a little dinner in his own dining-room which could seat but sixteen people. And so he told the members of the Union League that they would have to postpone their proposed banquet or else abandon it altogether. He was going to

dine at home that night, and with him he would have his brother John, the United States Senator from Ohio, and General Schofield, General Howard and General Slocum, who had been his three division commanders at the close of the war. It afforded General Sherman the greatest happiness that these three distinguished soldiers should be with him that night and all in excellent health.

His other guests were Chauncey M. Depew, General Thomas Ewing, General Wager Swayne, Joseph H. Choate, Colonel J. M. Wilson, Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, Major Grant, Mayor Chapin, of Brooklyn, Augustin Daly, J. M. Pinchot, Logan C. Murray and John J. Knox. "Mr. Depew was very anxious to have General Sherman come around to the Union League Club that night, after the dinner in his own house, but the General replied to the suggestion: "How can I do that, Chauncey? I can't hurry up my guests in order to go to somebody else's entertainment. You will have to give up this Union League scheme of yours." And so Mr. Depew submitted gracefully to the

inevitable, but a month later a grand banquet was given by the Union League Club in honor of General Sherman's birthday, and at this banquet were present many of the most noted men in the United States, all eager to honor the old chieftain.

In all of his pleasant and peaceful old age General Sherman realized fully the necessary infirmities of increasing years and the probability that death might remove him at any time. The contemplation of death had no terrors for him. His position in this matter is best expressed in the reply which he made on his seventieth birthday to a conventional wish that he might have many happy returns of the day.

He said then, with a full appreciation of the insecurity of life as well as of the fact that his race was nearly run: "I am too old to hope for many returns of the day. And then life is so uncertain. Death seems to come nowadays without almost any warning, but many a man has sprung up in readiness when I have had the trumpets sounded, and I am still a soldier. When Gabriel sounds his trumpet I shall be ready."

Gen. Sherman's taste in dramatic matters was catholic and liberal. He appreciated everything good. He had been a theatre-goer in his early youth, and had lively memories of the best actors of the last generation—Burton, Richings, Wheatley, Warren, Forrest and the elder Booth. During his long term of active service he had few chances to gratify his liking for the drama, and after his retirement he made the most of his opportunities. He told at the big supper party given in honor of Edwin Booth by A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly, March 31, 1889, how, as a young officer in San Francisco, he sat in the balcony of his hotel in 1856 and listened longingly to the cheers of the enthusiastic settlers who were then giving Booth his first encouragement.

General Sherman was one of the incorporators of The Players, and an intimate friend of many of the most prominent actors of this era. He was always a guest at important theatrical banquets, and at the famous supper given by Mr. Daly to celebrate the one hundredth consecutive performance of "The Taming of the Shrew," on the stage of Daly's Theatre, April 14, 1887,

and at the supper party given by the same manager in Delmonico's, March 27, 1888, to Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, he presided with graceful dignity, and skillfully brought out the best wit of the company. He was equally conspicuous at Mr. Palmer's breakfast to Wyndham. He spoke at the last anniversary celebration of the Actors' Fund, of which he was an honorary member. When he spoke on these occasions his remarks were always apposite and worth listening to. He was often seen, an attentive listener, at the discussions of dramatic topics before the Nineteenth Century Club and other fashionable debating societies and classes.

Notwithstanding his intimate association in the later years of his life with actors off the stage, the acted play always seemed to have its proper illusion for him. He was always deeply interested in the story and impressed by its reality. He seemed to preserve, in common with Dickens, Thackeray and Charles Lamb, until the end of his life a youthful freshness of heart and mind. The actors who met him keenly appreciated this quality. They felt that he was,

indeed, a keenly appreciative spectator, free from all bias of opinion. If he has left diaries, we may be sure that they do not contain coldly sententious observations on plays and actors, such as we find, for instance, in the diaries of John Quincy Adams. Every habitual theatre-goer will miss General Sherman, and even those who never had the privilege of knowing him will feel his death as a personal loss.

General Sherman died possessed of a considerable fortune, estimated at between \$150,000 and \$200,000. Three years ago he purchased the house in which he and his family resided, at 75 West Seventy-first street. Like many army officers, he long ago bought real estate in growing cities in the West and held the property as a speculation. In this way General Sherman cleared a good deal of money. He owned, it is said, several houses in St. Louis, and several hundred acres of land on the outskirts of Topeka, Kan. Although a good liver, General Sherman did not spend all of the \$13,500 salary received by him from the Government for many years, and his savings he invested.

General Sherman's last literary work was done two months ago, and was an introduction to "A Woman's Trip to Alaska," written by the wife of General C. H. T. Collis.

This picture of the old hero at seventy was some time ago published in a New York paper.

"General Sherman is quite gray now. Both his hair and beard are white. But he is still a very hard-working man. He lives very quietly with his family at his house on Seventy-first street, west of Central Park. He is as accessible as any man in New York, but he has a most direct and positive way of dealing with bores. It has been stated that the General is irascible, and so he is to persons who annoy him. To persons who have some real reason for calling upon him he is always courteous. A ring at the door bell of the General's handsome brownstone residence brings a pleasant-faced servant girl to answer the call.

"The old fighter is peculiar in one respect. The girl that opens his door for visitors never has to go and ask him if he is in. At the first she tells one that "the General is in," or he is not. That settles it. If he is in he will see you. If you are a

bore, as a good many of his callers are, look out for squalls, and under any circumstances it is not well to be prolix. General Sherman likes one to get to the point at once. If the visitor is not able to do this he is likely to be interrupted.

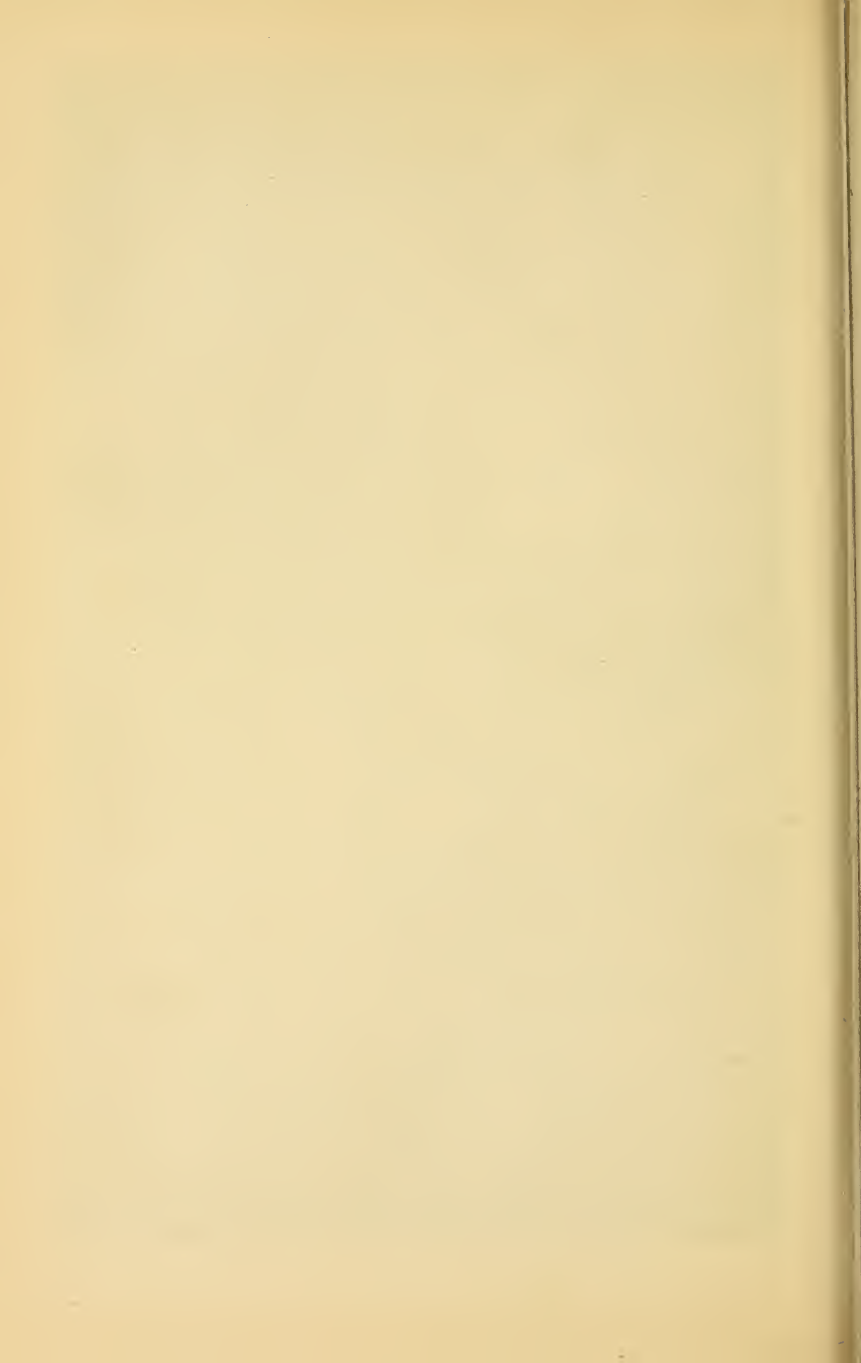
“There is one sort of a caller who is always received with warmth, and that is one of General Sherman’s old soldiers, or his ‘boys,’ as he calls them. Just how much assistance General Sherman gives to old and unfortunate soldiers it would be hard to say. No one but himself knows, and he won’t tell. But these are among the more numerous of the visitors at his house. Besides them there are all sorts and conditions of callers at his house.

“General Sherman is methodical in his habits and in his work. He is an early riser. He eats an early and a light breakfast, and afterward is to be seen in his library at the end of the hall on the parlor floor of his house. He has a comparatively large library, not entirely made up of military books either. He has always had a keen literary taste, and there are few men who are better posted on the literary and historical records of this and other lands.”



THE ADVANCE GUARD BEFORE SAVANNAH.

LEVY & CO. N.Y.



THE GENERAL'S LAST BIRTHDAY DINNER AT THE
NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The last birthday spent by General Sherman at Washington was that on which he became 63 years of age—February 8, 1883. In one year more he would have been retired by statute, but he anticipated the date by several months in closing his active connection with the army. Knowing of his purpose to do this, Colonel George B. Corkhill, then District Attorney, made the General's sixty-third birthday the occasion of tendering him an elaborate dinner, which was given at the host's apartment in the Portland. Twenty-one gentlemen surrounded the table, of whom nine, including the genial host, have now joined the immortals.

The full list is as follows: General Sherman, Lieutenant-General Sheridan, Attorney-General Brewster, Chief Justice Waite, Associate Justice Miller, Associate Justice Stanley Matthews, Senator Logan, Senator Allison, Senator Hawley, Senator Sherman, Mr. James G. Blaine, Speaker Keifer, Mr. Stilson Hutchins, Mr. Frank Hatton,

Mr. Henry Watterson, Colonel Clayton McMichael, General Van Vliet, Chief Justice Cartter, and Associate Justice McArthur, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. The menu card of that admirable dinner forms a historic souvenir. It is six large leaves of cardboard tied in book form with bows of red, white and blue, and embellished on the outer leaves with a fine portrait of General Sherman and scenes from his march to the sea.

Inside the first leaf are these lines, printed in blue with a red line border to the page, as is the entire menu:—

Fill up the glass ! We drink to-night
To the dark days of the nation.
We drink to days we can't forget,
Of camp and gun and ration.

Fill up ! We drink to Sherman's years,
And we drink to the march he led us ;
To the hard work done, and the victories won,
When fortune illy served us.

We drink to twenty years ago,
When Sherman led our banner ;
His mistresses were fortresses,
His Christmas gift—Savannah !

CHAPTER V.

HIS HUMOROUS SIDE.

THE OLD SOLDIER ALWAYS LOVED A JOKE OR A
GOOD STORY.

THE men who served with or under General Sherman in any of his numerous and brilliant campaigns are now telling anecdotes illustrative of that wonderful personality that has made so deep an impress upon American history during the third of a century past. It was in the presence of his old army friends, when the civilian world was shut out, that he was at his best, and the flow of his spirits ran unchecked and joke and story ran into each other, sometimes at the expense of his neighbor and as often at the expense of himself. No conceit gave him more amusement than that his friend General Howard was a convivial spirit, given to the bowl and kindred pursuits, whereas the hero of the one arm

is the most temperate of men. It was this fact that gave point to the joke, and Sherman was never more happy than when he could corner Howard at one of their little Loyal Legion dinners and lecture him upon the errors of his ways.

Perhaps Sherman never forgot a great practical joke which Howard unconsciously played upon him back in the days when the Union army was resting upon its arms at Goldsborough. Sherman paid a visit to Howard's tent, where neither wine nor anything more invigorating than cold water was kept. As luck would have it, Dr. John Moore, the Medical Director, dropped into Howard's tent. Here was a man Sherman could depend upon in an emergency like this.

Sherman gave Moore a wink when Howard's back was turned and said, "Doctor, have you a seidlitz powder in your quarters? I don't feel just right, and I know one would do me good." Moore had not supplemented a liberal college education by several years in the army in vain. He was equal to any drug clerk of New York in his knowledge of the meaning of a wink.

"A seidlitz powder, General? Certainly. Come

right over to my quarters and I can fix you out immediately."

General Howard sprang to his feet. "That won't be necessary, Doctor," said he. "I have plenty of powders here, and good ones, too. I will get the General one."

Sherman had little desire and less need for a seidlitz just then, and he followed Howard to his feet. "Never mind," said he, "I can get along very well without it."

"No trouble at all," Howard answered, as he began to get the powder and the glasses ready. Sherman turned to Moore for relief, but that gentleman was busy in examining the landscape as an aid to keep his face straight. When that was accomplished, he turned about and gravely said: "By the way, General, I don't believe I have one about the premises, and you had better take the one Howard has prepared." Moore was something of a joker himself and knew a joke when he saw one.

Sherman was a soldier to the backbone and would not retreat in the face of an enemy. When Howard came up with the glasses, he

bravely took them and swallowed the foaming stuff. But he never again complained of needing medicine when in Howard's tent.

A joke as good, but of a different character, was that almost unconsciously perpetrated on Sherman by an Indian chief. Out at Fort Bayard there lay for a long time an old cannon, of no use to any one, but which had greatly taken the fancy of an old Apache chief. He daily asked the commander for it, but was put off with the excuse that it belonged to the Government and could not be given away. One day General Sherman arrived at the fort, and the request of the chief was referred to him. He examined the cannon, saw that it was worthless, and told the Indian he might have it. Then, putting on a grave air, he said to the chief: "I am afraid you want that gun so that you can turn it on my soldiers and kill them."

"Umph! no," was the unexpected reply. "Cannon kill cowboys. Kill soldiers with club."

General Hickenlooper, of Ohio, tells a story illustrating Sherman's dry wit, rather at the expense of General Corse. In the fight at Altoona

a rifle-ball took Corse alongside the head, making a slight wound that, at the time, was thought to be a great deal more dangerous than it really was. When the word reached Sherman it had been greatly magnified, and he was informed that Corse's ear and cheek were gone, but that he would still hold his position and fight it out.

Meanwhile Corse had tied up his head and gone on with the business he had been sent there to do. As soon as possible Sherman hurried over, full of anxiety, as to the amount of damage done his officer. Nothing would do but that the bandage must come off, so that he might judge of the damage for himself. The surgeon carefully took off the cloths and revealed a slight gash across the face and a hole through the ear. Sherman looked for a moment and then dryly said: "Why, Corse, they came d—d near missing you, didn't they?"

Many are the stories told of that march to the sea, and occasionally the General would tell one himself. Here is one of his own narration: On one occasion he had halted for rest on the piazza of a house by the roadside, when it came

into the mind of an old Confederate who was present that he might pick up a bit of valuable information by a little careful quizzing. He knew by Sherman's dress that he was an officer, but had no suspicion as to his rank. When he heard a staff officer use the title of "General," he turned to Sherman in surprise and said: "Are you a General?"

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"What is your name?"

"Sherman."

"Sherman? You don't mean General Sherman?"

"That's who I mean."

"How many men have you got?"

"Oh, over a million."

"Well, General, there's just one question I'd like to ask you, if you have no objections."

"Go ahead."

"Where are youns a going to when you go away from here?"

"Well that's a pretty stiff question to ask an entire stranger under these circumstances, but if you will give me your word to keep it a secret I don't mind telling you."

"I will keep it a secret; don't have no fear of me."

"But there is a great risk, you know. What if I should tell you my plans, and they should get over to the enemy?"

"I tell you there is no fear of me."

"You are quite sure I can trust you?"

"As your own brother."

The General slowly climbed into his saddle and leaned over to the expectant Confederate, who was all eyes and ears for the precious information. "I will tell you where I am going. I am going—just where I please." And he did, and there was not enough powder in the South to stop him.

Sherman never forgot that little drummer boy who came to him in the hot fight at the rear of Vicksburg, and when it came in his power he had the youngster appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The troops were in the heat of the engagement, when Sherman heard a shrill, childish voice calling out to him that one of the regiments was out of ammunition, and that the men would have to abandon their posi-

tion unless he sent to their relief. He looked down, and there by the side of his horse was a mite of a boy, with the blood running from a wound in his leg.

"All right, my boy," said the General, "I'll send them all they need; but as you seem to be badly hurt, you had better go and find a surgeon and let him fix you up."

The boy saluted and started to the rear, while Sherman prepared to give the required order for the needed ammunition. But he once more heard the piping voice shouting back at him: "General, calibre fifty-eight. Calibre fifty-eight." Glancing back, he saw the little fellow, all unconscious of his wound, running again toward him to tell of the character of the ammunition needed, as another size would have been of no use, and left the men as badly off as before. Sherman never could speak too highly of the little fellow's pluck; he asked him his name, complimented him, and promised to keep an eye upon him, which he did. He often related the story, and always with praises for the little soldier's bravery.

The following is related by a prominent army officer:

"I don't know that I ever saw Sherman angry but once," said this gentleman. "It was at a camp-fire before Richmond. He had just come in from his march from Raleigh and had received the Northern papers containing the bitter letters of Halleck and Stanton criticising him for allowing Jeff Davis to get out of Richmond. When Sherman read these letters his indignation was furious. Afterward, when he had calmed down, he unbosomed himself in his free, frank style to his staff as follows: 'I went down to City Point with Grant and met the President. After we had concluded our council of war I said to the President: "Mr. President, what about Jeff Davis? Do you want him captured?"' 'Now, General," replied Lincoln. "That reminds me of a story. Some years ago there was a temperance lecturer in Central Illinois. He had agreed to deliver a lecture in a village near Springfield. The night of the lecture he had to drive about five miles through a drenching rain-storm, and when he reached the inn which the village boasted

he was wet to the skin. The hour set for his lecture was near. Some friends advised him, in view of his condition, to postpone it. He would not listen to the advice, but said the lecture would have to go on. 'Then you must take some stimulant or you will make yourself ill.' 'Do you think I need a stimulant?' asked the temperance lecturer. 'You certainly do, and a strong one,' remarked a friend. 'Then make me a hot lemonade,' said the shivering lecturer. 'A hot lemonade will do you no good; you want whiskey,' said the adviser. 'But you forget that I am a temperance lecturer.' 'No, you forget your health is in danger,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the lecturer, as he cautiously surveyed his surroundings, 'I suppose if some whiskey were to get into that hot lemonade without me seeing it I would not be responsible for it.' 'Now,' said Sherman, with considerable force, 'what inference was I to take from that story? I believe that President Lincoln did not care whether Jeff Davis was captured, and that I was carrying out his implied wish in making no effort to prevent his escape.' "

The same officer told this story of the General and vouches for its authenticity :

A SOCIAL LION.

"General Sherman," said he, "was, as everybody knows, a great diner-out. He loved company, and was a delightful companion at a banquet. During his life in Washington he was in great demand and was constantly receiving invitations to luncheons, dinners and receptions. One afternoon the General was dressed and ready to go out for dinner, when he suddenly stopped and bowed his head in thought. Then, turning to Mrs. Sherman, he said : 'Emily, I have an invitation to dinner somewhere this afternoon, but for the life of me I cannot remember where it is.' 'Oh, we can soon remedy that,' said Mrs. Sherman ; 'you stand at the front window until you see General Van Vleet coming down the street. Go out and join him, and you will get the right place.'"

During the Georgia campaign members of the Christian Commission applied for permission for

its delegates to pass within his lines. He replied to their letter :

“Certainly not ; crackers and oats are more necessary for the army than any moral or religious agency, and every regiment has its chaplain.”

When afterward he traversed the long, single line of rickety railroad, beset by guerrillas and upon which he was obliged to depend for supplies for his army, and now that we realize how much of the success of his campaign depended upon secret combinations and sudden movements, we can appreciate the necessity for this stringent military control over his rear communication and approve the policy of the General who makes the material support of the army his first and constant care.

A good story is told of one who was on Kennesaw Mountain during Sherman's advance. A group of Confederates lay in the shade of a tree overlooking the Union camps about Big Shanty. One soldier remarked to his fellows :—“ Well, the Yanks will have to git up and git now, for I heard General Johnston himself say that General

Wheeler had blown up the tunnel near Dalton and that the Yanks would have to retreat because they could get no more rations."

"Oh——!" said a listener. "Don't you know that old Sherman carries a duplicate tunnel along?"

One day, looking back, the men saw a line of bridges in their rear in flames.

"Guess, Charley," said a trooper, "Uncle Billy has set the river on fire."

Charley's reply was, "Well, if he has I reckon it's all right."

Among the many stories told with great gusto by General Sherman while entertaining friends on the veranda of the Fort William Henry Hotel on Lake George last summer was the following:

"I arrived in Dublin," he said, "late one night and, as I hoped, unknown. I was tired out and made for the first hotel in sight. The next morning I awoke rather late, but with the pleasant feeling that, as nobody knew of my coming, I could pass the day as I pleased, writing letters, etc. I rang for breakfast, and after the remnants of the repast were cleared away I seated myself at a

table, with the writing-desk I always carry with me, and began to answer a score or more of letters. In the midst of my writing I heard a brass band coming down the street. I listened. There was something about the music that had a familiar sound. Yes. It was that old air 'Marching Through Georgia.' Here was an end to my quietness. It was evident that some one had found me out. I got up, put on an old uniform coat and sat down and waited. The band came nearer and it was all I could do to keep my feet still. I waited for the band to stop. They neared the hotel—and what? Well they went prancing past the house and down the street, the music fading away in the distance. There was something wrong here, evidently. I took off my uniform, put on another suit of clothes and went down to interview the proprietor. I found him sitting in solitary magnificence in an inside room. He looked at me without rising.

“‘Good-morning,’ I said.

“‘Good-morning,’ he returned.

“A pause.

“‘I heard a band on the street a few minutes

ago. Anything of special importance going on here to-day?’

“A band? Oh, yes; they’re bound for a picnic.’

“A picnic? What? In this rain?’ I forgot to say it was raining, and had been and did during the most of my stay in Ireland.

“‘Oh, that’s nothing,’ said the landlord, ‘It rains here the most of the time.’

“‘Do you remember what they were playing? The air sounded familiar.’

“‘Yes.’

“‘It sounded to me like an American march.’

“‘An American march? Humph! It was an old Irish air. I first heard it when a boy. All the bands in Dublin play it as a march nowadays.’

“I returned to my room and finished my letters.”

CHAPTER VI.

HIS LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH.

GENERAL SHERMAN died Saturday afternoon, February 14th, at 1.50 o'clock. So gently and peacefully did the spirit of the great soldier depart that the sorrowing relatives at his bedside could scarcely realize at the time that death had completed its work. The dying man was surrounded by all of the members of his family except his eldest son, the Rev. T. E. Sherman, who was on the Atlantic homeward bound.

All hope of General Sherman's recovery was practically abandoned early the day before. The wonderful vitality displayed by the distinguished invalid had kept hope alive up to that time in the hearts of the affectionate watchers. But soon after 5 o'clock A.M., of the 13th, there were alarming symptoms. It was evident to Dr. Alex-

ander that the General was sinking rapidly. His strength seemed to have been spent.

In the belief that death was near, the members of the household, who had retired about 2 o'clock A.M., were summoned to the sick chamber. Lieutenant Fitch and Mr. Thackara had left the house for the night, and they were sent for. It was a sad group that gathered about the couch of the dying soldier just before the dawn of day. The General was very weak indeed. His lungs were almost dormant, and but the faintest bit of breath came from them. The doctors observed symptoms of pneumonia.

No word had passed General Sherman's lips since very early Friday, when he addressed some brief remark to his nurse. Members of his family listened eagerly for some utterance from him but none came. Once or twice it seemed to the watchers as though the dying man was trying to speak. His eyes bespoke affectionate recognition of those about him, but his swollen tongue was incapable of articulation. His jaws, too, became too stiff to work, and the great hero of the famous march to the sea, although living,

was as silent and helpless as a sleeping babe. The hours dragged wearily along and the members of the family waited mournfully and patiently the coming of the destroyer. The faithful doctors could give them no hope.

Soon after daylight telegrams were sent to General O. O. Howard at Governor's Island and to General Henry W. Slocum in Brooklyn, asking them to come to the house as soon as possible. Both of these well-known soldiers were old comrades-in-arms of General Sherman. They responded to the summons as speedily as they were able.

Senator John Sherman, who had spent the night at his brother's house and had scarcely slept, sent the following dispatch to his wife at 8.25 o'clock A.M.:

"General Sherman still lives, faintly conscious and without pain. His asthmatic breathing is shorter and his strength weaker."

A little before 9 o'clock the following bulletin, dated at 8.30 o'clock A.M., was posted:

"The physicians, after consultation, declared that

General Sherman's condition is now hopeless. He is dying, and the end is near.

“C. T. ALEXANDER.”

This sorrowful information was conveyed to the newspaper reporters and to the police officer who was stationed in front of the dying man's residence, 75 West Seventy-first street. Through those mediums it was imparted to scores of passers-by, who stopped to eagerly inquire about General Sherman's condition. During the forenoon several of the General's New York friends called at the house, and upon being informed of the hopeless situation left messages of sympathy for the family. No person was admitted to the house except relatives or very intimate friends. General Thomas Ewing, brother-in-law of General Sherman, reached the house early in the day, accompanied by his son, Thomas Ewing, Jr. General O. O. Howard arrived soon afterwards. In deference to the wishes of the family, no persons were permitted to loiter in front of the house.

General Sherman relapsed into unconscious-

ness about noon, and for the two hours before his death he remained in that condition. Death was momentarily expected during that time, and no member of the family left the room. Some of the dying hero's daughters knelt by his bedside throughout that trying period. There were present the General's son, Mr. P. T. Sherman, his daughters, Miss Rachel and Miss Lizzie, who lived with him, his married daughters, Mrs. T. W. Fitch, of Pittsburg and Mrs. A. M. Thackara of Rosemont, Penna.; Senator John Sherman, General Thomas Ewing, Mr. Fitch, and Mr. Thackara, Dr. Alexander, and Miss Elizabeth Price, a trained nurse from the New York Hospital.

General Sherman died in his usual sleeping apartment in the rear of the second floor. In other apartments at the same time were General O. O. Howard, Mr. Barrett, General Sherman's private secretary; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoyt and Alfred W. Hoyt, Mrs. Colgate Hoyt, Miss May Ewing and Mrs. Kilpatrick, widow of General Judson Kilpatrick. Dr. Janeway left the house in the morning, as soon as he saw that the patient's case was hopeless.

About half an hour before the General's death the watchers discerned signs of approaching dissolution. First the old soldier's fingers began to grow cold, then the fatal coldness crept slowly up his arms and over his body. As the end approached, the General's head, which had been resting on a large pillow, was lowered gradually in the hope that he might be enabled to breathe easier. Although he died from suffocation, caused by the mucus from his inflamed throat filling his lungs, there were no indications of suffering on his part. He sank into his eternal slumber with scarcely a sign. Those who were nearest his head say that they heard a gentle sigh escape his lips and then all was over. It was just 1.50 o'clock when the famous soldier expired. There was no clergyman of any denomination in the house during the day.

Within a minute or two after General Sherman's death one of his men-servants stepped outside of the front door and said: "It is all over."

The male members of the family at once busied themselves in sending necessary telegrams announcing General Sherman's death. Such tele-

grams were sent to President Harrison, Vice-President Morton, the Hon. Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War; Secretary Blaine, Gen. J. M. Schofield, and Secretary Noble.

Soon the crape emblem of death was fastened to the front door, giving silent information to every passer-by that the brave and honored Gen. Sherman was no more. Almost every person that passed stopped to ask the policeman on guard for particulars of the sad event. But all that the officer could tell them was: "He is dead." By and by messages of condolence began to arrive, and carriage after carriage rolled up to the house.

A large number of well-known New-Yorkers sent expressions of their sympathy to the members of Gen. Sherman's family, and several called at the house during the afternoon. Among the latter were Gen. Steward L. Woodford, Gen. C. H. T. Collis, and Col. Whitney, all warm personal friends of Gen. Sherman. General Collis said: "General Sherman had a presentiment of his approaching end two weeks before he was taken ill at all. We met on our way to an affair at ex-Judge

Dillon's house. I mentioned the approaching anniversary of General Grant's birth-day, which occurs April 27. 'I'll be dead and gone by that time,' said Sherman earnestly, with a foreboding look in his eye. I laughed at the remark and tried to cheer him up, as he seemed a bit blue; but he only answered my jokes with a more serious manner, saying; 'I feel it coming. Sometimes when I get home from an entertainment or banquet, especially these wintry nights, I feel death reaching for me, as it were. I suppose I'll take cold some night and go to bed, never to rise again.' The words were prophetic. A week ago last Wednesday night, sitting in a box at the theatre, he caught the cold that eventuated in his death."

Dr. C. T. Alexander gave the history of General Sherman's illness. The doctor had been almost incessantly at the General's bedside from the time his illness began, and he had not had more than two hours' sleep any day since the previous Sunday.

"The General, as is known," he said, "caught cold Wednesday a week ago. The next day he

attended a wedding against the urgent advice of the members of his family. On Friday I was called in and found the General suffering from a cold and a sore throat. On Saturday he felt so much better that he wanted to keep an appointment he had made for that day. On my advice, however, he desisted, and spent the day playing cards, I believe, with his family. Erysipelas set in on Sunday. He was flighty that day, and on Monday he became delirious. The erysipelas spread over his face, and the lymphatic glands in his neck became swollen. I applied treatment for the erysipelas. Wednesday came and there was no change for the better, but General Sherman slightly rallied on Thursday morning. His rally was not such as to insure even faint hope of the General's recovery, and I so informed Surgeon-General Moore at Washington. Friday was the turning-point for the patient. The erysipelas had almost completely disappeared, but the attack had left the General very much weakened. His old complaint, bronchial trouble and asthma, I think, killed General Sherman. In his weakened condition he was

unable to throw off the mucus which gathered on his lungs. The mucus accumulated, and the General was slowly strangled to death.

"I think he suffered greatly. There was always the quick respiration, the gasp for breath, but he bore everything without a murmur, and no one could have been more heroic.

But now the great General was no more. He had passed over the dark river and has made his last march. Let the fife shriek and the drum sound the deathless song that was written for him, and will never die so long as martial music lives—

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll have another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

(CHORUS.)

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!

How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

(CHORUS.)

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years ;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

(CHORUS.)

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast—
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

(CHORUS.)

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main ;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

(CHORUS.)

BEFORE THE FUNERAL.

Some two weeks before his death General Sherman made known his wishes as to his burial. He particularly requested that his body should not lie in state anywhere.

He also requested that the funeral be a strictly

military one. He said he did not care particularly for any military observances here in New York, but that he did want a military burial in St. Louis, which would be participated in by his old comrades in arms. He also requested that the funeral rites be not in conformity with any particular form of religion. He wanted a soldier's burial.

In the evening a number of veterans called at the house, and expressed surprise when told they could not enter, and were more surprised when told that General Sherman's body would not lie in state. "It's pretty hard not to be able to look on the face of our old commander again," said one, and this seemed the opinion also of his companions. A military guard was placed in the hall-way of the residence at 7.30 o'clock in the evening and remained there until the body removed. The guard consist of two men from the First Regiment, United States Artillery.

The casket was of oak, with black broadcloth covering. The lining of white satin and the bars and mountings of silver. The silver plate bore a very simple and brief inscription :

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

Born Feb. 8, 1820.

Died Feb. 14, 1891.

It was General Sherman's own wish that his body should not lie in state or his face be shown after death to any but his family and nearest friends. He left explicit directions on this subject.

At the earnest solicitation, however, of thousands of General Sherman's friends, his family finally decided to allow the public to see the remains.

"In the darkened parlors of his home lay the body of General Sherman, with the trappings of his rank set off by flowers sent by loving friends, heedless of them all and of the sad procession which passed beside the coffin.

"How grand a face it was! How steady, firm, untroubled! How high and broad the forehead, and what tracings of the soldier were written deep by the hand of time in the lines about the austere yet kindly mouth, and the bold, aquiline nose and adamantine chin!

"From ten to four the doors of the Sherman mansion were left open to the public, and during

the six hours a steady stream of callers passed into the house and looked upon the dead. Armed sentinels stood at each door to see that no unworthy person was given access, but no one of decent appearance and serious mien was barred out.

“The coffin was placed in the middle room, between the front parlor and the dining-room, resting on a catafalque, and the soft illumination from seven tapers which stood in a tall, brass candelabra at the head fell like a benediction upon the face. A glass cover was above the face, and all that could be seen through this sombre frame was the face and bust clothed in the General’s uniform, with yellow sash, and the right hand lying peacefully upon the breast.

REMEMBERED BY MRS. PORTER.

“There were no flowers on the casket, nothing but the accoutrements used on any such occasion—the gold and diamond hilted sword presented by the State of New York and the cap—but just beyond the head was a phalanx of magnificent floral tributes, and the dark pedestal of the marble

bust of Sherman which stood beside the foot of the coffin was decorated with a wreath of ivy.

"In the front parlor, not far away, hung the life size portraits of the General and his wife, the former festooned by two large flags, one of which was his blue headquarter's flag, the other a large silken banner made and presented by some ladies.

"Beside the big candlesticks was the token which touched deeper than all else the hearts of the mourning family. It was an exquisite pillow wrought in violets, which came from Washington the day before 'with loving regards,' from the newly-made widow of Admiral Porter.

"There was one busy figure in the room, to whose deft fingers was due the credit for the tasteful adorning of the place. It was the widow of the famous cavalry general, Judson Kilpatrick, who has been at the house every day since death entered it, performing little offices of friendship such as only a woman can do."

EXPRESSING SYMPATHY.

Among the floral tributes were some lovely palms sent from Ohio by the grandchildren of Zachary Taylor; a wreath of ivy and white lilacs,

presented by Mme. Macchetta d'Allegri and Blanche Roosevelt, of Paris; a pillow of roses and calla lilies from the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion, a bunch of callas from Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Field, a wreath of ivy from Mrs. Lawton and a bunch of lilies from Mr. and Mrs. Pinchat.

As the afternoon passed the crowd increased, and by night thousands of people of all classes, ages and sexes had taken a last look at the face of the nation's dead General. It was one of the grandest testimonials of respect and love that could be paid by an appreciative public to one who had been a leader in times of trouble and a friend and one of the people in time of peace. As the stream of persons entered the house, passed by the casket and then out into the street again, many touching scenes were witnessed. Many old soldiers—some in the uniform of the Grand Army—were unable to restrain their grief.

At half-past five the doors were closed and the family and others of the household assembled in the parlor and took their final look at the face of their father, brother, friend.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FUNERAL.*

NEW YORK gave General Sherman yesterday a most impressive farewell. The sun at noon shone upon a city draped with the emblems of sorrow. It shed upon the parting at dusk, when the escorting army, with trailing arms and shrouded flags, had discharged its tender office, a glowing benediction. The heart of the community was touched by this event as it had not been since the chieftain of the great triumvirate of Generals of the rebellion passed to his final bivouac at Riverside.

Again the people laid aside their usual pursuits and thronged the line of march, a countless, hushed multitude. From end to end the route was lined almost to the point of crushing with those whose presence will make the day memorable alike for its occasion and for the number of

* From *The New York Times*.

its participants as witnesses, for the multitude became more than mere lookers-on when by the block they stood uncovered while the caisson with its flag-wrapped burden and the carriages of the mourners passed along.

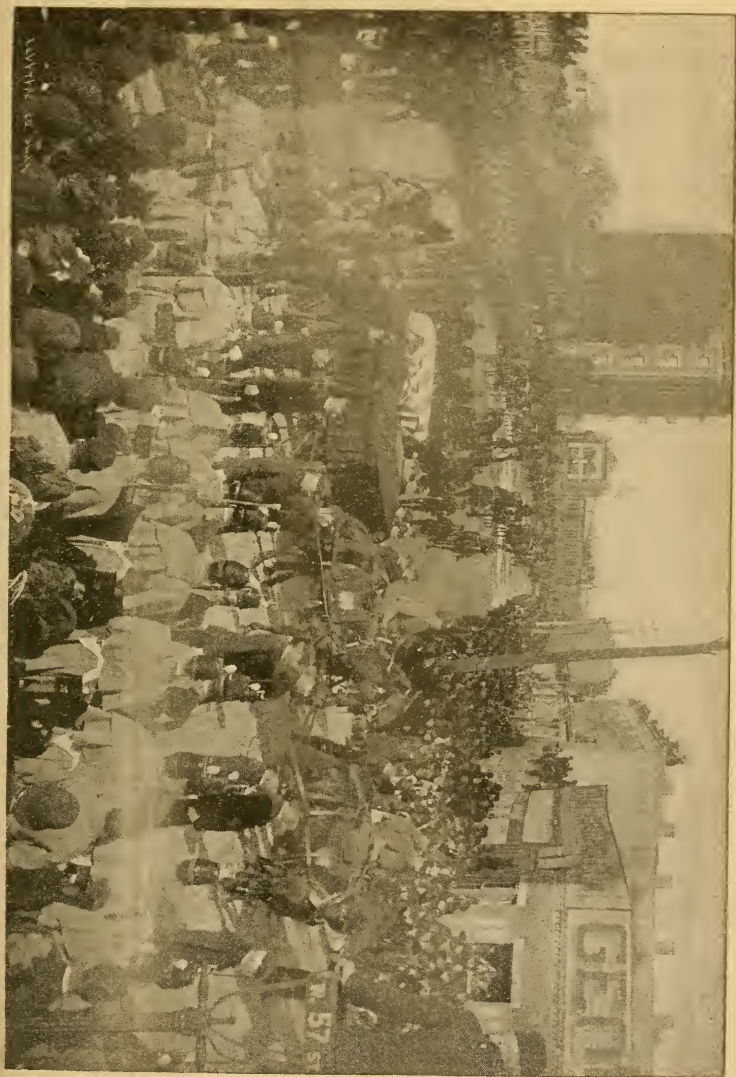
A soldier's funeral it was above all else, but it was more than that. For miles the streets were in the sombre garb of almost continuous crape-bound draperies. The wealth of tribute of this kind made in itself a splendid offering to a hero's memory. No section stood alone or conspicuous in so honoring the event. From the neighborhood in which the old General had his home to the ferry at which his body was embarked, the decorative remembrances of the affection in which his fellow-citizens held him were lavish and beautiful. The city became one great neighborhood in its desire to express a common bereavement.

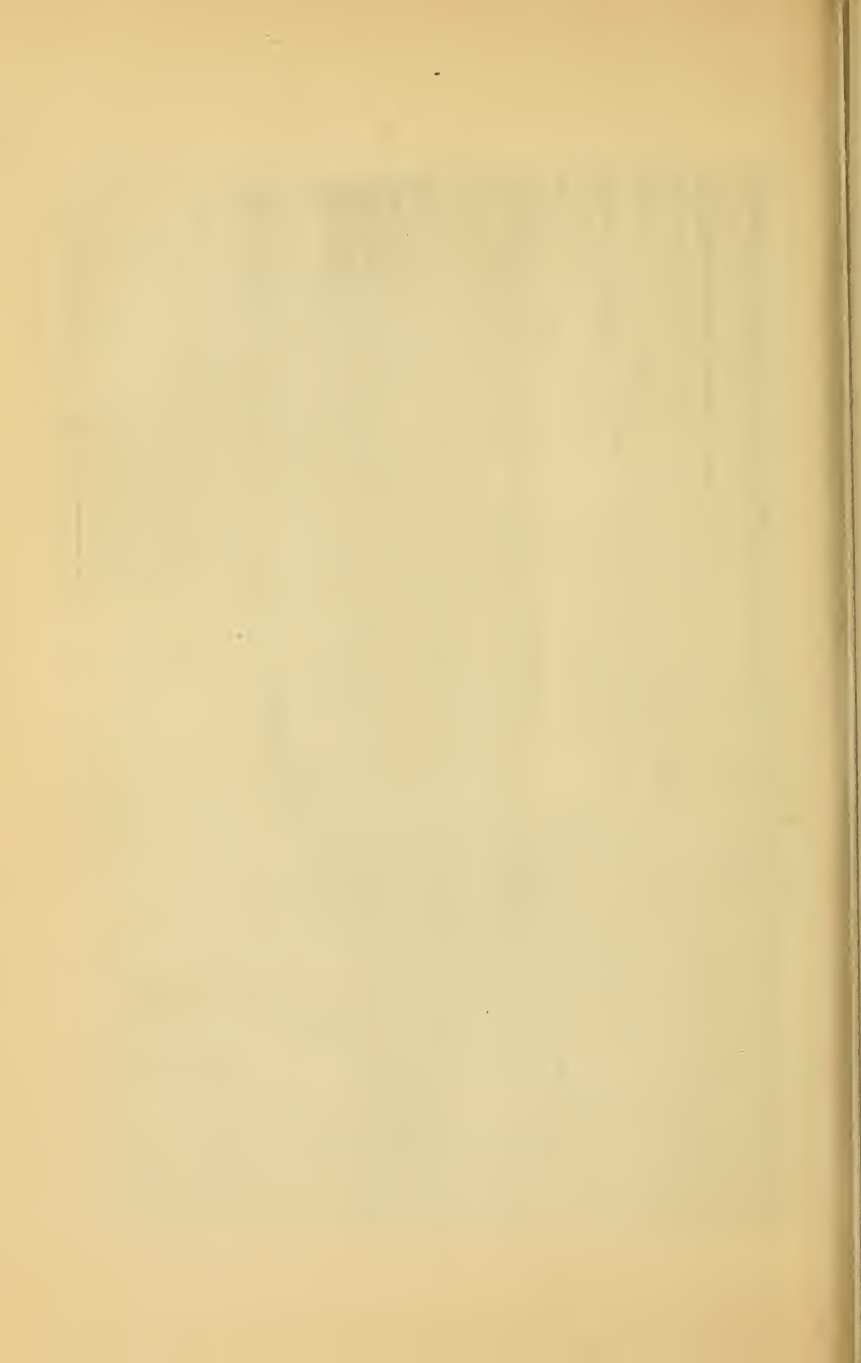
It was more than a soldier's funeral also because of the memories inspired, and the evidences it displayed of the depleted veteran ranks. Bent and grizzled was the remnant of comrades in the march to the sea who turned out yesterday. The canes the Grand Army men carried were plainly

no longer mere switches to all, and the efforts of many to conceal any real use for them had a touch of pathos about it that the multitude were not slow to see and appreciate. Over parts of the route there were uncovering of heads and tears in the eyes of women when the old soldiers passed, as though, perhaps, they might not be seen together in such numbers much longer. The tolling church bells were sad indeed, as the Grand Army moved along.

Outward tokens for the day were not confined to the line of march. They hung from house-fronts and shaded windows, and fluttered from flagstuffs throughout the metropolitan district. From the highest perch the outlook all day in every direction was dotted with flags at half-staff on land, at half-mast on the water. All the shipping on both rivers, in the Sound and in the bay was dressed for the sad occasion, and as far as the eye could reach on Long Island, into New Jersey, and on Staten Island, the flag floated below the peak.

Office and business buildings all over the city, regardless of proximity to the line of march, wore





the proper insignia, some of them being elaborately shrouded. Scarcely a city block omitted to give some token of the common sorrow by house-front drapery. There was a practical suspension of business throughout the city after noon.

As the funeral pageant moved down the streets through long rows that formed the front rank of thousands upon thousands, there were many in the crowds who recalled and lived over again their emotions when the drum of the Recruiting Sergeant sounded at every cross-roads and in every village street. Mothers and wives were there, who thirty years ago bade good-bye to their beloved ones, half glad, half sorrowful, and as the troops rumbled down the streets after the corpse of one of the foremost figures of that day the pictures all came back to them, the good-byes were told again, the tears were shed afresh.

Out of the dull tread of the soldiers there came to some of the sight-seers a vision of the weary days of waiting, the news of battle, the anxious scanning of newspapers, the awful haste to the front for remains or to the hospital for tender ministrations. Then came remembrances

of crushed and bleeding hearts and of vacant chairs at the fireside—such indeed are pictures of the days when Sherman and his armies fought their way to greatness and victory.

From the standpoint of these private citizens who thronged the streets along the line of march, it was a day never to be forgotten. For two hours before the great column began to move the streets along which it was to pass were like mighty rivers toward which there constantly flowed many tributaries. The strong arm of the police did its best to stem the current, and every inch of encroachment was contested stubbornly, but with only partial success, until, amid clattering hoofs, shrill-blowing trumpets, and rattling sidearms, the advance guard rode slowly down the streets. Then the crowd compressed its struggling members back to the curb, and for two hours and a half it witnessed a memorable pageant.

It was at Madison Square that the crowds assumed the greatest proportions, and there, where the street was broad and where many thousands viewed its movements, the procession seemed to

assume a more pronounced air of stateliness than had characterized its march elsewhere. A dirge-breathing band, cadencing the mournful time of the funeral march, wheeled first into view. The sadness of its strains, the long files of crape-covered colors which followed, the badges of mourning on every breast and on every arm, the inverted muskets, the tolling bells of neighboring churches, the furrowed faces of the mourners, each brought an air of new impressiveness upon the scene, and told of the Nation's loss.

The rumble of artillery and the pounding hoofs of the cavalry horses—music of iron on stone—were fitting preludes to the oncoming bier of the dead warrior. Stout horses straining under their death-dealing cannon, grim and red-plumed artillerymen urging them on, flashes of angry crimson mingling with the blue—this is what the crowds saw passing to the muffled throb of a hundred drums. Glimpses of Drum Majors here and there, stripes of red and white once free, now close enfolded by bands of sombre crape; breasts on which stood forth medals and

badges won on the fields of battle years ago, all whirled by in a confusion of battle array.

Then came the pall-bearers. An added sense of melancholy confronted the sight-seer as these veterans came into view. The brave Schofield; Howard, who gave an arm to the cause while commanding Sherman's right wing; Braine, whose shells crashed against Forts Fisher and Anderson; Greer, who fought beside Porter at Vicksburg; Sickles, Dodge and Corse; Swayne, Woodford, Wright and Moore, brave men and true—these did the last honors beside the bier of their lamented chieftain. There was another face among them—that of Johnston, the same Joseph E. Johnston who threw himself and his army before Sherman in the march to the sea—the same Johnston who, in April, 1865, surrendered to the soldier whose corpse he was following in sorrow.

But now came a hush. The dead Conqueror! High on the funeral catafalque, under a covering black as night, where the sun kissed only the canopy that hid him, he came, not leading, but led; no longer victorious, but himself surrendered. Borne on the crisp air came the sobbing and sigh-

ing of flute and drum that sang of the Nation's sorrow; yet they told no story half so sad, they touched no heart half so deep, as did the mass of reverent blackness that bore him as a cloud.

There was a little interval after this, and then came the two rows of closed carriages containing the family, the relatives, and the nearest friends. The blinds were tightly drawn to hide them from the curious eye. The hush of silent sympathy was soon broken as the carriages of the President and Vice-President, and those of ex-Presidents, Cabinet, Ambassadors, and committees rumbled into view and, with their coming, the spirits of the throng seemed to rise and to brighten. Those who had just parted were the heroes of a former generation; these were the heroes of to-day. Thousands turned their eyes toward the favorites in this group of statesmen, and for each there was a word of praise or an exclamation that betokened recognition and admiration.

Next strode the comrades of his campaign and battles—the men who, of all others, could best recognize his greatness, and in so doing feel his loss. They came from a hundred battle-fields.

The colors that they bore were only shreds, yet every fibre of those tatters was wound about the hearts of the men who marched beneath them.

An unbroken mile of these veterans followed, each post bearing the flag it carried through the war. Then came the cadets from West Point. The sturdy gray of their coats and trousers, the wonderful precision of their white belts and straps, the spotlessness of their gloves, and the splendid line they kept as they marched down the street is one of the noticeable features of a long-to-be-remembered day. Their marching was far better than that of those veterans who went before, but then, their hearts are lighter, their years less.

Last of all came the National Guard, all in blue and gold, with pieces at right shoulder, bayonets fixed, and lines splendidly kept. The New York man who watched them from the crowd felt an absorbing interest of a not wholly impersonal sort as they marched by, for they belong to his city and State. Then an aide galloped by, his scabbard swinging and his golden aiguillette gleaming in the last rays of day. The crowd welled in behind

him like a flood. Sherman's body had gone out and into the west toward the sinking sun.

AT THE SHERMAN RESIDENCE—BRIEF FUNERAL
SERVICES—FORMATION AND START OF
THE PAGEANT.

Hardly had the day dawned before the people in the neighborhood of West Seventy-first Street were astir. Flags were thrown out from hundreds of windows heavily draped in black. Police Captain Berghold was early on hand with a force of sixty men. Before 9 o'clock there was need for their services, for the crowd was then big enough to need watching.

In the Sherman house all was quiet. The family were getting a little sleep, their rest having been broken by the late arrival from Europe of Father "Tom" Sherman. The son did not see his father's body until 7 o'clock yesterday morning. Then, in company with his brother, P. T. Sherman, and his two sisters, he went into the room where the body lay. The lid of the casket was open and the four children of the soldier stood by his bier for several moments. After they

had retired a message was sent to President Harrison at the Fifth Avenue Hotel saying that the coffin would be kept open until noon in order that he might take a farewell look at the remains. The President answered, thanking them for their courtesy, but saying that he did not care to see the body, as he preferred to remember the General as in life. The casket was kept open, however, and many of the Presidential party and other distinguished men, viewed the rugged face.

In the morning, just after the General's children left the casket, two old veterans approached a policeman at the door and asked him if they could see the body. One wore a ragged old army coat. The other wore over his uniform a leather jacket, and on his head was an old coon-skin hat. Both wore the badges of the famous Sixth Army Corps and of a Springfield (Mass.) Grand Army of the Republic Post. When they were told that they had come too late, their faces fell, and one of them said:

"We came all the way from Springfield to see our old commander. We marched with him to

the sea. That was a long time ago, and we ain't seen him since."

The old fellows were so sorely disappointed and they gazed so wistfully at the house that the heart of an orderly who stood by was touched, and he told their story to Lieut. Thackara, the General's son-in-law. The Lieutenant came down and personally invited them in. They accepted with alacrity. As they stood beside the casket the old fellow with the coon-skin hat said:

"I saw him last near Atlanta, under heavy fire. I remember now how we cheered him as he rode by."

As the veterans came down the stone steps the two biggest policemen in New York—Graham, 6 feet 7½ inches, and Giblin, 6 feet 5½ inches—gave them a military salute. Such distinguished recognition staggered the old fellows for the moment. Recovering, however, they returned the salute with great dignity, locked arms, and marched off.

By 10 o'clock the crowd around the residence had grown to such proportions that Seventy-first Street was cleared and police lines were estab-

lished at Eighth and Columbus Avenues. Thereafter nobody was allowed to pass through without especial authority. The sidewalks of all the adjacent streets were, however, lined with people. The busy "fakir" appeared as usual, and was everywhere howling out that he had the "only original Sherman memorial badge."

Shortly after 11 o'clock carriages began to arrive at the house bringing mourners and distinguished guests. Chauncey M. Depew and Grover Cleveland were at the house before noon. Secretary Blaine and Gen. Ewing arrived just after noon.

The private funeral services were held at noon. There were present in the parlor at the time the Rev. Father Taylor, the Rev. George Deshon, a Paulist Father; the Rev. Father "Tom" Sherman, the Rev. Neil H. McKennon, a Jesuit priest; members of the Sherman, Ewing and Hoyt families, and Secretaries Rusk and Noble. Father Sherman and Father Taylor officiated, the former reading a brief service and the latter saying the regular prayers for the dead. The surpliced boy choir of the Church of St. Francis Xavier stood

around the casket, and after the holy water had been sprinkled, rendered the anthem, "If Thou, O Lord, will Mark Iniquities." This was followed by Psalm cxxix., "De Profundis," "Out of the Depths I have Cried to Thee, O Lord, Lord Hear My Voice," and the "Pater Noster." The services lasted only fifteen minutes. Then the casket was finally sealed. Senator John Sherman was the last to look upon the General's face.

Father Sherman was seen at the conclusion of the service. He said: "The service was Catholic. My father was baptized in the Catholic Church, married in the Catholic Church, and attended the Catholic Church until the outbreak of the civil war. Since that time he has not been a communicant of any Church; but he has repeatedly told me that if he had any regular religious ideas they were Catholic. A week ago to-day my father received absolution and extreme unction at the hands of Father Taylor. He was unconscious at the time, but that has no important bearing, for the sacraments can properly be administered to any person whose mind can be interpreted as desirous of receiving them."

By 1 o'clock the neighborhood was echoing with the sounds of martial music. The various divisions of the great parade were beginning to arrive at the points assigned to them in the plan of formation. Shortly after 1 o'clock Inspector Steers rode through Seventy-first Street at the head of fifty mounted policemen, who were to head the procession. Following them came the regular military escort, consisting of a regiment of United States marines, four companies of United State engineers, six companies of artillery, three battalions of light artillery, a troop of United States cavalry, and Lafayette Post. This division lined up along the south side of Seventy-first Street, facing the residence.

Members of the Presidential party, Senators, Congressmen, Governors and their staffs, army and navy officers, and other distinguished people who were to ride in carriages were arriving at this time in a steady stream. They entered the house and remained there until directed to enter their carriages. President Harrison, with Gen. Horace Porter and Elijah Halford, drove up at 1.50 o'clock in an open carriage. The President wore

a coat with sealskin trimmings and was snuggled down behind a bearskin robe.

The street presented a most brilliant appearance before 2 o'clock. The Sherman residence had become overcrowded, and the army and navy officers, in rich gold and dark blue uniforms, with heavily-braided overcoats, had grouped themselves about on the stone steps. Residents along the street had of course invited all their friends to come to their houses for the day, and consequently every window and doorway was crowded with men and women.

Just before 2 o'clock the caisson rumbled into sight from Columbus Avenue. It was drawn by five coal-black horses in sombre trappings. There were three horses abreast in the leading traces and two spirited animals were behind them. Two of the horses were ridden by artillerymen in blue uniforms, with black helmets and red plumes. The caisson was draped in black. Behind the caisson there came a soldier leading a pure black, high-spirited steed covered with a long, black velvet housing reaching half-way to the ground. On the horse's back were Gen. Sherman's old saddle

and his riding boots, the boots being reversed. Presently the heavy doors of the residence were opened, the honorary pall-bearers came out, and, descending the steps, ranged themselves in two lines to permit the coffin to be carried between them.

Half-way down the block toward Central Park there sounded the quick notes of the bugle. "Attention!" was its warning. Scarcely had the notes died away when Gen. Butterfield, the senior marshal, and his staff, in their brilliant uniforms, cantered along to take their places at the head of the column, following the escort of police. Gen. Butterfield's aides were: Mr. Loyall Farragut; Capt. H. P. Kingsbury, Sixth Cavalry; Capt. A. M. Wetherill, Sixth Infantry; First Lieut. R. H. Patterson, First Artillery; First Lieut. L. A. Craig, Sixth Cavalry; First Lieut. Guy Howard, First Lieut. Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry; First Lieut. David Price, First Artillery; First Lieut. Charles G. Treat, Fifth Artillery; First Lieut. W. W. Forsyth, Sixth Cavalry; Second Lieut. Samuel Rodman, Jr., First Artillery; Additional Second Lieut. Colden L. H. Ruggles, First Artillery.

The doors of the residence were again opened, and the pall-bearers and those around them reverently uncovered their heads as there appeared in view the coffin of the dead General. The bright sun shone warmly on the rich colors of the starry silken flag in which it was wrapped. Bright were its crimson bars and deeply azure was the field of blue. Around the flag was a long fringe of yellow silk. Tenderly the soldiers bore their precious burden down the winding flight of steps. Women standing at the windows of the houses on both sides of the street, who but a moment before had watched for the coffin with expectant eyes, drew back in tears when it came into sight.

As the casket bearers approached the shrouded caisson there was heard the music of the dirge, "Adeste Fideles." Faint at first and borne sadly on the wind, the notes of the dirge grew louder and clearer. The soldiers placed the coffin on the caisson, and the members of Lafayette Post, No. 140, Grand Army of the Republic, composing the special guard of honor and dressed in post uniform, without overcoats, moved up and formed a hollow square around the caisson.

The honorary pall-bearers, in carriages, took their places ahead of the caisson. They were as follows: Major-General J. M. Schofield, Major-General O. O. Howard, Major-General Henry W. Slocum, Rear Admiral D. L. Braine, Rear Admiral J. A. Green, Prof. H. L. Kendrick, General Joseph E. Johnston, Major-General D. E. Sickles, Major-General G. M. Dodge, Major-General J. M. Corse, Major-General Wager Swayne, Major-General Stewart L. Woodford, Major-General Horatio G. King, Brig.-General John Moore, United States Army.

The column moved at 2.30 o'clock. After the caisson came the carriages. In the first were father T. E. Sherman, P. T. Sherman, and the Misses Rachel and Elizabeth Sherman. In the second carriage were United States Senator John Sherman and Mrs. Sherman and Major Hoyt Sherman and Mrs. Sherman. In the third carriage were General Thomas Ewing's family, and in the other carriages were Mr. and Mrs. Colgate Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Fitch, the Rev. Fathers Deshon and Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thackara, Mrs. Henry Sherman, Mrs. Frank Wil-

borg, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoyt, General N. A. Miles and wife, Charles Sherman, Mrs. Henry Hoyt, Senator and Mrs. J. Donald Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Probasco, Dr. and Mrs. William K. Otis, A. W. Hoyt, Arthur Sherman, Charles Ewing, Jr., Miss Elizabeth Thackara, Miss Virginia Ewing, Benjamin Thackara, J. M. Barrett, Secretary of State James G. Blaine and wife and Emmons Blaine, and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Miss Eliza Scott, William Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Bolton Hall, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Bowie Dash, the Rev. and Mrs. William Brown, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Steele, Judge and Mrs. Granger, Mrs. and Mrs. J. F. Elliott, James Scott, Mrs. General Grant, Col. John M. Bacon, Col. L. M. Dayton, Mrs. Quirk, Dr. C. T. Alexander, United States Army; Private Secretary Barrett, Col. Reese, Miss Alexander, William McCoomb, Miss L. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. B. Walker, Mrs. John Lynch, Mrs. Emeline Kane, James W. Collier, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Kilpatrick, Dr. Robert H. Green and Mrs. Green.

Then came the distinguished visitors in open carriages. In the first carriage were President

Harrison and Private Secretary E. J. Halford. In the next carriage was Vice-President Levi P. Morton, and in other carriages were General M. D. Leggett, Secretary of War Redfield Proctor, Attorney-General W. H. H. Miller, Postmaster-General John Wanamaker, Secretary of the Interior John W. Noble, Secretary of Agriculture, Jer. M. Rusk, Secretary of the Navy Benjamin F. Tracy, Colonel Ernest and General A. B. Nettleton. Ex-President R. B. Hayes and Joseph H. Choate rode together, and behind them was a carriage containing Ex-President Grover Cleveland and Chauncey M. Depew. After them came United States Senators William M. Evarts, of New York; Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut; Charles F. Manderson of Nebraska; and Francis M. Cockrell, of Missouri. In other carriages were the members of the committee appointed by the National House of Representatives to attend the funeral, as follows: General B. M. Cutcheon; of Michigan; General Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio; General William Cogswell, of Massachusetts; General Thomas J. Henderson, of Illinois; J. H. Outhwaite, of Ohio; E. J. Dunphy, of New

York, in place of General Francis B. Spinola and John C. Tarsney, of Missouri.

Governor Hill of New York was not able to attend the funeral on account of sickness and his place was taken by Lieutenant-Governor E. F. Jones.

Among others in carriages were Mayor Hugh J. Grant, Captain Schofield, of the Second Cavalry; Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and staff; Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Connecticut, and staff; Lieutenants Bliss and Andrews of the artillery, and General Warren, who commanded the old Sixth Corps; the Rev. Mounsell Van Rensselaer, Richard Butler, J. W. Pinchot, the Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, Logan C. Murray, A. M. Palmer, Augustin Daly, W. W. Cooper, Stephen B. Elkins, Benjamin Field, Archbishop Corrigan, Hamilton Fish, D. O. Mills, Ex-Mayor Hewitt, Ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, David Dudley Field, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Dr. Metcalf, General Z. B. Tower, Hiram Hitchcock, Quartermaster-General Batchelder, Assistant Secretary of War Lewis A. Grant, George W. Childs and Anthony J.

Drexel, of Philadelphia, and General C. H. T. Collis.

The Legislature of the State was represented by Senators Saxton, Jacobs, Vedder, Robertson, Brown, Sloan, Erwin, Stadler, and Assemblymen F. O. Chamberlain, Addison S. Thompson, Levi E. Worden, R. P. Bush, George P. Webster, Jacob Rice and I. Sam Johnson.

As the head of the column, the military guard, caisson and carriages passed out into Eighth Avenue, the Loyal Legion, which had formed at Eighth Avenue and Seventy-first street, fell in. The Grand Army of the Republic posts, which had formed on the cross streets west of Eighth Avenue, from Sixty-first street up, took their places in turn, and the corps of cadets from West Point, which had formed at Sixty-first Street and Eighth Avenue, fell in behind the Grand Army of the Republic division. This opened the line to the division of the National Guard of the State, which had formed with its head resting at Sixtieth Street and Eighth Avenue, and after that division had joined the column the miscellaneous organizations, which had formed along

Sixtieth Street and up the Boulevard, took their positions.

ALONG THE LINE OF MARCH—THE STORY OF THE
PROCESSION TOLD BY A PARTICIPANT.

If was precisely 2. 02 o'clock when the call of "Attention!" sounded by the bugler of the Grand Marshal, gave warning to the escort that the time had arrived for the column to move. As the casket was brought down the steps of the house, borne on the shoulders of six regular army sergeants, who had been detailed to accompany the body of General Sherman to St. Louis, the several bands of the United States Artillery force and of the Marine Corps battalions successively took up the customary dirge from left to right, the band of the leading organization completing this part of the ceremony with a solemn rendition of the "Adeste Fideles." Simultaneously with the opening of the familiar hymn every head was uncovered and the multitude of sight-seers, members of the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, and others remained for some time in eager expectancy.

Several minutes later General Daniel Butterfield and the members of the staff of the Grand Marshal clattered through Seventy-first Street and forced their way down Eighth Avenue to take their appointed place at the head of the column. Then came another delay while the family and mourners were getting into their respective carriages and the carriages into line. The foot troops of the escort blocked the way, but finally it was ordered that the infantry should take position in column of fours between the sections of artillery, and by this order the way was cleared for putting the procession in motion. It was precisely 2.30 o'clock when the march began.

Eighth Avenue from Seventy-first to Sixty-first Street was lined on either hand by the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic. Flanking and supporting these battle-scarred veterans was such a multitude of on-lookers as New York has not seen since the Washington Centennial parade of 1889, and which was not surpassed, even if it were equaled, by the outpouring attending the obsequies of General Grant. Central Park was occupied as it had never been occupied before.

Every point of vantage had been pre-empted by sight-seers hours before the time appointed for the procession to start.

Throughout this portion of the route the scene was peculiarly impressive. By direction no music was played by the bands of the escort, but, as each of the Grand Army corps came into view of the caisson conveying the remains, colors were dipped, heads were uncovered, rolls were beaten on muffled drums, or dirges were sounded by the bands of the various organizations.

Wheeling into Fifty-seventh Street from Broadway the column encountered an obstacle which materially retarded its progress. The greater portion of the street being taken up with building material, it became necessary for the cavalry and artillery to deploy from column of platoons into column of sections, and for the infantry organizations to change their formation from column of companies to column of fours, thus extending the escort to quite double its original length and compelling a halt of the head of the procession until the line could be reformed.

The parade strength of the Grand Army of the

Republic was measurably a disappointment, and it was not until the funeral escort proper had uncovered Sixty-first Street that the impressiveness of the pageant began to make itself manifest. At this point the Old Guard, covered almost completely from view by a Grand Army post, its bearskin shakos being alone visible from the interior of the procession, marked the left of the line of military mourners. Drawn up on the west side of the avenue, covering the intervening blocks from Fifty-ninth to Sixty-first Street, and standing rigid at present arms, was the battalion of cadets from the United States Military Academy at West Point. Here was a superb body of soldiery, every youngster in the corps trained to the extreme of perfection.

Then came the Seventh Regiment, a long line of blue and white, covering all of Fifty-seventh Street from Eighth to Sixth Avenue and beyond.

In the course of the passage of the funeral cortège along the front of the military organizations, appropriate selections were played by the bands of the several organizations. Thus the musicians of the West Point cadets played an ap-

propriate dirge with exquisite taste and expression; Leypoldt's Twelfth Regiment Band played a selection of similar character equally well, while Cappa, of the Seventh Regiment, greeted the cortége with the opening strain of "The General's March," as presented in Tactics. Conterno, the younger, who had charge of the Ninth Regiment Band, Conterno *père* parading with the Marine Corps at the head of the Navy Yard Band, performed a dirge of his own arrangement, while Eben, of the Seventy-first, gave an exquisite rendering of Chopin's "Funeral March."

But it was left to the Gilmore to create the musical sensation of the day by his elevation of the hackneyed air, which has been sung and played from end to end of the land, in celebration of the memorable march to the sea, and with which the name and fame of Gen. Sherman are irreparably connected. Gilmore transmitted the song of all popular songs into a dirge of the most impressive description by the simple expedient of changing the tempo. None but a Gilmore would have had the audacity to essay an undertaking of this

kind. It is stated that Gilmore mentioned his purpose to the members of General Sherman's family previous to the parade, and that they were delighted with the suggestion. It was fitting that the succession of dirges should be concluded at the right of the line by the Sixty-ninth Regiment, which, under the leadership of Bandmaster Bayne, gave out the always welcome "Auld Lang Syne," with such tender expressiveness as to draw tears from many eyes.

Fifth Avenue, viewed from the place of its junction with Fifty-seventh Street, presented an unbroken and seemingly impenetrable mass of people. Twice before at this point of recent years—at the Grant obsequies and again on the occasion of the centennial parade—the crush at this point had been phenomenal. But yesterday's demonstration far surpassed the demonstration upon either of those memorable occasions. Sidewalks, stoops, fences, balconies, windows, and even the housetops were covered with people. As a thoroughfare for pedestrians the avenue was hermetically closed, the only uncumbered space being the roadway, kept clear by

the admirable police arrangements for the passage of the procession.

For blocks on either side of the main route of the procession groups were stationed on roofs and in windows to catch a glimpse of the passing cortège with the aid of opera-glasses. The drivers and proprietors of vans, stages and wagons did a profitable business at every cross-street, and when the vehicles could contain no more persons they rented out seats on the backs of the poor beasts attached to them. Even the church steeples were utilized to the fullest extent, and from the eyries of the lofty spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral eager faces looked down on the procession.

Only at the clubs and on the balconies of private residences was there a general uncovering as the caisson and its flag-draped casket came in view. Along the sidewalks it was only occasionally that a hat was raised, and it is worthy of note that from start to close of the parade but a single police officer offered this tribute of respect—a Sergeant in the vicinity of Thirtieth Street.

A touching incident occurred at the orphan

asylum, adjoining the Roman Catholic Cathedral, at Fiftieth Street. The grounds were crowded with spectators, in the centre of whom, occupying a commanding position, the cadets of the institution, in full uniform, the oldest not above twelve years seemingly were drawn up at present arms.

At the Union League, the Century, and the Knickerbocker Clubs, the quarters of the Seventh Regiment Veterans, the Vanderbilt, Whitney, Goelet, Wilson, and Vanderpoel residence, the Buckingham and Langham Hotels, the Ohio Society's quarters, the Victoria and Brunswick Hotels, the Brevoort House and the Berkeley, and the residences of Gen. Sickles and Gen. Butterfield the display of mourning emblems was especially notable.

The most striking display, however, was unquestionably that presented by the Fifth Avenue Hotel. A heavy fringe of spectators on the roof brought the building into striking prominence. Every window was occupied and the building was elaborately decorated. The artistic draping of the Hoffman House adjoining was also notable.

In Madison Square a party of veterans had taken post on almost the identical spot where, a little less than two years ago, Gen. Sherman witnessed the review of the centennial parade by the President of the United States.

The Manhattan Club was given over almost exclusively to the use of ladies, and a very pretty display of feminine loveliness was made at the New York Exchange for Women's Work. This pleasing feature was duplicated at the Church of the Ascension, where a platform had been erected which was occupied by several scores of women, while from each of the four corners of the tower of the church floated a crape-draped national color.

It was something more than a coincidence that the procession should have passed over in reverse order almost identically the same route covered by the great jubilee parade of April 30, 1889, of which Gen. Sherman was one of the conspicuous figures. There was much below Twenty-third Street to recall that event. As then, the residences of ex-Mayor Cooper, of Rhinelander Stewart, of Miss Rhine-

lander, and of Charles A. Post gave outward evidence that the hearts of their occupants beat in sympathy with the public pulse, but the gay decorations of the centennial year had given place to the sombre emblems of grief and mourning.

Going down Broadway from Washington Place to Canal Street the pace was quickened and the column moved without music. The escort wheeled into line on the north side of Canal Street, and, as the funeral party passed along the front of the troops and the caisson and its precious burden disappeared from view on board the ferry-boat, the Marine Band played the refrain of the old hymn :

“ Here bring your bleeding hearts,
Here tell your anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow
That Heaven cannot heal.”

ARRIVAL AT THE FERRY—THE REMAINS SALUTED
BY THE CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

Many thousands stood along Watts Street and on the east side and on the Pennsylvania ferry-house side of West Street. They waited patiently, though the inquiry “Are they coming

yet?" was frequently made. The breeze from the river was cold, and though the people on the street complained a little, they said that they were better off than the groups who stood on the roofs of the houses on the east side of West Street. Policemen were numerous. Tall Capt. Max Schmittberger had out the whole steamboat squad. It was the first time that, as a Captain, he had appeared on such an occasion, but he was quite at home.

Gen. Nugent, an old comrade of Gen. Sherman in the regular army, now retired, was present to take command of veterans other than those of the Grand Army who were expected to appear at the Desbrosses Street Ferry to salute the casket as it passed into the ferry-house. Gen. Nugent waited at the United States Building, 534 Canal Street, for a time. Nobody came, so he went over to the ferry and joined Capt. Francis D. Clark, President of the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California, who was with Gen. Sherman in California in 1846.

With Capt. Clark were these pioneers: W. M. Neely, Daniel W. Clegg, R. J. Paulison, Alex-

ander Ludlow, Joseph M. Pray, Russell Myers, A. T. Goodell, George C. Royce, William Colli-gan, James E. Nutman, William Roberts, J. F. Wiley, William M. Walton and William B. Kinney. They lined up on the string-piece on the north side of the plank drive-way leading to the ferry-house entrance.

The mounted police turned from Watts Street into West at five o'clock. They formed on both sides of West Street. The procession had lessened materially when the ferry was reached. The gates were thrown open and Gen. Butterfield and his staff rode aboard the ferry-boat "Baltimore." They were followed immediately by the caisson and Lafayette Post. The members of the post went inside the ferry-house and then retired.

The carriages containing those who were to board the special train on the Jersey side went down the gangway. Capt. Schmittberger and forty policemen followed, and without any delay the ferry-boat passed out of the slip and steamed down the river to the Jersey City station.

LEAVING JERSEY CITY—THE CASKET IN THE FIRST
CAR OF A HEAVILY-DRAPED TRAIN.

For several hours before the time appointed for the arrival of the special ferry-boat "Baltimore" from Desbrosses street at the Pennsylvania Railroad station slips in Jersey City, that place was a scene of bustle and preparation. The Fourth Regiment of New Jersey militia, under command of Lieut.-Col. Abernethy and numbering about 200 men, was drawn up opposite the northerly slip, into which the boat was to come. A long double line of guards extended from that point through the ferry-house southward to Track 11, upon which the funeral train was to be made up. Sandwiched in among these guards were about 140 Jersey City policemen, who did little during the afternoon but interfere with arrangements that would otherwise have been excellent.

Promptly at the hour which had been settled upon for the arrival of the boat she appeared in the slip, and the order was given to present arms. The party proceeded to Track 11, the caisson being driven to the head of the train opposite the

composite car, No. 671, in which the casket was to be placed. All but those who were going West returned to the city.

The train which was to take the funeral party to St. Louis was composed of palace cars, all of them heavily draped in black. It was designated as Section No. 2 of the Western express, leaving at 6.45. The conductor of the train was George K. Deane, who was conductor of the Garfield funeral train, and the remainder of the train's crew was made up of Engineer George Roe, of Engine 1,328 and Brakemen T. C. Moore and L. S. Paxson.

The flag-covered casket was transferred to the first car in the train, where guard over it was at once mounted by Sergts. Foley, Solhl, Nasahl, Reardon, Hogan and McCarthy, under command of Major W. F. Randolph, Inspector of Artillery at Governor's Island, who relieved Lieut. Rodman, who had up to that time been in charge of the guard over the General's body.

The next car was the Liverpool, occupied by Gov. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and his Cabinet. Then came the Danville. In this were Secretary

and Mrs. Noble, General J. M. Schofield, General H. W. Slocum, General O. O. Howard, Secretary Rusk, Assistant Secretary Grant, Major Randolph, Lieut. Guy Howard, Lieut. Andrews, Capt. Barnett, and Capt. H. P. Kingsbury. The dining car was next to the Danville, and then came the Abyo, in which were ex-President Hayes, General Thomas Ewing, Miss Virginia Ewing, Senator John Sherman, Alfred Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ewing, General and Mrs. N. A. Miles, George B. Ewing, Mrs. Frank Witorg, Henry Sherman, Mrs. Colgate Hoyt, Charles Sherman and Hoyt Sherman. In the Cadi were Judge and Mrs. Granger, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Probasco, Col. L. M. Dayton, Col. John M. Bacon, General and Mrs. Hugh Ewing, William McCoomb, Col. Reese, Private Secretary Barrett, and Dr. C. T. Alexander.

Parlor car No. 120, President Roberts' private car, followed, and in it were the immediate members of General Sherman's family, not already mentioned, including Father Sherman, P. T. Sherman, Miss Rachel E. Sherman, and Miss Elizabeth Sherman. The President's car came next.

It was Pennsylvania Railroad parlor car No. 180, and besides President Harrison were Vice-President Morton, Secretaries Proctor and Tracy, Postmaster-General Wanamaker, and Assistant Secretary A. B. Nettleton. This car was to be switched from the train at Mantua Junction, near Philadelphia, and sent to Washington direct, with another section of the train, which was to be filled with Senators and Congressmen who had attended the funeral.

Everybody had found his place on the train by the time it had been ordered to start and promptly at 6.45 it moved out of the station.

ON ITS WAY TO THE WEST.

When the funeral train left Harrisburg at 11 o'clock that night, a cold rain was falling. This continued all night and when the train arrived in Pittsburgh it was still raining. The run during the night was devoid of incident. Altoona was reached at 4.05. The Rev. S. P. Kelley, of Pittsburgh, representing the local committee at that place, boarded the train here. The next stop was for water—at New Florence—at 5.30.

At Edgewood the train stopped long enough for three of Lieut. Fitch's children to get on. A Grand Army post of veterans was drawn up in line on the platform—standing with bared heads in the pouring rain until the train moved away. At Wilkesburg, the next station, a similar scene was witnessed as the train rushed by.

The train ran into an open switch at Mansfield at 6.37. It was running at a slow rate at the time, which was the only thing which prevented a collision. Only five minutes' delay was caused. The trouble was due to one Thomas Irwin losing his presence of mind. There was a great crowd at the station, and Irwin was standing on the track when the train pulled in. Some one yelled to him to get out of the way. He became excited and threw the switch.

Thousands of people had assembled near the Union Station in Pittsburgh when the train arrived, at 7.47 o'clock. As the train drew slowly into the station the great crowd uncovered heads, and the Eighteenth Regiment band struck up a low dirge. The veterans laid their tattered army flags beside the casket, with a floral emblem from

the Union Veteran Legion. A heavily-draped engine drew up to take the place of the locomotive which had ended its run. The Eighteenth Regiment buglers played a soldier's requiem, "Rest," and the train resumed its sad journey to the West. At every suburban station, and even along the line, knots and crowds gathered and all uncovered in the momentary presence of the dead. In the city, as the train passed, bells tolled, and minute guns were fired from the hillsides, while all flags drooped at half-mast in the driving rain.

The departure from Pittsburgh was at 7.10, Central time. The only additions to the party at this point were Assistant Superintendent Turner, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Division Superintendent Bradley of the Western Union Company. Breakfast was served as soon as the train had got outside of the city limits on its way westward. While the travelers were thus engaged the storm cleared away, the sun shone out brightly, and a pleasant day seemed to be in prospect. After they had breakfasted, the members of the family went forward to

the car containing the body of the General and remained there ten or fifteen minutes. They found several beautiful floral pieces that had been put on board by Grand Army posts.

Many requests had been received from posts in towns through which the train was to pass that it might be allowed to stop at these places and the funeral car be opened to the veterans. General Howard had to refuse all these requests, as to comply with them would delay the progress of the train too much. The Ohio River was crossed at 8.40, and ten minutes later Steubenville, Ohio, was reached. Hundreds of workmen from the factories of the place were gathered at the station, where the train made a short stop. They were clad in their working clothes, but every man reverently removed his hat while the train remained at the station.

A touching scene was witnessed here. About seventy-five veterans of Stanton Post were drawn up in line on the platform. They were all old men, many of them cripples, and as they marched by the car containing the General's body more than half of them were crying like children.

At Cadiz Junction, which was passed at 10.05, a number of veterans from Cadiz stood on the platform, one of their number holding the remnants of a battle-torn flag. Twenty-five minutes later, as the train rushed by the little station of Scio, those in the cars caught a slight glimpse of a company of zouaves and a Grand Army post paraded in front of the station. Dennison was reached at 10.50.

At Dennison a large crowd was gathered at the station, and the comrades of Welch Post, of Ulrichsville, Ohio, were there also. The door of the funeral car was opened and they were allowed to take a look at the casket. After a short stop here the train resumed its westward journey.

At Newcomerstown all the public school children stood in line at the street crossing, with heads uncovered and carrying small flags edged with black. As the train passed by they could be heard singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." At Coshocton over 500 school children stood in a long line on the street running parallel with the track while the train passed through the place.

The church and fire bells of the town were tolled. A similar demonstration was made at Trinway.

At 1.25 the train stopped in front of the station at Newark. Here Mrs. Granger and her son Sherman Granger boarded the train. Lemert Post had about one hundred men in line on the platform, and their fife and drum corps played "In the Sweet Bye and Bye" as the train came to a stop. The doors of the car in which the body was were opened and the veterans took a look at the casket as they passed. The entire trip from Pittsburgh to this point was interspersed with demonstrations of sorrow at the death of a universally beloved soldier and citizen by all classes of the people. The family of Gen. Sherman became, as the day passed and these signs of sorrow multiplied, more and more impressed with the great love the people bore for the General.

Father Thomas E. Sherman said that he would conduct the services at his father's grave in Calvary Cemetery in St. Louis. Just what the order of services would be he could not say until he arrived there.

As the train rolled into the Union Station at

Columbus at 2.25, the space on each side was crowded with people, and for squares away there was a mass struggling to get a view of the train. McCoy Post and Wells Post were in the station, accompanied by a drum corps. Senator Sherman, ex-President Hayes, Gen. Ewing, and others of the party came from the train and had a brief talk with relatives who had come to the train. The officers from the United States garrison in this city were at the train to meet the Government officials. A number of the relatives of the General from Lancaster and Zanesville, Ohio, joined the funeral party at this point.

The parade of the military took place before the arrival of the train. The Seventeenth Regiment, Col. Pocock, about five hundred men, reached the Union Station half an hour before the funeral train arrived, and proceeded by the Baltimore and Ohio and Ohio and Mississippi to St. Louis. The Fourteenth Regiment, Col. A. B. Coit, about the same number of men, left at the same time over the Big Four route. The members of Gov. Campbell's staff accompanied the officers of the Fourteenth Regiment. The mem-

bers of the joint legislative committee designated to attend the funeral had a special car, which was attached to the regular Pan Handle train west, following the funeral train.

A wait of forty-five minutes was given the funeral train at Columbus. The engine which was taken here was 394, in charge of Engineer Phil Chase, of Columbus, and Conductor H. M. May, of Indianapolis. The engine was elaborately draped and decorated. Above the headlight was a large-size crayon portrait of Gen. Sherman, surmounted by an eagle with spread wings, and beneath the picture was the inscription, "Ohio's son, the Nation's hero," in large letters. The railings of the engine were studded with small flags with fringe drapery. The train pulled out on time—3.15 P. M.

At Columbus the funeral party was joined by William McComb, George Ewing, Judge and Mrs. R. B. Ewing, and Miss Ewing. The widow of Gov. Dennison entered the car occupied by the Sherman family and made a call of a few minutes.

At Richmond, Ind., Gov. Hovey met the party

and escorted it to Indianapolis, accompanied by Grand Commander Stormount, of the Grand Army. More than 10,000 people were at Richmond station to meet the train. A handsome floral tribute from Meredith Post was placed on the casket containing the body of Gen. Sherman. As soon as the old soldiers on the platform heard that Gen. Schofield was on the train they called for him. He came to the platform of his car and said:

"There are a thousand of my children here that I know. I am glad to see so many of you in good health. It is under sad conditions that we meet. We have all lost a comrade and friend. Take good care of yourselves, boys, and good-bye."

HE IS LAID IN HIS TOMB.

The remains of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman were laid to rest in Calvary Cemetery with imposing ceremonies, combining severe simplicity and military grandeur in a manner that gave to St. Louisians and the thousands of strangers who came to participate or see the solemn show a spectacle that has rarely, if ever, been equaled in the West.

The weather was perfect. The sun shone brightly, affording sufficient heat to temper the bracing breeze so that marching was not in the least fatiguing. The funeral took place almost exactly on time. The preliminaries had been so arranged that the great procession was very little late in moving, and there were but few interruptions to its progress. The ceremonies attending the burial of the famous soldier passed off without any particularly unpleasant incident or accident.

As early as six o'clock in the morning crowds began to assemble in the vicinity of the Union Station in order to secure a vantage point from which to witness the arrival of the funeral train, which was due at 8.30. An hour before the train arrived the streets for many blocks in all directions were a solid mass of humanity. At 8.45 A.M. the funeral train pulled slowly into the station, minute-guns stationed on Poplar Street, west of the Twelfth Street bridge, announcing the arrival. The firing continued until the train had come to a standstill, with the funeral car just west of Twelfth Street and the rear coach, containing

the family and relatives, immediately in front of the Poplar Street entrance. The entire train was draped in sombre black, the funeral car being completely covered with the emblems of mourning, even the doors and platforms. This car contained only the remains and the guard of honor, which was in charge of Second Lieut. Samuel Rodman, Jr. The guard consisted of Sergts. Gottlieb Maschl and John Reardon, of Battery G, and Eugene McCarthy, of Battery A, First Artillery, from Fort Hamilton; Sergt. John E. Hogan, of Battery C, First Artillery, from Fort Wadsworth; Sergt. Frederick Soule, of Battery H, and Sergt. Charles Foley.

Next to the funeral cars was dining car No. 704, then two Pullman palace cars, and at the end of the train the private car of President Roberts of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which was occupied by the members of the family, consisting of the Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, Misses Elizabeth and Rachel Sherman, Lieut. T. W. Fitch, Lieut. and Mrs. A. M. Thackara, Mr. P. T. Sherman, Mr. T. Fitch, and Miss Elizabeth Rees. In the car immediately ahead of the one

occupied by the family were Private Secretary Barrett, Mrs. Elizabeth Reese, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Steele, Judge and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Probasco, Cols. Dayton and Bacon, Gen. and Mrs. Hugh Ewing, William McComb, Col. Reese, and Dr. Alexander. The other Pullman seats had been given Secretary Noble of the Interior Department, Secretary Rusk of the Agricultural Department, Gens. Schofield, Slocum, and Howard, Gen. and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Gen. and Mrs. Thomas Ewing, Judge P. B. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ewing, Henry Sherman, Mrs. Colgate Hoyt, Charles and Hoyt Sherman, Mrs. Wittig, May Randolph, and several army officers.

The police arrangements were not of the best, and Chief of Police Harrigan had some difficulty in clearing the streets in the immediate vicinity of the train. This was finally done, however, and then the committee of twenty-five appointed to receive those who had come to St. Louis on the sad mission, together with a delegation from Ransom Post, G. A. R., and prominent citizens of the city and State, headed by Gov. David R. Francis,

marched up the platform and greeted first Senator Sherman, of Ohio, who had got out to "rest himself," as he expressed it, and then Secretaries Noble and Rusk, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, and others, who had alighted from the train. The members of the family and the majority of those on the train did not, however, come out, and the committee, after extending greetings to those on the platform, entered the cars. Several ladies, friends of the Sherman family, were also at the station, and a number of them entered the private car to extend their sympathies to the bereaved. A few of the distinguished travelers left the car from time to time and stretched their legs on the platform, but there was nothing out of ordinary until the time for removing the body arrived.

Meantime the various divisions of the great procession were forming on various streets east of Twenty-fourth and north of the station. The crowd along Eleventh and Twelfth streets was very large, and in consequence of the doubt as to which street the procession would pass through, constant rushes occurred along Clark, Walnut and Market streets; people moving from one

street to another. The crowd grew every minute, On to the roofs of most of the buildings on Eleventh street people had climbed, and on the flat roofs there were crowds. The police upset the calculations of those who had made up their minds to view the procession from wagons by keeping the street clear, and it was only at the intersections that the wagon arrangements could be operated successfully.

Owing to the extraordinarily good condition of the streets, those who kept on their feet had about the best of it. Thanks to copious rain, followed by the drying wind and sun, the granite was as clean as though it had been scrubbed. The telegraph poles were as crowded as it was possible to crowd them, and there was little chance to move on the sidewalk, so tightly was the mass of humanity wedged in. All around Grant's statue was a mass of people, and right on the north line of Pine street wagons were ranged side by side, the occupants having the advantage of watching the procession as it marched up from the south and wheeled to the west. Along Pine street the people were stand-

ing forty and fifty deep where the street intersections rendered this possible.

Just before 10 o'clock the caisson upon which the casket was to be borne to the cemetery arrived at the station, and immediately came the infantry of the regular army, led by General Forsyth. The infantry were quickly drawn up in line on the north side of Poplar street, facing the station, and the carriages to convey the funeral party to the cemetery were promptly got into line. Then the caisson was backed up to the arched entrance to the station-grounds, just east of Eleventh street, and the riderless horse bearing the saddle, bridle, boots and riding equipments of General Sherman, pranced and tugged at the bridle-rein, held firmly by Sergeant Rothgeber, of the Seventh Cavalry, and seemed eager to be on the move.

The local pall-bearers—Colonel George E. Leighton, Colonel Charles Parsons, Byron Sherman, Daniel R. Garrison, Isaac Sturgeon, Thomas E. Tutt and R. P. Tanzy—alighted from a carriage, and formed in two lines near the open door of the funeral car, the car having been backed

down to the eastern exit, and were soon joined by the honorary military pall-bearers, Major-Generals Beckwith, Smith, Turner and Warner, Brigadier-General Barringer, and Commander Cotton of the Navy. In the rear of the pall-bearers were members of General Sherman's personal staff, and others who had been closely associated with him in life.

Eight sturdy, broad-shouldered cavalymen advanced towards the funeral car, and at that moment the band struck up a dirge. The guard of honor within the car, surrounded by the members of Ransom Post, G. A. R., lifted the casket from the catafalque and placed it on the shoulders of the cavalymen. Then the hoarse voice of General Forsyth rang out and hundreds of guns flashed in the sunlight as the infantry responded. General Merritt rode up the line, orders were given to aides, and in less than a minute the infantry had formed by fours and was marching north on Eleventh street. Then came the caisson bearing the casket, followed by the riderless horse, bearing the dead General's saddle and trappings. Then came Ransom Post, G. A. R., and when

that much of the cortége had passed out at Poplar street into Eleventh street, the carriages drew up into line, and those who had accompanied the remains from New York were quickly transferred from the train to the carriages in waiting.

The ladies of the family were all heavily veiled, and the Misses Sherman were clad in the deepest mourning. After they had been cared for, Secretary and Mrs. Noble and Secretary Rusk and others were escorted to their respective carriages, and that portion of the cortége moved out on Eleventh street.

The new caisson on which the remains were conveyed to the grave was brought from Fort Riley. It was decorated by Captain Murray. The caisson was in charge of Sergeant John Cahoon, with thirteen of the original Wounded Knee troops, including Lieutenant E. T. Wilson, of the First Artillery. The first of the six bay horses was ridden by Bartholomew Meloy, the second by John Ryan, and the wheel-horse by John Kraus. The regular troops present were six companies from Fort Leavenworth, and two companies from Fort Supply, Indian Territory, with Colonel E. F.

Townsend in command. They were headed by the Twelfth Infantry band.

At 10.45 the trumpeters, blowing the "General's March," announced the arrival of the casket at the caisson. In a very few minutes the long line of regulars filed out of Poplar street upon Eleventh street. Ransom Post then marched up Poplar to the station entrance, where the caisson stood, three hundred and seventy-five men in all. On the extreme right of the infantry was Captain T. A. Lacy, Company A, thirty-eight men; next came Captain S. M. McConihe, Company H, forty men; Captain J. F. Stretch, Company B, forty-three men; Captain H. G. Brown, Twelfth Infantry, Company E, forty men; Captain J. M. J. Sanno, Company H, Seventh Infantry, forty-eight men. The major portion of the Seventh Infantry were already formed at the extreme right of the line on Pine street, from Twelfth to Sixteenth street.

It was 11.01 when the caisson with the remains left the station on the line of march. Thomas Conley, the famous bugler of C Troop of the Seventh Regiment, was at the corner of Twelfth

and Pine streets to meet the first of the divided line, and formally blow the trumpet blast of "Forward" to the great and solemn procession. The Twelfth United States Infantry band from Fort Leavenworth came up playing Chopin's Funeral March. At 11.19 Conley blew his bugle for the formal start for the last resting-place of the veteran warrior. It took until 11.24 for word to be sent to the head of the line that all was in readiness in the rear, and at that time the procession moved, headed by the mounted platoons of police, who had hard work to clear the way, so densely packed by the thousands of eager but orderly people.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. James W. Forsyth, Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry, commanding, with his staff and troops, covered a mile of space before the band ahead of the caisson and casket turned at Twelfth into Pine street. West on Pine street to Grand avenue, a distance of twenty-four blocks, the procession moved, and then it went north on Grand avenue and northwest on Florissant avenue to Calvary Cemetery, through such crowds as have seldom witnessed

a pageant in St. Louis. The distance is about seven miles.

The procession was divided into six grand divisions. The first division was headed by a platoon of mounted police; next rode the bugle corps of the Seventh Cavalry. Immediately in their rear rode Gen. Wesley Merritt. He rode a fine bay horse, wore his fatigue uniform and forage cap, and a long military cloak. The hilt of his sword was bound with crape, and from his shoulder to his left side the sash of the Grand Marshal was studded with crape rosettes. Behind him rode his staff, composed of Col. William J. Volkmar, Col. C. Page, Col. C. W. Foster, Major J. A. Kress, Major P. D. Vroom, Major Wirt Davis, Major J. B. Babcock, Capt. W. C. Forbush, Capt. C. F. Powell, Capt. F. C. Gruzell, Capt. C. A. Whipple, Capt. A. Murray, Capt. C. B. Ewing, United States Army; Capt. C. King, Lieut. J. N. Allison, Lieut. O. J. Brown, Lieut. P. W. West, Lieut. C. J. Bevins, Gen. D. C. Coleman, Col. M. L. B. Jenney, Col. S. V. Churchill, Major T. Pitzman, Major J. P. Dennis, P. A.; Surgeon C. T. Peckham, United States Hospital

Marine Service, and A. E. Surgeon J. B. Young.

At the head of the Seventh Cavalry rode its Colonel, J. W. Forsyth, accompanied by his Adjutant, Lieut. L. S. McCormack, and his regimental Quartermaster, Lieut. E. B. Fuller. Next came E Troop, under command of Capt. C. S. Ilsley, the ranking Captains all mounted on bay horses. K Troop followed, and its thinned ranks bore sad testimony to the desperate nature of the struggle at Wounded Knee. Its beloved commander, Wallace, was replaced by Capt. L. H. Hare. G Company, all of whose troopers were mounted on gray horses, and D Company, whose mounts were black, attracted especial attention. The yellow regimental standard was borne in the middle of the line.

Six troops were in column—E under Capt. C. S. Ilsley and Lieuts. H. G. Sickel and S. Rice; K, under Capt. L. H. Hare and Lieuts. S. J. D. Mann and H. G. Squires; G, under Capt. W. S. Edgerly and Lieuts. A. P. Brown and J. F. Bell; I, under Capt. H. J. Nowlan and Lieuts. W. J. Nicholson and J. C. Waterman; B, under Capt.

C. A. Varnum and Lieuts. J. C. Gresham and E. C. Bullock, and D, under Capt. E. S. Godfrey and Lieuts. W. W. Robinson, Jr., and S. R. H. Tompkins. The First Battalion was commanded by Col. Forsyth and the Second by Major S. M. Whiteside. In the rear of the cavalry came the artillery, under command of Major E. B. Williston. Light Battery F of the Second Artillery marched first, commanded by Capt. C. A. Woodruff and Lieuts. H. A. Reed, E. G. Dudley, and J. Conklin, Jr. It consisted of six twelve-pound rifles. The artillerymen were seated on the limbers and caissons, wearing army overcoats, the capes thrown back to show the red facings, and the horsemen were in their proper positions.

Next came Light Battery F of the Fourth Artillery, under the command of Capt. G. B. Rodney and Lieuts. F. S. Strong, A. Cross White, and G. W. Gatchell. This battery was armed with improved breech-loading rifles. In the rear of the artillery was the ambulance and the men of the medical corps, under command of Dr. J. Van Hoff. In the rear of the artillery marched the infantry, Col. E. F. Townsend com-

manding. Company A, Tenth Infantry, Capt. F. E. Lowry and Lieuts. I. W. Littell and F. E. Lowry, Jr., commanding; Company H, Fourteenth Infantry, Capt. S. McConihe and Lieuts. J. F. Eastman and W. R. Gamble commanding; Company E, Twelfth Infantry, Capt. H. G. Brown and Lieuts. R. K. Evans and W. E. Ayers commanding; Company H, Seventh Infantry, Capt. J. N. J. Ganne and Lieuts. J. B. Jackson and A. J. Lasseigne commanding; Company E, Thirteenth Infantry, Capt. J. S. Bishop and Lieuts. W. L. Buck and C. Koops commanding; Company H, Thirteenth Infantry, Capt. W. Auman and Lieuts. G. R. Weil and J. C. Fox commanding; Company F, Thirteenth Infantry, Capt. J. Forwarde and Lieuts. M. F. James and J. S. Gresaid commanding, and Company F, Tenth Infantry, Capt. J. F. Strech and Lieuts. C. J. S. Clark and R. L. Bulkard commanding.

The guard of honor consisting of Ransom Post and the survivors of the Thirteenth Regulars, came next, surrounding the caisson bearing the body. Commander H. L. Ripley led the advance guard, three sets of fours in rank. Next came the

caisson, drawn by four black horses, ridden by two artillerymen in regular uniform. Close to the wheels walked the Sergeants who had accompanied the remains from New York, and on each side of them marched comrades of Ransom Post. The rear was closed by the comrades of the post. The post flag was borne in advance. Behind Ransom Post came the survivors of the old Thirteenth Infantry, commanded by Sergt. P. J. Carmody. All wore appropriate badges, and one of the men carried a beautiful floral tablet presented by the Thirteenth. The funeral cortége was closed by a long line of carriages containing the pall-bearers, the members of the family and members of the funeral party.

The members of the family rode in the following order: First carriage, the Rev. Thomas Sherman, Mrs. T. W. Fitch, P. T. Sherman, Miss L. Sherman; second carriage, Senator Sherman, Mrs. M. W. Thackara, Col. Hoyt Sherman, Miss Rachel Sherman; third carriage, Henry Sherman; Frank Sherman, and Master Willie Fitch; fourth carriage, Judge P. B. Ewing, Mrs. P. B. Ewing, Mrs. M. E. Steele; fifth carriage, Gen.

Thomas Ewing, Mrs. Margaret Reber, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, and Mrs. Gen. Miles; sixth carriage, Mr. William McComb, Mrs. Henry Probasco, Hoyt Sherman, Jr. Miss Nellie Sherman; seventh carriage, Mrs. Virginia Ewing, Sherman Granger, Mrs. Haldeman, Frank Weborg; eighth carriage, Mr. Henry Probasco, Miss Maud Reber, Mr. Haldeman, Miss Mary Ewing; ninth carriage, Mr. George Ewing, Miss Mary Ewing, Thomas E. Steele, Mr. John Ewing; tenth carriage, Mr. Reese Reber, Miss Mary Reber, Mr. Charles Ewing, Miss Elizabeth Price; eleventh carriage, Henry Hitchcock, Col. J. M. Bacon, Col. L. M. Dayton; twelfth carriage, Mr. Asa Stoddard, Mr. Charles Reber, Mr. Lyton Reber, Miss Lizzie Emetie; thirteenth carriage, Dr. Alexander, Gen. Fullerton, J. M. Barrett, secretary of Gen. Sherman. Captain Huggins; fourteenth carriage, Mrs. Henry Turner's family; fifteenth carriage, Mr. E. J. Ryan, Mrs. E. Ryan; sixteenth carriage, Lieut. Fitch and Lieut. Thackara.

The funeral party was as follows: First carriage, Secretary J. W. Noble, Mrs. Noble, Judge

Hough, and Major Randolph ; second carriage, Secretary Rusk, Assistant Secretary Grant, Carlos S. Greely, and Capt. Kingsbury ; third carriage, Ex-President R. B. Hayes, Gen. Schofield, Gov. Stanard, and Lieut. Andrews ; fourth carriage, Gen. Howard, Gen. Slocum, James O. Broadhead, and Lieut. Howard ; fifth carriage, Gen. Alger and Col. William McCrary, of Gen. Sherman's old body guard.

The second division consisted of the Loyal Legion and other army societies under command of Major H. L. Morrill, Commander of the Missouri Commandery of the Loyal Legion, and a number of the societies of the Army of the Tennessee. The Illinois contingent, 100 strong, came first, and was followed by members of the society from Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado. Nearly all who wore the badge of the Army of the Tennessee were also decorated with the Loyal Legion button, as the constitution of the two societies is similar, none but commissioned officers being eligible.

The third division consisted of Grand Army posts, Sons of Veterans and allied organizations.

First came Grand Marshal Rassieur, with the following staff: Louis Koop, John C. Bensieck, Anton Demuth, Val Barth, John P. Kivits, E. W. Duncan, Daniel Glock, F. G. Uthoff, Charles Moller, H. R. Taylor, Madison Miller, C. V. Bisser, Anthony D. Englemann, Arnold Beck, E. L. Gottschalk, W. H. Uthoff, W. H. Butler, P. F. Bobe, J. N. Hutchinson, Max Langan, and O. C. Eadmann. There were about 1,200 men in all, representing all the Grand Army posts in the city and many from other cities. The department commanders and their staffs followed in behind Commander-in-Chief Veazey as follows: Department Commander W. L. Diston, of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic, and his staff; Department Commander Clarkson, of Nebraska, and his staff; Department Commander Henry M. Duffield, of Michigan, and his staff; Department Commander Collins, of Kansas, and his staff.

The fourth division was headed by Gov. D. R. Francis and staff. The Missouri militia followed. This portion of the division included about 1,200 men. Following the Missouri militia came the militia from Ohio, under the command

of Gen. Hawkins. This detachment consisted of three regiments—the First, Fourteenth and Seventeenth Ohio—in all about 1,400 men. Next came the Missouri judiciary, in carriages, followed by the Missouri Legislature delegation, the Illinois Legislature, and members of the Ohio General Assembly.

The fifth division included the ex-Confederate Historical Society, under command of Major C. C. Rainwater, and several civil societies. The sixth division was made up of miscellaneous civil, mercantile, industrial, and other organizations.

At the corner of Easton and Grand Avenues about one-fourth of the procession, including most of the Grand Army veterans, dropped out of line. Some of them, however, took carriages and continued the journey to the cemetery. Ransom Post arranged its guard of honor in relays. One delegation marched as far as Easton and Grand Avenues, where a relay was in waiting. These took their places beside the coffin and marched half the remaining distance to the cemetery, where they were relieved by a third delegation, which served the rest of the distance.

The long march to the cemetery was tiresome in the extreme for those who had to make the journey on foot, as thousands did.

By 8 o'clock in the morning the people began gathering about the entrances to the cemetery, but they found there a detail of United States regulars to keep them out, and only a few favored ones gained admission. At 10 o'clock Undertaker Thomas Lynch and his corps of assistants arrived at the grave in the Sherman lot and began to arrange the preliminaries. The grave had been dug the night before and the earth taken therefrom cleaned up and confined in a framework. The ground in the immediate vicinity of the grave had been covered for a radius of probably 100 feet with canvas. By 11 o'clock the carriages began to arrive, loaded with floral tributes.

It was just 1.55 o'clock when the head of the funeral procession reached the Florissant Avenue entrance to the cemetery. Already the avenue for nearly a mile was bordered on both sides with people, and the great sea of human beings was surging and beating against the gates and

walls of the cemetery. The crowd were driven back and an effort was made to hold them until the funeral party could get through the gates. This was in a degree successful. The roadway and entrances were kept clear, but hundreds climbed over the high stone walls, and there was a wild rush for advantageous positions near the grave. The rushers were, however, disappointed, for careful preparations had been made to keep ample space clear for the ceremonies.

The carriages containing the mourners drove up close to the spot selected for the General's last resting-place, and the members of the family were soon in position at the head of the open grave. The caisson containing the coffin stopped some distance away. The casket was borne to the grave attended by the honorary pall-bearers. Then the Rev. Father Sherman, son of the dead General, book in hand, advanced to the grave. All this was done expeditiously, and, in fact, occupied very little more time than is required to tell of it. As the casket was lowered into the grave Father Sherman began the Roman Catholic burial service, which he conducted without assist-

ance, although there were two other priests in the party. The grave was then filled, and as the men with shovels were shaping the mound the family moved away to their carriages.

The firing party, a battalion of regular infantry, took position in the roadway, probably thirty feet northeast of the grave, and at the word of command discharged three volleys. The smoke from their rifles was still thick when the artillery, a hundred yards away, thundered forth three volleys, and the last rites were complete. Then began a stampede for home. The regular troops were taken direct from the cemetery to Jefferson Barracks by railroad. Those who went in carriages had a pleasant drive returning, but the great throng who went on foot or depended on street-car service had a hard time to get back to the city. The outgoing trains in all directions were crowded this evening with departing people.

The New York *Times* describes the funeral in its editorial columns as follows: "Once before New York has seen a military pageant, arranged upon a like occasion, that was even more deeply im-

pressive than the funeral procession of Gen. Sherman, which yesterday passed slowly through streets packed on either side with people. Another pageant of the same kind equal to it the present generation of New-Yorkers are not likely to see. It is not even to be desired that they should see it. For the funeral honors paid to Gen. Grant five years ago last August and those paid yesterday to Gen. Sherman were honors such as could be paid only to men who had delivered their country from mortal peril, such as it is to be hoped the Nation may not again encounter in our time. Hundreds of thousands of men did for the Union what they could, but by fate and chance and desert, combined in proportions that no man is wise enough to assign with exactness, these two men became the heroes of the war, and when it was over it was by common consent that it was decreed that its first honors should fall to them. Such services as it is now, and as it is henceforth likely to be in the power of Americans to render their country, are not the services that strike the popular imagination like the deeds of a great soldier. They are the services of

patient and careful statesmanship. These are only comparable in public esteem to military services when they are accompanied by that gift of eloquent speech that seems either to be less common than it was in the earlier days of the Republic, or to have lost its national influence as the national interests have increased. Assuredly there is no one left to die and be buried the story of whose achievements is at once so familiar and so stirring to his countrymen as that of Gen. Sherman's.

“Any comparison between the honors paid to Gen. Grant and those paid to Gen. Sherman is really a comparison between the emotions with which the two funerals were regarded by those who witnessed them and by those who read of them, and any such comparison is fallacious, if not impossible. Gen. Grant's funeral was the occasion of a great reconciliation in a sense in which the funeral of no other man could be. ‘The enemies he had made were not alone those whom he had fought in war. He had permitted himself to be drawn into civil strife. He had twice been chosen to the Presidency, after heated contests, in

which a very great number of his countrymen had come sincerely to regard him as a public enemy, and he had held office at a time when sectional bitterness had by no means died away, and when no man could have been President without arraying against himself either the majority at the North or the majority at the South. But little more than eight years separated his retirement from the Presidency from his death, and eight years would not have been long enough for the passions his political career had excited to subside but for the events of these intervening years. To him they had been years of darkness and sorrow, and his life was ended by a torturing and lingering malady at an age when, according to the common computation, he had still some years of activity and usefulness before him. The heroic patience with which he continued during his last days the work by which he hoped to leave his family above want constituted the strongest claim upon human sympathy, and the earnest appeals that he put forth from his sick-room, and almost from his death-bed, for a closer reunion of the States touched all American hearts. The

Southerners who assembled at his funeral came to show that they forgave him freely, but they felt that they had something to forgive.

“In the last days of General Sherman there was no such gloomy tragedy as this, a tragedy of which the nobility could not dispel the gloom, and which made the funeral of General Grant an event unique in our history and in all history. It was a quarter of a century since General Sherman had finished his work, and when the war was over he left all its bitterness behind him. In the long interval he had led a happy life, but for his share of the sorrows that are common to all mankind, an honored life, and a life that was at once peaceful and active. He died full of years and of honors, without surviving his interest in life or his faculties of enjoyment. To those who honor and who mourn him it seems that there is here no tragedy beyond the universal tragedy of mortality, and that an enviable life has been crowned by an enviable death.”

•

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS CHARACTER.

GENERAL SHERMAN was a man who possessed great simplicity of character, and was noted for his love of truth and honesty. He would never for an instant condescend to receive praise that did not justly belong to him. He gave a signal illustration of this splendid trait in his character after the successful investment of Vicksburg. The conception of that campaign was attributed to him. At the first opportunity he related to a number of prominent men visiting the army at the time an incident that showed Grant to be entitled to all the honor and that, in fact, the movement was made against the advice of all the other commanders, including himself, McPherson, Logan and Wilson. They believed that to move the army below Vicksburg was to separate it from the North and all its supplies; to hazard everything, for if defeat followed it was

certain to be disastrous. Sherman told that even after the orders to march had been issued he rode to Grant's headquarters and proposed his own plan, which was that Vicksburg should be attacked from the north, selecting some high ground on the Mississippi as a base of operations. "That," replied Grant, "would require me to go back to Memphis." "Exactly," answered Sherman. Grant did not think the country was in any mood for retrograde movements at the time and adhered to his purpose. Sherman rode back to his quarters discouraged and put his plan of campaign in writing. He suggested that all the corps commanders should be called into council and the subject discussed. Col. Rawlins handed the paper to Grant without a word. He read it in silence and made no comment. "But," says Badeau, "the orders were not revoked, the council of war was not called and the existence of the letter was never mentioned between the two commanders or disclosed by Grant. It was Sherman himself who told the story. He was just and generous even at the expense of hurting his own reputation."

The following anecdote illustrates the simple taste of General Sherman :

About two years ago, General Sherman asked ex-Gov. Cornell, then Chairman of the Grant Memorial Committee, what were the prospects of the memorial. "It will be built, General," answered Cornell. "It will be a splendid mausoleum, and a place shall be reserved for you in it beside Grant." "No, no!" responded Sherman, very decidedly. "No mausoleum for me. I want no such thing. When I die give me a grave and a \$75 tombstone—that's all."

ESTIMATES OF HIS CHARACTER.

No better estimate of his character can be formed than by giving editorials from some of the leading papers :

"The heroic but unequal struggle of General Sherman with the final conqueror of all men ended yesterday. The brave soldier who had faced Death without fear on a hundred battle-fields, and who resisted the final attack with characteristic grim determination, succumbed at last.

“Gen. Sherman was the last of the great leaders of the war of the rebellion. In some respects he was the most popular soldier of his day. In every fibre of his character he was an American. His genius was of that quick and ready kind that characterizes his countrymen, and his simplicity and straight-forwardness appealed strongly to the democratic mind and heart.

“In the early days of the war he was thought by slower and more conservative men to be erratic. His brilliancy dazzled them. They could not grasp his large conceptions. His plans and his talk were far above the heads of the plodders. He saw the vastness of the undertaking, the immensity of the task with which he and his fellow-soldiers were charged. Men shook their heads when he proclaimed his opinions, but when he faced Joe Johnston he played the game of grand strategy with the skill and coolness of the scientific soldier that he was.

“In peace he was a simple, undemonstrative, patriotic citizen. He wore his military honors modestly. He never reached after the civic crown. He was one of the most charming and interesting men of

his time. He never shrank from expressing his opinion, and if he seemed to seek controversy it was to vindicate the truth.

“His death removes a familiar and much-loved figure. His memory will linger as long as military genius, rugged honesty and high patriotism hold their place in the world.”—*New York World*.

“No figure in late years had become more familiar in New York than that of General Sherman. The simplicity, candor, and childlikeness of his nature, his manly cordiality of manner, his ready sympathy and lively humor, and the great career of heroic achievement which lay behind all, made him a most interesting and memorable personality. His name is indissolubly associated with that of General Grant in the history of the civil war, and there is no more romantic and inspiring story in our national annals than that of the march to the sea.

“The General was always welcome, not only because of his great renown and his illustrious services, but because of his personal charm. The papers have been full of conversations which re-

call his happy speeches, the constant flow of delightful anecdote, the pleasant dalliance of a great nature in repose. Edward Everett, in his oration at the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster in Boston, describes the Defender of the Constitution on the evening before the delivery of his most famous speech, the reply to Hayne, and on the next day at its delivery in the Senate. In the evening, says Everett, but in his most elaborate and consummately effective manner, he was like one of the boats he loved rocking and swinging on the gentle lap of the waves upon the shore. But the next day he was 'a mighty admiral' in action on mid-ocean, with all his broadsides thundering, his canvas strained, and his flags and pennants streaming.

"Sherman, in his later day, as we have known him in New York, was the boat easily swinging on the tide, the lightnings of battle sheathed, and the frowning tier on tier of guns invisible. It is perhaps not too much to say that the feeling with which in every company he was greeted was akin to love. It is good to think of him so, good that the last thought of a man whose name is honored

and cherished by millions should be as kindly and gentle as it is admiring and grateful. So he would have had it, and would have asked no sweeter rosemary for remembrance."—*Harper's Weekly*.

The New York *Herald* has this to say:

"Sad tidings these, that General William Tecumseh Sherman has for the first time been forced to surrender.

"His strategy has heretofore been that of attack, but on this occasion the first blow was delivered by the enemy. He resisted with such vigor as old age provides, made a brave fight against the odds of Death, yielded to the only foe of mortality who never lost a battle, and now 'sleeps in fame.'

"But death has bestowed upon him a double immortality. He will live forever in the 'mansions not made with hands' and live forever in the hearts of a grateful people. His name is written on this lower firmament together with those of Grant and Sheridan, his comrades on the field—in 'tracings of eternal light,' and his place in the Hereafter is assured by the fact that the jewel,

honor, which he has worn on his breast for the space of two generations has never lost its lustre.

“Sherman’s rank in the long list of historic soldiers may be safely left to the future. For the present, discussion must give way to eulogy. We lift no curious eyes to discover the height of his greatness, have no desire to compare him with any but himself, and are satisfied with the tender memories which cluster about the house of mourning. He will be numbered with the nation’s most illustrious dead, to be honored as a leader of our hosts on the perilous field, a defender of the people’s cause, a valiant contributor to that great victory which made republics stronger and thrones weaker. For the present, therefore, we leave the task of criticism to the indifferent or the stranger, and speak only in the whisper of sorrow and condolence.

“Sherman was in many respects a unique character. He was a man of simple manners, a product of our peculiar institutions, as pure-minded and honest as Coriolanus. He was blunt, brusque and wore his heart upon his sleeve. Had there been no war he might have

found no opportunity—would have kept the even tenor of his way along the ordinary level, as a merchant or the president of a military academy. But when the nation trembled for its fate he gravitated to leadership with the irrepressible impulse of commanding ability. His sword was forged in fire and tempered with blood. He rose from lieutenant to General by hard service in front of the enemy. Without ambition except to save the country, always master of the position to which he was assigned, he disdained to ask preferment and waited for preferment to seek for him. We have had many brave soldiers, but few of whom it may be said, as we are proud to say of Sherman, ‘There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.’

“He was pre-eminently a fighter, the man for the time. In his judgment war is always war, and should be conducted without ‘dangerous lenity.’ With every fibre he believed in the righteousness of our cause, and when the first rumblings of secession were heard in the Louisiana sky, he wrote to Governor Moore: ‘On no earthly account will I do any act or think

any thought hostile to the old government of the United States.'

"When in the field, therefore, he smote with all the might of arm and conscience, dreamed of nothing except to rout the enemy at any cost and if possible to exterminate him. To his soldiers he said:—'Put your shields before your hearts and fight with hearts more proof than shields.' He never followed, was always at the front, a hard rider, a hard fighter, not reckless, but bold. His army loved him as his army loved Napoleon, but the Corsican looked with 'soaring insolence' upon a throne as his reward, while Sherman refused everything which politics would have gladly offered, saying with Marcius:—'I cannot make my heart consent to take a bribe to pay my sword.'

"With Sherman we lose the last of that historic group in which he stood by the side of Lincoln, Grant and Sheridan. If it be true that the dead may by some subtle metempsychosis become the inspiration of the living, the memory of these four will keep the fires of patriotism alive and help our children's children to make the future of the Republic as glorious as its past."

The New York *Times* has the following: "Upon the side of the Union, the last 'hero of the civil war' is gone. There are hundreds of men left who have done 'gallant and meritorious service,' not merely in the ranks, but in command of regiments and brigades and divisions and army corps. There are a few who have led armies and held independent commands. But of the conspicuous commanders whose names were known a quarter of a century ago to all their countrymen, and whose faces were familiar to hundreds of thousands of soldiers, General Sherman was the last. By common consent, ratified by the acts of Congress, three men were recognized at the close of the war as pre-eminent in the service they had rendered in making the war for the Union successful—Grant and Sherman and Sheridan—and these three men succeeded each other after the war was over in the command of the Army of the United States. Of these three men General Sherman was the oldest man and the latest survivor. Those who witnessed the funeral of Grant will never forget that among the most touching and impressive incidents of the long

procession was the appearance in one carriage of an elderly man brilliant with the uniform and insignia of the rank of General, and of another still older in civilian's dress. The soldier in uniform was General Sherman ; the soldier who no longer had the right to wear a uniform was General Johnston, who, thirteen years older than his companion of that day, and his antagonist on many well-fought fields, still lives to enjoy the affectionate veneration of the people whom he led and the respect of the people against whom he fought. But with the death of General Sherman the last of the towering figures of the war disappears for the people of the Northern States. It is a reminder which must impress the dullest mind that the civil war is of another age than ours.

“Of the three heroes of the war whom we have named, General Sherman was by far the most picturesque and interesting figure. In the minds of most of his countrymen he was almost more identified with the history of the war than Grant himself, because he was identified with nothing else. His public career began in 1861 and ended in 1865 with the surrender of Johnston.

On the other hand, he was not, like General Sheridan, a soldier only, but a very active-minded man, whose curiosity and sympathy expanded in all directions and toward all interests. Nothing human was foreign to him, and his habit of speaking his mind upon all subjects without weighing his words and without the least regard to consequences endeared him the more to his countrymen by affording them the continual spectacle of a great man who was also intensely human. At the beginning of the war he incurred for a time the reputation of insanity for a prediction concerning the extent and duration of the struggle which, as the event proved, showed the soundness and shrewdness of his mind. By nature he was not especially amenable to discipline. If his immediate superior, General Grant, had not entertained a sincere admiration for the man whom he unaffectedly regarded as his intellectual superior, though his military subordinate, it is likely that the relations of the two Generals would have been so strained as to interfere with the success of their joint operations. Happily this did not occur, but General Sherman had no hesitation

about embroiling himself with his ultimate superior, the Secretary of War, and he relieved his mind by describing Mr. Stanton as a 'clerk' and cutting him dead when they met upon the reviewing stand at the close of the war. For a man of this impulsive, not to say explosive, nature it was especially fortunate that he did not permit himself to be beguiled by civic ambitions after his soldierly work was done. General Grant often lamented that he had not remained at the head of the army instead of becoming embroiled in the thankless struggles of politics, where political opposition impaired the universal good-will that would otherwise have been his. In nothing was the good sense that lay at the base of General Sherman's character, in spite of his superficial eccentricities, more clearly shown than in his scornful scouting of all proposals from political parties, and in his repeated declaration that he would not accept the Presidency of the United States if it were offered to him without a struggle. Even in such a contingency he would have consulted his own happiness if he had remained in a private station, where he could speak

his mind freely without committing anybody but himself, and where he could live his own life without molestation. After his retirement from the army and since he took up his residence in New York, General Sherman has been a very familiar figure. He went everywhere, he spoke often in public, and, as he said nothing that was not worth listening to, people heard him gladly. The peaceful activity of his last years, after the stormy scenes of his prime, made his a happy and enviable old age. There has seldom been a happier conjunction of temperament and fate. Now that he has gone he has taken with him not merely the honor and gratitude of his countrymen for great and patriotic deeds, but a widespread affection and regret for the departure of a brave, shrewd, kindly and transparently honest man."

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "Nearly twenty-six years after the close of the War of Secession death has removed the last of that renowned group of soldiers—Meade, Grant, Sheridan and Sherman—whose magnificent soldiership was so conspicuously displayed during the war by which

the integrity of the Union was assured, rebellion crushed and slavery abolished.

“We have mentioned the names of these illustrious soldiers in the order of their death; the order of their greatness their countrymen long ago determined. General Meade followed only after Grant, and parallel with him was Sherman, not only in the brilliancy of tactical skill, but in the effective results of execution. Sherman’s education was unusually liberal and comprehensive before the war began. He was graduated from the West Point Military Academy with distinction; he served in the army with credit and usefulness, as Second and as First Lieutenant and as Captain. Subsequently resigning his commission, he became a banker and a lawyer, and still later on a Railroad President and the Superintendent of the Louisiana State Military Institute—which latter position he resigned when Louisiana seceded from the Union, in a letter that was in the highest degree creditable to his honor and patriotism. He was nearly forty-one years old when the civil war began, and was then in the fullest vigor of physical and mental health. His fine

intelligence, his diverse education, his varied associations and intercourse with men of distinction in different walks in life, had peculiarly fitted him for the great work to which his country called him at the beginning of the war.

“Like Grant, Meade and Sheridan, General Sherman had not only military genius; he had the highest qualities of a citizen of the great Republic. He entered the service of his country as one who was as willing, if need be, to die for as to fight for it. He gave it no half-hearted, halting service, and the mighty energy he so continuously displayed on the march and in the assault was as much the inspiration of his loyal heart as of his alert mind and vigorous body.

“The story of his achievements is one of the most glorious and precious records of his country, and most conspicuous in it is that chapter of it known to his countrymen, to the admirers of military genius of all countries—the march through Georgia from the Mountains to the Sea. It was the grandeur of this great movement, the grandeur of its courage and its results, which will render it forever remarkable. No soldier of ancient

or modern history more completely burned his bridges behind him than did Sherman when he marched out of Atlanta at the head of that great Union host, the objective point of which was the Atlantic ocean, the purpose of which was to cut through the Confederacy in its most vital part, and to bring its chief support, the army of Lee, between two fires, that of Grant and Meade and of Sherman. As it was planned, it was executed—without a single failure at any point. All that was anticipated from it was realized, and the doom of the Confederacy was sealed that day when Sherman, turning his back upon the mountains, set out in his march to the sea.

“It is impossible to form any just estimate of the value of services such as this illustrious soldier rendered his country in its time of greatest need. He was one of those who stood as an impregnable fortress against the destroying plans of its enemies. He offered to the Cause of Union and Freedom all that man has to offer—intellect, strength, and even that for which all things else will be freely sacrificed, life. General Sherman’s was the genius of both planning and doing. He

thought and he wrought with magnificent courage and effective skill for his country, and his efforts were crowned with success. In the sudden making of splendid names his name became one which inspired armies with confidence and assured the soldierly endeavor which achieved triumphs. Such men are so truly great that their countrymen can only reverently salute them and resolve to keep their deeds in grateful remembrance as they pass from the world which was better for their living in it.

“A patriotic American, a wise, brave, skillful soldier, a sincere, earnest, friendly man, General Sherman died honored and beloved by numberless personal friends and by millions of his countrymen. In a sense broader than that of a military genius, General Sherman was a great man. He showed in his war correspondence that he had the learning of the scholar and the wisdom of the statesman—just as in his famous and admirable book containing the *Memoirs of his Life* he proved that he had rare gifts as an autobiographical author. Such men do not die; they pass on from among their surviving old comrades of camp and

field to more life, to a fuller, completer one; to the reward of men entirely good and great."

FOREIGN OFFICERS EULOGIZE GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Lord Wolseley, in an interview to-day, said of General Sherman: "All military men of every country join the people of the United States in their regret at General Sherman's death, for the loss is not confined to America, but is shared by all military people." When asked what he thought of General Sherman as a military commander, Lord Wolseley replied that it was a difficult matter for an outsider to make comparisons, but, speaking purely from a military point of view, he undoubtedly would place Sherman at the head of all Northern commanders. As a strategist, Sherman showed great power, and in this he excelled all others, while in achievements for which he was most famous, notably his march to the sea, he displayed the dash, combined with strategical skill, that at once proved his great power. In answer to a question Lord Wolseley said that he, in common with other European commanders, ranked Lee as first of the commanders on either side.

Major-General Philip Smith, C.B., commanding the Home District, whose opinion may be said to represent the entire brigade of Guards, says he thinks General Sherman was the finest all-round soldier of the American Civil War.

Colonel Hugh McCalmont, C.B., who has seen service in India, and is at present commanding the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, Dublin, said, with great feeling, that, in his judgment, Grant would not have been able to break down the heroic opposition of Lee if it had not been for the genius of Sherman, whose march was the grandest thing of its kind in history.

Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B., is regarded as one of the first of living English strategists, his book on "The Operations of War" having been translated into almost all languages. He said: "General Sherman was a great tactician. I have already expressed in writing my opinion that his march through Georgia was deliberately planned, and for boldness of conception and marvelous organization it has scarcely a parallel in the history of war."

Many other distinguished British officers and

ex-officers spoke in highest terms of the military genius of General Sherman.

General Vernois, ex-Minister of War, when asked about General Sherman's position as a commander, said: "Before I could express an opinion which would even do justice to Sherman, I should wish a closer study of the rich material in his military career. His march to the sea was the work of a great soldier."

General Taysen, who is Chief of the Historical Department of Germany's General Staff, said: "Sherman was certainly one of the greatest Generals in the American war. He was remarkable for his clear insight, his sharp strategical ideas, and, above all, for the wonderful activity with which he carried out his ideas. His celebrated flank march to the sea astonished the world. I especially value in Sherman his genius of carrying out with strict strategical art simple ideas with most simple means."

General Von Estoroff, chief of the official paper of the Prussian Ministry of War, said: "Sherman is regarded in the military circles of Germany as one of the most distinguished Gen-

erals of modern times, not only in designing, but in carrying out most daring schemes."

"Gradually all the leading historic personages on both sides of our great civil war are disappearing from the ranks of the living. On the Confederate side Generals Johnston, Longstreet, Early, Gordon and Beauregard are the last of the great commanders. On the Union side General Sherman enjoyed the same distinction. His death, following so closely upon that of Admiral Porter, of the navy, will serve to recall vividly the stirring events in which they both figured in defence of the Union cause. The republic will at the same time honor them as 'heroes of the civil war,' and as citizens of the highest distinction, entitled to grateful memory. The bitterness of the late struggle have been replaced at length by a restored Union, where the dominant sentiment or aspiration is heartily for peace and progress under liberal government. General Sherman spent the later years of his life in peaceful activity amidst the surroundings of civil life, which he adorned by the graces of mind and conversation. He took a lively interest in all that

was going on in the world, and made the wisest use, perhaps, of the time left to him after retirement in making himself and others happy. He would not sacrifice the peace and contentment of these surroundings for the presidency, or to listen to the tempting offers of politicians who sought to allure him into the whirlpool of politics. He was a man of pronounced convictions and straightforward speech. He preferred to remain in private life, where, as has been said of him, 'he could speak his mind freely when there was occasion to do so without committing any one but himself.' "

—*Baltimore Sun*.

"When all is said that can be said, the fact looms up that this man was one of the greatest soldiers of the age. Perhaps he was so essentially a soldier that we run the risk of misjudging him. He knew and cared nothing about politics and diplomacy. His way of settling a difficulty was to cut the Gordian knot with his sword. He was a hard fighter, and never grew sentimental in the presence of bloodshed and death. But when the business of war was over—when he had accomplished his mission—he showed a softer side, and

men and women, even among his former foes, found him a very lovable man."—*Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.*

A GREAT SOLDIER'S CAREER.

Rumble and grumble, ye drums,
 Shrill be your throat, O pipes !
With blood-red flag, in your mourning band,
 Serpent of harlequin stripes !
 But—stars in the banner's blue !
 Smile, for the war chief true
Up from the myriad hearts of the land
 Comes—to your haven comes.

Guns that sullenly boom
 Mourn for the master's hand
Dreadful, uplifting the baton of war
 While your hurricane shook the land !
 Marching, marching, battle and raid,
 Gay and garrulous, unafraid,
Sherman drove with his brilliant star
 A dragon of eld to its doom.

Pass, O shade without stain !
 Sunsets that grimly smile
Shall paint how your signal flags deploy
 Battalions, mile on mile—
 Horseman and footman, rank on rank,
 Sweeping against the foeman's flank,
Howling full of the strange mad joy
 Of slaughter and fear to be slain !

Orators, thunder and rave !
Chant ye his dirge, O bards ,
Ho, cunning sculptors, his charger design,
Grave ye his profile on sards !
But to picture the hero's brain
Shall ye ever thereto attain ?
Can ye utter the soul of the long blue line
And the tongue-tied love of the slave ?

Rumble and grumble, ye drums,
Strain in your throat, O pipes !
Last of the warriors of oak that were hew
Into strength by failure and stripes !
Last, not least, of the heroes old,
Smoke-begrimed, fervid, crafty, bold—
Sheridan, Grant, your comrade boon
Comes—to your haven comes !

—CHARLES DE KAY.
In New York Times.

General Sherman's faith or belief in religious matters has been very widely discussed, and we give in full an article from the *North American Review* on Hon. James G. Blaine:

“As time passes and the period rapidly approaches when in the course of nature my tongue must be silent, and the pen drop from my fingers, it seems but right that I should record

some of the thousand and one reminiscences of a somewhat eventful career which may concern others, and may in the future be conducive to the good of my fellow-mortals.

"In June, 1840, I graduated at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, and in common with my classmates was granted a three months' furlough to repair to my home to prepare for active service with my regiment in Florida. My home was then in the family of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, at Lancaster, Ohio. This family was large, occupying one of the best mansions of that ancient village, and among the family were two boys, 'cousins,' of about eleven years of age, as bright and handsome as ever were two thoroughbred colts in a blue-grass pasture of Kentucky.

"Being myself a full-fledged graduate of the National Military Academy, and a commissioned officer in the Third U. S. Artillery with a salary of \$65 a month, *all* in gold, I could hardly stoop to notice these lads, but was informed that they were attending the select school of Mr. Lyons, an English gentleman, a classical scholar, uncle to the Lord Lyons who long represented Great

Britain at Washington, and since has represented his country in Paris up to the time of his recent death. This teacher, Mr. Lyons, being a younger brother without estate, though with Oxford education, like many thousands of strangers, had come to America for a maintenance, working out the great unseen problem of life which often startles us with its results; for I honestly believe that the bias given to the minds of Jim Blaine and Tom Ewing, Jr., at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1840-1 by Mr. Lyons, has furnished us two of our brightest national luminaries.

“Blaine’s history from that time forth is well known to all who seek the truth, and I propose to limit myself in this article to a single episode, or it may be to two, of his brilliant career.

“In 1846-48 occurred the war with Mexico. General Zachary Taylor commanded our troops, invading Mexico from the direction of Texas, and General Winfield Scott those from Vera Cruz. Both campaigns were eminently successful, and both leaders were afterwards sought for by the politicians of their day as Presidential candidates. I believe the military world will accord to General

Scott the higher war honors ; but General Taylor had been equally brave, heroic and successful, and moreover possessed those personal qualities of patience, subordination and honesty which always command popular applause. Therefore, although the civilian politicians had expected to profit by the Mexican War, the American people chose for their President in November, 1849, General Zachary Taylor.

“At the time of his election he was a major-general in the army of the United States, which commission he resigned January 31, 1849, and was inaugurated President, March 4, 1849. He was then possessed of property in Kentucky, and a sugar plantation, with slaves, in Louisiana.

“His family was composed of his son Richard, who for a time was with his father in Mexico and at Washington, who afterwards settled in Louisiana, and went off to the Southern Confederacy with the stampede of 1861 ; a daughter, Mrs. Ann M. Wood, wife of the eminent army surgeon, Robert C. Wood, and Mrs. Betty Bliss, wife of Major W. W. S. Bliss, then universally known and respected as General Taylor's most faithful

military adjutant and private secretary. At that date, 1850, Mrs. Wood was with her husband at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, and Mrs. Bliss did the honors of the White House in Washington, from March 4, 1849, till her father's death. With them all I had a more or less intimate acquaintance. Surgeon Wood attended General Taylor in his last fatal illness, but his great skill and kindness were unavailing. President Taylor died July 9, 1850, and his family afterwards became scattered.

"Long years passed, the 'Great Conspiracy of 1861' was hatched, and the Civil War was at its crisis. In April, 1864, I found myself at Nashville, Tennessee, charged with a heavy load of responsibility, but I had plenty of good men to help me, among them this same surgeon, Robert C. Wood, then promoted to be Assistant Surgeon-General, who had become an old man, with a young heart and a big soul. He was posted at Louisville to receive, care for and professionally treat the hundreds and thousands of poor fellows doomed to drift to the rear in the mad onslaught then preparing. He met his responsibilities like a man, and his letters, which I preserve, are proof

to me that this world is not as bad as represented. I went on, never saw him again, and only afterwards read in the Gazette that Assistant Surgeon-General Robert C. Wood died March 28, 1869, having served his country faithfully since 1825—full forty-four years.

“In the year 1873 General U. S. Grant was President of the United States. I was General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, and James G. Blaine was Speaker of the House of Representatives. All were resident in Washington, D. C. I was seated in my office at the old War Department, now destroyed and replaced by a better one, when my orderly produced the card of “Mrs. Wood,” widow of the late Assistant Surgeon-General, U. S. A. Of course I instructed him to show the lady in. She was deeply veiled, then not uncommon, by reason of the many dependent widows and orphans who thronged the national capital to appeal for help. She, without unveiling, handed me a letter in the familiar handwriting of the venerable General David Hunter, asking me to befriend ‘the bearer.’ Casting my eyes over it, I exclaimed, ‘What! are you the

widow of my old Surgeon-General Wood, and the daughter of General Zachary Taylor?' 'Yes,' she answered, raised her veil and revealed her features, then of an old lady, but beyond question the daughter of General Zachary Taylor. 'Dear Mrs. Wood, what does this mean? What can I do for you?' She replied, "I do not know, but General Hunter, our steadfast friend, has sent me to you," and she went on to explain: "When my husband died in 1869, I supposed I had estate enough to satisfy my moderate wants. I went to Louisiana, took possession of the old sugar plantation, collected a few of the old slaves with promises of wages or shares, tried to make a living, but everything was out of joint. I then tried a lease with no better success. Now my daughter writes me from Austria that she is very sick and begs me to come to her. General Sherman! I *must* go to my daughter, and I have not a cent. My old friends are all dead, and I know not what to do.' I naturally inquired how much money was necessary? She said a thousand dollars. I had not the money. General Hunter had not the money. How about your pension? 'When

my husband died after forty-four years of faithful service in the Florida War, in the Mexican War and the great Civil War, I thought I could take care of myself and never asked for a pension, but now my child calls to me from abroad.' 'Mrs. Wood, I am sure we can easily make up a case under the General Pension Law, which will give you \$30 a month, but it can only date from the time of your formal application.' 'What good will that do me?' she exclaimed; 'my daughter is calling for me *now*! My passage across the ocean will cost \$120, and the incidental expenses afterwards will run up to a full thousand.' After a few moments' thought I said: 'Mrs. Wood, we must get a *special* bill, putting your name on the same list with that of Mrs. General Worth, Mrs. General Sumner and others, and have this special pension to date back to your husband's death, viz.: March 28, 1869. This will require an act of Congress. What member of that body do you know from Louisiana?' 'Alas, none.' 'What member from Kentucky?' 'Not one.' 'Do you know anybody in Congress?' 'Not a

single member." 'Don't you know Mr. Blaine? He is the Speaker of the House, a fellow of infinite wit and unbounded generosity.' No, she had never met Mr. Blaine. 'Now, my dear Mrs. Wood, can you meet me this afternoon at the Speaker's Room, say at 4 P. M., punctually?' 'I will do anything,' she answered, 'that you advise.' 'Then meet me at the Speaker's Room; south wing of the Capitol, at 4 o'clock this evening.' Of course she did.

"I was there ahead of time, sent my card to Mr. Speaker Blaine, who was in his chair presiding over a noisy House, but who, as always, responded quickly to my call. In a few words, I explained the whole case, and we went together to the Speaker's Room across the hall, behind the 'Chair,' where sat the lady, closely veiled. No courtier since the days of Charlemagne ever approached a lady with more delicacy and grace than did Mr. Speaker Blaine the afflicted widow of Surgeon Wood, the daughter of General Zachary Taylor, a former President of the United States. After a few words of inquiry and explanation, he turned to me, and said: 'Great God! has it come

to this, that the daughter of Zachary Taylor, and the widow of a faithful army surgeon who served his country and mankind all his life, should be here knocking at the doors of Congress for the pitiful pension of fifty dollars a month?' I could only answer: 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true.' Turning to Mrs. Wood, Blaine continued: 'Your father was the first man I ever shouted for as President, and for you, his daughter, I will do all a man can in this complicated government. I will make your case my own. Don't leave this city till you hear from me.' Finding I had touched the proper chord of his generous nature, I advised Mrs. Wood to return to General Hunter's, and await the result. Blaine escorted her to the stairway with many friendly expressions, returned to the Speaker's chair, and resumed his functions.

"I did not remain, but learned from a friend afterwards the sequel. Blaine sat in his chair about an hour, giving attention to the business of the House, occasionally scribbling on a bit of paper, and when a lull occurred he called some member to take his place and walked straight to Mr. Holman, the 'Universal Objector,' saying:

"Holman, I have a little matter of great interest which I want to rush through, please don't object." "What is it?" "A special pension for the widow of Surgeon Wood, the daughter of General Zachary Taylor." "Is it all right?" "Of course it is all right, and every American should blush that this thing could be." "Well," said Holman, "go ahead; I will be out of the way, in the cloak-room." Watching his opportunity, James G. Blaine, as a Member of Congress for Maine, got the eye and ear of the Acting Speaker, made one of his most eloquent and beautiful speeches, introduced his little bill for the pension of Mrs. Wood for \$50 a month, to date back to the time of Surgeon Wood's death (about four years), which would give her about \$2,400 of arrears and \$600 a year for life. It was *rushed* through the House by unanimous consent, and Blaine followed it through to the Senate and to the President, where it became law, and this most deserving lady was enabled to go to Austria to be with her daughter in her illness. I understand that both are now dead, and that the overflowing treasury of the United States is no longer taxed by this

pension, but I must rescue from oblivion the memory of this pure act of unrecorded benevolence.

"Pensions are not always matters of legal contract but of charity, which blesses him who gives as well as receives; and I of all men fully recognize the difficulty of making pensions subject to the tender feelings of an executive officer; but when I discover an instance illustrating the genuine feeling, no one should object to my recording it and printing it if need be.

"There is another phase in Mr. Blaine's character of which I, and I *alone*, can testify. The press of our country supposes that it controls public opinion and public events. Whereas in fact prudent men conceal their most important thoughts. During the Civil War the Northern press was not friendly to the generals who succeeded, but lavished flattery without limit on the 'failures' and on our distinguished opponents.

"Well do I recall General McPherson's exclamation a few days before his heroic death: 'Sherman, why is it that our Ohio papers, especially those of Cincinnati, continue their abuse of Grant, and you, and me, all natives of Ohio, who surely

are doing our very best?' I could only answer that I did not know except that it was easier for the editors and reporters to fight battles in their safe offices in the North than among the rocks, ravines and rivers of the South. Yet we soldiers did eventually win the battle, and restored the country to its normal condition of law and peace.

"In peace, also, the press is generally hostile to whomsoever is prominent and *positive*. Let any man rise above the common level, and the cry goes forth, crucify him! crucify him!—the same old story! Nevertheless, I honestly believe the people of the United States to be a thinking people; that the press chiefly records the gossip of the day, and that the future of our beloved land is safe in the custody of its good, industrious citizens. To be sure it sometimes requires an earthquake like that of 1861 to arouse them to serious thought.

"In the year of our Lord 1884 there was to be a sharp contest for the nomination in Chicago for a presidential candidate of the Republican party. The press and people generally believed that Blaine wanted it, and everybody turned to

him as the man best qualified to execute the policy to accomplish the result aimed at. Still, abnegating himself, he wrote to me from Washington this letter :

“ ‘ *Confidential, strictly and absolutely so.*

“ ‘ WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 1884.

“ ‘ MY DEAR GENERAL :

“ ‘ This letter requires no answer. After reading it file it away in your most secret drawer or give it to the flames.

“ ‘ At the approaching convention at Chicago it is more than possible, it is indeed not improbable, that you may be nominated for the Presidency. If so you must stand your hand, accept the responsibility and assume the duties of the place to which you will surely be chosen if a candidate.

“ ‘ You must not look upon it as the work of the politicians. If it comes to you it will come as the ground-swell of popular demand, and you can no more refuse than you could have refused to obey an order when you were a lieutenant in the army. If it comes to you at all it will come as a call of patriotism. It would in such an

event injure your great fame as much to decline it as it would for you to seek it. Your historic record, full as it is, would be rendered still more glorious by such an administration as you would be able to give the country. Do not say a word in advance of the convention, no matter who may ask you. You are with your friends, who will jealously guard your honor and renown.

“‘Your friend, JAMES G. BLAINE.’

“To which I replied:

“‘912 GARRISON AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO.,

“‘May 28, 1884.

“‘HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

“‘MY DEAR FRIEND: I have received your letter of the 25th, shall construe it as absolutely confidential, not intimating even to any member of my family that I have heard from you, and though you may not expect an answer I hope you will not construe one as unwarranted.

“‘I have had a great many letters from all points of the compass to a similar effect, one or two of which I have answered frankly, but the great mass are unanswered.

“I ought not to submit myself to the cheap ridicule of declining what is not offered, but it is only fair to the many really able men who rightfully aspire to the high honor of being President of the United States, to let them know that I am not and must not be construed as a rival. In every man's life occurs an epoch when he must choose his own career and when he may not throw off the responsibility, or tamely place his destiny in the hands of friends. Mine occurred in Louisiana, when, in 1861, alone in the midst of a people blinded by supposed wrongs, I resolved to stand by the Union as long as a fragment of it survived on which to cling. Since then, through faction, tempest, war and peace, my career has been all my family and friends could ask. We are now in a good house of our own choice, with reasonable provisions for old age, surrounded by kind and admiring friends, in a community where Catholicism is held in respect and veneration, and where my children will naturally grow up in contact with an industrious and frugal people. You have known and appreciated Mrs. Sherman from childhood, have also known each and all the

members of my family, and can understand without an explanation from me how their thoughts should and feelings and ought to influence my action. But I will not even throw off on them the responsibility.

“ ‘ I will not in any event entertain or accept a nomination as a candidate for President by the Chicago Republican Convention, or any other convention, for reasons personal to myself. I claim that the Civil War, in which I simply did a man's fair share of work, so perfectly accomplished peace that military men have an absolute right to rest, and to demand that the men who have been schooled in the arts and practice of peace shall now do their work equally well. Any Senator can step from his chair at the Capitol into the White House and fulfill the office of President with more skill and success than a Grant, Sherman or Sheridan, who were soldiers by education and nature, who filled well their office when the country was in danger, but were not schooled in the practice by which civil communities are and should be governed. I claim that our experience since 1865 demonstrates the truth of this my prop-

osition. Therefore I say that patriotism does not demand of me what I construe as a sacrifice of judgment, of inclination, and of self-interest.

“‘I have my personal affairs in a state of absolute safety and comfort. I owe no man a cent, have no expensive habits, envy no man his wealth or power, no complications or indirect liabilities, and would account myself a fool, a madman, an ass, to embark anew at sixty-five years of age in a career that may become at any moment tempest-tossed by perfidy, the defalcation, the dishonesty or neglect of any single one of a hundred thousand subordinates utterly unknown to the President of the United States, not to say the eternal worriment by a vast host of impecunious friends and old military subordinates. Even as it is, I am tortured by the charitable appeals of poor, distressed pensioners, but as President these would be multiplied beyond human endurance.

“‘I remember well the experience of Generals Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Grant, Hayes and Garfield, all elected because of their military serv-

ices, and am warned, not encouraged, by their sad experiences.

“ ‘The civilians of the United States should and must buffet with this thankless office, and leave us old soldiers to enjoy the peace we fought for, and think we earned.

“ ‘With profound respect,

“ ‘Your friend, W. T. SHERMAN.’

“These letters prove absolutely that Mr. Blaine, though qualified, waived to me personally a nomination which the world still believes he then coveted for himself.

“For copies of these letters I believe I have been importuned a thousand times, but as a soldier I claim the privilege of unmasking my batteries when I please.

“In looking over my letter-book of that period I find one recorded and dated two weeks *before* the Blaine letter, which is to me more satisfactory than any other, and therefore I embrace it in this article, which I want to be complete and final on this subject matter, viz.:

“‘912 HARRISON AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO.,

“‘ May 16, 1884.

“‘ HON. M. C. BUTT, Virogna, Wis.

“‘ MY DEAR SIR: I infer from your letter of May 14, just received, that you are one of those soldiers who served under me in the Rebellion, and that you entertain for me that most acceptable feeling of love and confidence which I value more than gold and riches. I also infer that you are a delegate to the Republican convention to meet at Chicago early in June, to select out of the great number of eminent and experienced men a candidate for President.

“‘ I am embarrassed by the receipt of many private letters intimating that my name may be presented, and that as an American officer and citizen I have no right to decline. It is simply exposing myself to ridicule to answer declining what is not offered, and probably never will be; and, as a rule, such letters are ignored; but you are a Delegate, and, in my opinion, have a higher title in being a member of that Army which made our Government permanent and most honored

among the Nations of the earth, therefore entitled to an answer.

“‘At this moment of time no danger or necessity exists which can make such a personal sacrifice necessary on my part. My brother, Senator Sherman, is fully advised of my views, so is my neighbor, ex-Senator Henderson, who will be at Chicago as a delegate from Missouri, and both should relieve me of any embarrassment, for I will not allow the use of my name as a candidate. I have a thousand reasons, any one of which to me is good and sufficient, and I claim the full benefit of the freedom for which we fought of choosing for myself my own course of action in life. I do not want my old comrades to think me eccentric or unreasonable, but to concede to me the simple privilege of living out my own time in peace and comfort.

“‘This letter is meant for yourself alone and not for the public.

“‘With great respect,

“‘Yours, &c., W. T. SHERMAN.’

“In giving to the *North American Review* at this late day these letters, which thus far have remained hidden in my private files, I commit no breach of confidence, and to put at rest a matter of constant inquiry referred to in my letter of May 28, 1884, I here record that my immediate family are strongly Catholic. I am *not* and cannot be. That is all the public has a right to know; nor do I wish to be construed as departing from a resolve made forty years ago never to embark in politics. The brightest and best youth of our land have been drawn into that maelstrom, and their wrecked fortunes strew the beach of the Ocean of Time. My memory even in its short time brings up names of victims by the hundreds, if not thousands.

“Still American citizens should take an interest in public events, because with them resides the ultimate power, the ‘Sovereignty.’ We have thrown overboard the old doctrine of the Divine right of kings, and substituted ‘The will of the people,’ and the civilized world looks toward America for a solution of the greatest problem of human existence and happiness, *good government*;

this is only possible by watching jealously and closely the drift of public events.

“ Thus far as a nation we have met every phase, colonial and national, military and civil, and in my judgment the people of the United States have in the past fifty years accomplished larger physical results than those of Asia in a thousand years or of Europe in five hundred years. I am equally convinced that our people in every section are more intelligent, more temperate, and enjoy more of the comforts of life than did our immediate ancestors. So that we are well warranted in allowing the drift of public events to continue as now, as little disturbed by artificial obstructions as possible. ’Tis true that ‘eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,’ and citizens should and must watch the conduct of their chosen agents. Acts are substantial, words and professions are only idle wind; none but men who have *done* well should be chosen to office. The worst men always *promise* most—and of all things the Nation should not be represented abroad by men who *labored* to destroy the Government. Again, the incident recently reported as having occurred at

Richmond, Virginia, of displaying the Rebel flag in a procession to which Union men were invited, among them the venerable Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, one of the famous war governors, who to my personal knowledge has gone to the extreme limit of possibility to create a perfect reconciliation, was calculated to arouse feelings which it were wiser to allow to die out. We now have a common country, a common destiny, and but a single national flag.

"I was glad to receive from high authority the assurance that the affair had been greatly exaggerated. Still it is well to emphasize the fact that the Rebel flag went down *forever* at Appomattox, and cannot be resurrected without protest, if not actual bloodshed.

W. T. SHERMAN."

In this connection a letter written by General Sherman's son, Rev. T. E. Sherman, will be read with special interest. Mr. Sherman wrote as follows :

"912 GARRISON AVENUE,

"ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 1, 1878

"*The Hon. Samuel Reber.*

"MY DEAR SIR: I sail on Wednesday, the 5th

inst., from New York to Liverpool by the steamer *Scythia* of the Cunard Line, and as the purpose of my voyage has relation to the whole future course of my life, I desire that you, as a friend and kinsman of the family, should know definitely and explicitly what that purpose is. You are aware, my dear Sir, that I graduated a few weeks ago at the Law School of the Washington University in this city. You know, too, that my father has given me a complete education for the bar, having sent me to Georgetown College to make my classics and mathematics, then to the Scientific School at Yale for a foundation in natural sciences and modern languages, and finally to our St. Louis Law School, where I have attended the full course of lectures during the past two years under the kind instruction of yourself and our other learned professors.

“For some time past I have had a strong leaning for the ministry, and so having now reached the age when every man has to choose his own career in life, and having weighed this important matter of a choice with all the care and deliberation of which I am capable I have decided to

become a Catholic priest. How long ago I reached this decision, what means I have taken to test and confirm myself in my resolution, and why, having finally decided, I now choose to go to England to make part of my preparation for the priesthood, are inquiries which are of no interest to any one but myself, and to answer them would be apart from the object of this letter.

“I write to inform you, and beg you to communicate the information to those who may inquire concerning me, that I assume to myself the whole responsibility of my choice. As with me alone rested the duty and the burden of choosing a path in life, so with me alone rests the blame or praise of having chosen the Church instead of law.

“My father, as you know, is not a Catholic, and therefore the step I am taking seems as startling and as strange to him as, I have no doubt, it does to you, my dear Sir. I go without his approval, sanction, or consent; in fact, in direct opposition to his best wishes in my behalf. For he had formed other plans for me, which are now defeated, and had other hopes and expectations in my

regard, which are necessarily dashed to the ground.

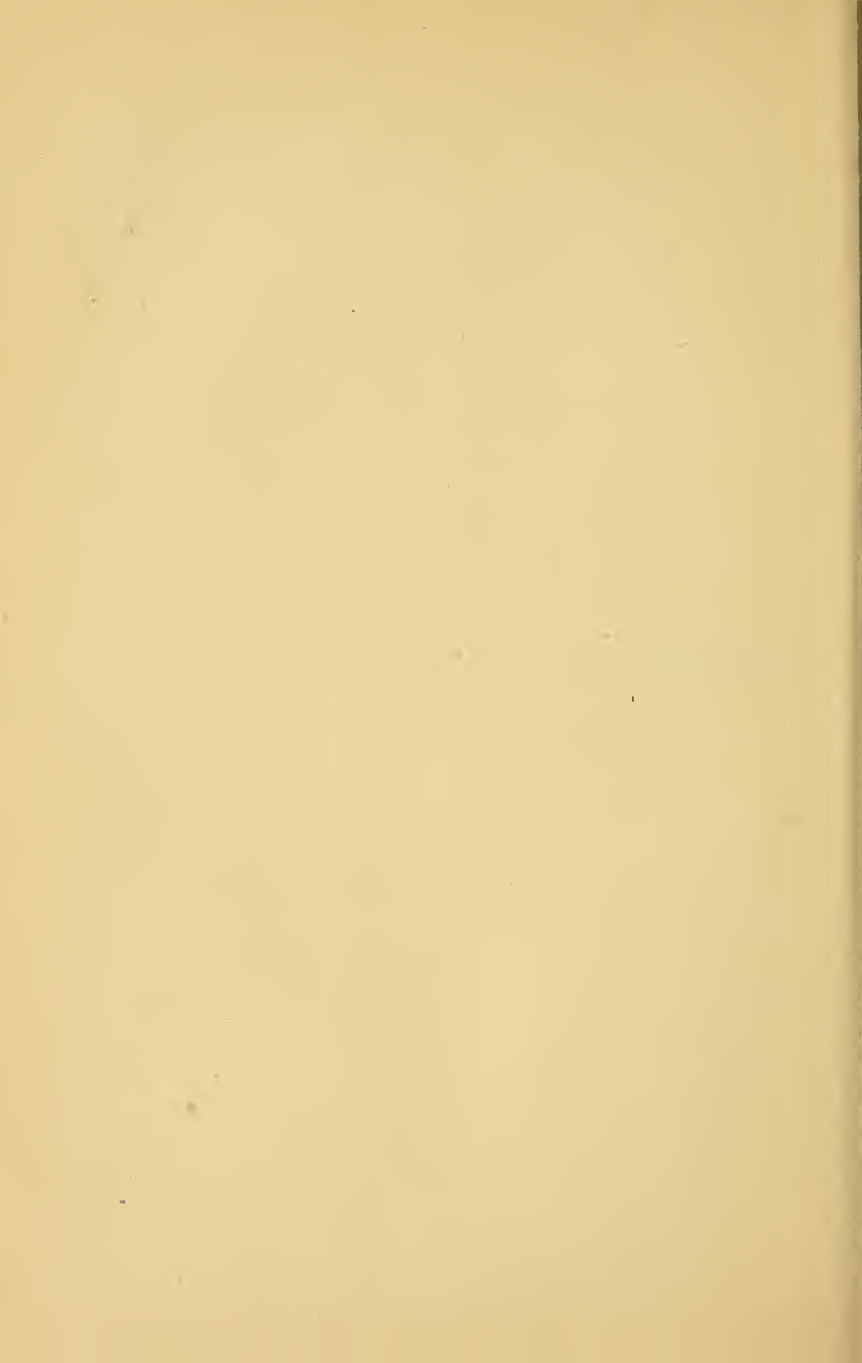
“In conclusion, my dear Sir, I have one request to make, and I make it not only to you, but to all our friends and relations to whom you may see fit to show this letter or communicate its contents; it is this :

“Feeling painfully aware that I have grieved and disappointed my father, I beg my friends and his, one and all, of whatever religion they may be, to spare him inquiries or comments of any sort, for I cannot help feeling that anything of the kind would be ill-timed and inappropriate.

“Trusting to your delicacy and to theirs to appreciate my motive in this, and to comply with a request so easily fulfilled, I remain with great respect affectionately and sincerely yours,”

THOMAS EWING SHERMAN.

REMINISCENCES AND TRIBUTES.



REMINISCENCES AND TRIBUTES.

BY HORATIO G. KING.

I REGARD it as one of the greatest privileges of my life that I have been favored with the close friendship of General Sherman. He was the most interesting conversationalist I have ever met and his fund of reminiscences was seemingly inexhaustible. Of course I have met him at many army reunions, and one of my annual duties as secretary of the society of the Army of Potomac was to secure his attendance at its reunion. I shall never forget the first address he made at one of our meetings, held in Philadelphia on June 6 of the centennial year. He made quite a lengthy and patriotic off-hand address, in which he counseled tenderness toward the South. 'Let us,' he said, 'forgive and forget—provided they will do the same.' At that time there was considerable real

or feigned apprehension among politicians that the South might try conclusions in another war. Of this he said: 'We cherish only feelings of charity, of kindness, of forgiveness toward the people of the South. We are ready to forgive and forget if they will do the same. But if they will not (pointing to the muskets and cannon on the stage), boys, there's the things!' The effect was electric, 'and I am sure it was at least five minutes before the applause and enthusiasm abated. Then he added, 'I see you understand your business. But I am out of practice now, and I am going to be a peaceable man from this time on.' At the banquet he responded to the toast to the regular army and made an earnest appeal in its behalf, strongly criticising the parsimony of the government toward its small force, which, by the way, at that very time was occupied in an Indian war.

"General Sherman has felt of late years that his strength was being too strongly taxed by the incessant social demands upon him, He never could refuse his old Western associates, but I had some difficulty to persuade him that he had as

many friends in the Army of the Potomac, and that he really belonged not to a section of the grand army, but the whole army. But he almost always acceded to my request, but at Saratoga Springs in 1887 he gave me a most laughable scoring for my persistence. I cannot do better than give the entire extract from his speech at the banquet. He said: 'By the law of our land, which is the only king we worship, I was turned out to grass and I was told that I could spend the rest of my days in peace and retirement. I sought refuge in the city of St. Louis, where I have many, many friends and which city I love very much. I found but little peace there. But I read, I think in Dr. Johnson, that peace and quiet could only be had in a great city or in the forest—in nature's wilderness. I therefore sought it in New York City. I then read in "*Wilhelm Meister*," by Goethe, by whom is the beautiful poem, "*Mignon*," that on the heights lies repose. I have chosen Cœur de Leon lake, in Idaho; and you don't know where it is. But a friend here, your secretary, Horatio C. King, initiates a new doctrine, that because I happen to be a survivor, I suppose of the fittest, I

must fulfill all the offices of all my dead comrades: therefore I must come to the reunion of the Army of the Potomac; I must go to West Point; I must go to Chicago; I must go to Detroit; I must go wherever an army band meets, because I am the only survivor. Where comes the peace? My friends, I come with a full heart, God knows. I love you all because you fought for the common flag.* Some years ago there was a little captain in the army called Bonneville. He got peace and quiet. He asked for two years' leave of absence and got it, and he went out to the mountains where Salt Lake now is. Nobody knew where it was then. That was about fifty years ago. Bonneville was a little fellow. God knows when he was born; I don't. It was before the age of man. He was an aide de camp with Lafayette in 1824. He went off and caught beavers and otter, and fished, and the crows came and cleaned him out, and he kept out of the way for two years more. He was reported dead. He went to the adjutant-general and reported, but the adjutant says, "Bonneville is dead." He says, "I am not dead." "Oh, yes," said the adjutant, "you are dead; you are as dead

as a mackerel. Go away from here and don't disturb the record." Bonneville insisted that he was not dead and he insisted upon going back on the army register so that he could get his pay. I fell in with Washington Irving, one of the sweetest men that ever lived and one of your citizens.

"He painted the tale of Bonneville so that his name will pass down to history. God bless him and his memory—Washington Irving. Now, I want your secretary, Mr. Horatio C. King, just to mark me dead and I won't turn up. I won't bother him as my old friend Bonneville disturbed Jones. Let me alone and I will have some peace the rest of my days.'

"On the morning before the banquet and after the splendid address by Chauncey M. Depew, Sherman was first called out and was equally happy. He said in his usual easy and witty style: "The Army of the Potomac has a great deal of assurance. We bummers of the West sometimes questioned some of their great claims. I never have and never will. I admire the tenacity, the courage and perseverance and magnificent heroism of the Army of the Potomac, but I certainly

claim some share of credit for us of the West, who began at the beginning and came over thirteen hundred miles to help the Army of the Potomac, and they ought to be somewhat grateful to us for that. I have been very much interested to-night, chiefly because I can see in this audience, magnificent in its appearance, ladies and gentlemen, young and old, who have come here to do honor to the old soldiers who are passing away and whom you can almost count by tens. They remain now on earth simply as specimens of what once existed, types of a great army, of the grand old Army of the Potomac. Our Western army is equally thinning out. The best are gone. God calls those first whom He loves most, and a few old sticks, of which I am one, remain and God only knows why. I suppose to be bothered by such people as you, who call upon me for a speech. I was told if I would come up here I should not be called upon, but that to-morrow night I might have to respond to the toast of our sister societies. In the West we used to call them brothers, but these Potomac people have their own language. I saw few sisters during the war, but

I saw a great many very good brothers—strong, stalwart fellows, men who went up the Tennessee river with the intent to overcome all difficulties.

“In concluding he had something to say about the anarchists who were just then disturbing the peace of Chicago and it is worth quoting here: ‘And now that the war is over,’ he said, ‘we ought to thank God that we live in a country where freedom is universal and where each and every man who behaves himself and deserves it, can enjoy all that God gives him. As to these red Republicans, or whatever they call themselves, though I am past fighting age, I am not afraid of the red flag; and as we are in Saratoga, this historic ground beneath the shadow of Mount McGregor, and with such an audience before me, I see token that we need not fear these anarchists. I would turn them over to the guard-house in charge of a corporal’s guard, and if that would not settle it I would hang them and have done with it. But I assure you, good friends, that wherever I go, from here to Oregon, to places you never hear of, I find an audience—I will not say as intelligent as this,

but a very respectable audience. They love peace, they love order, system, good government, and they are going to have it, they will have it; and if any disturbing element comes in from abroad or within, we will squelch it quicker than we did the civil war.'

"His last appearance at the Army of the Potomac re-unions was in Portland in July last, and I never saw him in better spirits. I had really executed a flank movement upon him, for I had half promised him if he would go to the Saratoga reunion, I wouldn't urge him again. So I had quietly run on to Portland, explained the situation to Major Melcher and told them if they wanted to secure Sherman's presence the best way was to make him the guest of the city. This the common council immediately did. The very day the resolution passed that body I met the General at the meeting of the Loyal Legion at Delmonico's. His first greeting to me was 'King, I'm not going; it's no use, I can't go. I am getting worn out.' I laughingly replied, 'Well, general, I promised you that I wouldn't ask you again, and I have kept it. But how in the world are you going to refuse the

unanimous request of 35,000 people?' Well, he went, and everything was provided for his comfort and convenience. He had a room near to mine, and I had some glorious hours in private chat with him that I can never forget, but the details of the conversation I am sorry I cannot fully recall. He was interesting on any subject and you may be sure that I had sense enough not to do much of the talking. Of course he was the central figure, and at the great meeting in the City Hall was called up as soon as General F. A. Walker had concluded his oration, which was a masterly recital of the grand review at Washington at the close of the war. Naturally, as Walker was addressing the Army of the Potomac he confined his description to the review of that army with which he was connected. Sherman noted the omission of any reference to the review of the second day, and touched upon it in his customary mixture of fun and criticism. He said, 'Now, my friends, I have had a great deal of experience in my life, and I have learned since I have been upon this stage, the grand review in Washington terminated when the Army of the Potomac passed. It re-

minds me of a story which General Taylor is said to have told once to an applicant in Washington who urged his claims on the ground of having been a hero of the first water at the battle of Buena Vista. General Taylor said that he had heard of so many things that had occurred there, while he thought he was there himself, he had come to the conclusion that he was not there at all. I have heard so much of that review that I think I was there, and I think that review occupied two full days. The first day the Army of the Potomac had the floor, and I was upon the stage at the time, as I am now, taking notes and observations that I might profit by them, for, if you remember, my young friends, and old friends too, the Army of the West did not have a very fair standing in your eyes for discipline and order. You got your opinion of us from rebel soldiers, and we chased them eighteen hundred miles into your camp. And we found that even the authorities in Washington had not a very good opinion of our armies. They thought we were rather liable to disorder. Now, I assure you, my friends, we were a better drilled army than you were. I

ought to know, for I was their commanding general. Let me give you a little piece of history which I have only given to my personal friends. I was on that stand before Meade was and even before President Johnson and his Cabinet. Meade first came with his staff, as you have heard very well described, and as he wheeled into the White House grounds, up came Custer, and some lady flung a circular wreath to him, and in trying to secure it his horse went off like a shot and Custer was not reviewed at all, and his division of cavalry, by the way, would not have passed muster on the Champ de Mars, in Paris. The horses were good, the men sublime, but they were not good looking to review. Now, the intervals between divisions were too large and I kept my eye on them and watched them all the while. But the worst mistake was that your Army of the Potomac men had two bands right opposite our reviewing stand, loaned you by the stay at homes in Washington. They were those pampered and well-fed bands that are taught to play the very latest operas. Your men did not understand it and did not keep step.

Now, to keep step and dress right and keep the eyes to the front is the first duty of a soldier. A great many of your men turned their eyes around like country gawks to look at the big people on the stand. Those are little things. You know there are tricks in in every trade, my friends, tricks in war as well as in peace. While I was on the stand Meade came to me and I said, "Meade, I'm afraid my poor tatterdemalion corps will make a poor appearance to-morrow when contrasted with yours." Meade said, "Sherman, the people in Washington are now so well disposed to the army they will make all allowances, you needn't be afraid." That evening I got a note from General Auger, saying that if I wanted those two magnificent bands I could have them. I said, "Thank you, but I will stick to my old bands," and I sent word to my men, "Be careful about your intervals and your tactics. Don't let your men be looking back over their shoulders. I will give you plenty of time to go to the capitol and see everything afterward, but let them keep their eyes fifteen feet to the front and march by in the old customary way." And they did so.

When the review was over the two constituted a thing of magnificent proportions. As to the patriotism within our hearts, and the principles that moved those great masses of men to a common purpose, we need not speak, for history has done so, and the most eloquent tongues in the country have spoken of it, and nothing more can be said on that point. But on the simple question of tactics, instruction and discipline, we can take lessons to the very last days of our life.'

"His comparison of Portland, Ore., with the Portland in which he then spoke also called out a good deal of good-natured comment. Sherman was tremendously loyal to the West and far West, though his great heart took in the whole country, which he loved with the highest patriotic fervor and devotion. His last public appearance at a soldiers' gathering in Brooklyn was at the presentation by Lafayette Post of flags to the Packer and Polytechnic Institutes. It was a glorious scene and he made one of his effective, patriotic addresses to the great audience, which included several hundred of the pupils of these schools. Major D. F. Wright and myself accompanied him home,

and in the long ride to Seventy-first street he kept up a continued fire of reminiscences of the early days of California and also of the rebellion. He is the last of the great triumvirate of generals—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan—for in that order they will always be named, yet, to my thinking, Sherman possessed the highest military genius, and as a strategist had not his equal in the war of the rebellion.”

General Sherman was of all things a great lover and stickler for truth, and he had no use for a liar. As characteristic of this I will mention an incident of a conversation with him only a few months ago. I called upon him with Col. John Hamilton to invite and persuade him to attend the exercises at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the occasion of the presentation of flags by the Lafayette Post to the pupils of the Packer and Polytechnic Institutes. He spoke of the incessant demands made upon him, especially in a social way, and he felt that he must resist them or his health would give way. “I don’t like the idea,” he continued, “but I suppose I’ll have to do as others do. There are —— and —— and —— (naming several prominent din-

ers out) ; they tell me that they constantly accept invitations and make engagements they do not mean to keep. But I am afraid I can't do it. I never voluntarily broke an engagement in my life."

BROKE NO ENGAGEMENTS.

Although he had a severe cold, which would have justified his remaining at home, he nevertheless came to Brooklyn, and made a patriotic address to those young ladies and gentlemen, and the great audience which packed the house, which they will never forget. His theme was the American flag. I recall especially one expression which he subsequently told me was entirely unpremeditated. He was speaking of the Confederate flag—the "Stars and Bars"—and said: "They cut out the blue. They left heaven out of their flag, and so were destined to defeat."

His first attendance at an Army of the Potomac reunion was at Philadelphia in April, 1870. The toast assigned him was "The United States Army," a theme upon which his official position required him to ring the changes for thirty years

or more. He was then commanding the army, and was very proud of its record. After praising its long and glorious history, he said: "The little Regular Army was swallowed up in the war of the rebellion, but not lost, for it not only preserved its own organization, but permeated the great mass of the volunteers and aided in giving them form and spirit. If, therefore, it lessened the duration of the war by a single year or a single month, it more than paid back to our people its entire cost for the previous half-century. It certainly has a right to claim its proportion in the glorious result, the fruits of which we now enjoy, and that is all the share it asks."

HE LOVED PEACE.

In May, 1873, he was at the reunion in New Haven, and there, too, were Grant, then President, and Vice-President Wilson, Sheridan, Burnside, McDowell, Devens, Hartranft and other notable men. His subject was again the army, coupled with the navy, concerning which latter he said: "In truth, Mr. President, to expect a landsman to glow in praise of the sea, and the dangers and

delights of it, is more than ought to be expected of me." After a handsome eulogy of the army he passed to the question of international arbitration, of which he said, "I, for one, am perfectly willing to pass all subjects of the controversy to the peace congress. We of the regular army are essentially peace men. We love peace—we love it so well that we will fight for it. That is all you did in the war. You rose up and buckled on your armor that you might secure peace in the land you loved—loved dearer than your lives."

At Hartford, in 1881, at the reunion, he paid his respects to Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of Southern Confederacy," then first published. Said he: 'I confess I have not seen the volume, only the copious extracts, and hardly know whether to treat them seriously or jocularly. It was not expected that he would feel kindly to those who awakened him so rudely from his dream of empire; but surely in stating facts beyond the reach of his vision or understanding, he ought to have approximated the truth even as to his enemies. Assuming the quotations published to be authentic, I wish to say that it was lucky for Mr.

Davis that General Johnston, in May, 1864, did not obey his orders and assume the offensive from Dalton to the north side of the Tennessee River. One would suppose that after the experience of Johnston and Hood, whose skill and courage no man disputes, even Mr. Davis would be convinced that the aggressive campaign foreshadowed in his seven general propositions of April 16, 1864, was the veriest nonsense. Johnston did not have at Dalton 70,000 men, and Mr. Davis ought to have known it, and Johnston on the spot was better qualified to judge than Mr. Davis at Richmond."

HIS LAST ARMY SPEECH.

I could fill columns with extracts from his speeches at these reunions, teeming with personal reminiscences, historic facts, wit, wisdom and patriotism. His last appearance before us was at Portland last summer, and he was never more happy or more overflowing with that geniality which ever characterized his grand and yet simple nature. His place is vacant, and the "boys" in the East will miss him quite as much as the

“boys” of the West who followed him unfalteringly through many glorious campaigns until they joined their companions at Washington in that final review of the finest army the world ever saw. General Sherman’s affection for any and all men who wore the blue was unstinted. In a recent conversation with Major D. F. Wright and myself he said he expected to be laid at rest in St. Louis, and wanted to be buried by his old Post Ransom, a wish which was fully carried out. It is an exceptional honor that all old soldiers are justified in envying.

BY GEORGE W. CHILDS.

I RECALL an incident which happened while we were at Long Branch, just after General Sherman's Memoirs had been published. Referring to the work, I asked if General Grant had read it. He said he had not had time to do so. One of the persons present observed, "Why, General, you won't find much in it about yourself. Sherman doesn't seem to think you were in the war." The General said, "I don't know; I have seen some adverse criticisms, but I am going to read it and judge the book for myself."

After he had perused the work carefully and attentively, I asked him what he thought of it. "Well," he said, "it has done me full justice. It has given me more credit than I deserve. Any criticism I might make would be that I think Sherman has not done justice to Logan, Blair, and other volunteer generals, whom he calls political generals. These men did their duty faith-

fully, and I never believe in imputing motives to people."

General Sherman had sent to me the proof-sheets of that portion of the Memoirs relating to General Grant before the book was published, and asked if I had any suggestions to make, and if I thought he had been just to the General. I informed General Grant that I had read these proof-sheets, and that I thought, as he did, that General Sherman had done him full justice. General Grant had the highest opinion of General Sherman as a military man, and always entertained a great personal regard for him. He was always magnanimous, particularly to his army associates. He was a man who rarely used the pronoun *I* in conversation when speaking of his battles.

There is an amusing little incident I recall, *à propos* of a large painting of General Sherman on his "March to the Sea," which hangs in the hall of my Long Branch house, and which was painted by Kauffmann. Sherman sits in front of the tent, in a white shirt, without coat or vest. The picture shows a camp-fire in front, and the moonlight in

the rear of the tents. The criticism of General Grant when he first saw it was, "That is all very fine; it looks like Sherman; but he never wore a boiled shirt there, I am sure."

While living at Long Branch few Confederate officers who visited the place failed to call upon General Grant. He was always glad to see them, and he invariably talked over with them the incidents and results of the war. The General held in high estimation General Joseph E. Johnston, and always spoke of him as one of the very best of the Southern generals. At one of my dinners I had the pleasure of getting Johnston, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan together.

General Sherman, who, during all the preceding ceremonies, had sat on the platform with folded hands and tear-dimmed and downcast eyes, in response to many calls, was introduced. As the General arose the assemblage broke forth into wild cheering.

The applause was persistent as General Sherman stood upon his feet, after repeated calls. He spoke with feeling, and his deeply-lined face, closely watched by those who never before had

seen him, was moved by intense earnestness. The light of clustered lamps fell upon his silvered head as he spoke, and his strong face was tremulous with emotion as he referred to the fact that by a strange accident of nature he was the only one living now of the three whose portraits were before his hearers, and there was a sad quality in his voice when he said, "I was older than either Grant or Sheridan."

I recall General Sherman's speech at the time I presented portraits of himself, Grant and Sheridan to the Military Academy at West Point.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S REMARKS.

"Ladies and Gentlemen and those Cadets behind: I fear that West Point is losing that good old reputation for doing and not speaking. I have done more talking than I should have done, and I believe I have done some good, though not such as I thought of doing. It is one of those strange incidents of my life that I am permitted to stand before you to-night the sole survivor of the trio, or trinity, of the Generals of the Army of the United States. I was older than Grant or Sheri-

dan. No three men ever lived on the earth's surface so diverse in mental and physical attributes as the three men whose portraits you now look upon. Different in every respect except one—we had a guiding star; we had an emblem of nationality in our minds implanted at West Point, which made us come together for the common purpose like the rays of the sun coming together make them burn. This, my young friends in gray, I want you to remember, that men may differ much, but that by coming together in harmony and friendship and love they may move mountains.

“I knew these men from the soles of their feet to the tops of their heads. They breathed the same feelings with me. We were soldiers to obey the orders of our country's government and carry them out whatever the peril that threatened us. Having done so, we laid down our arms, like good citizens that we hope to have been, giving the example to all of the world that war is for one purpose—to produce peace. A just war will produce peace; an unjust war has ambition or some other bad motive. Our war was purely patriotic,

to help the Government in its peril. We were taught to idolize that flag on the flagstaff, obeying the common law, and working to a common purpose. No jealousies, nothing of the kind; working together like soldiers, the lieutenant obeying the captain, the captain his colonel, the brigadier the general, and all subordinate to the President of the United States—the Commander-in-Chief. There is no need to prophesy; it is as plain as mathematics. You can look in the heavens and read it. It is the lesson of life. When war comes you can have but one purpose—your country—and by your country I mean the whole country, not part of it.”

HISTORY OF THE PORTRAITS.

Major John M. Carson, chief of the Philadelphia Ledger Bureau at Washington, has furnished the following account of the painting of the portraits of Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan for the Military Academy:—

“The creation of portraits of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan now hung in the Cadet Mess Hall—to be hereafter known as Grant

Hall—at the United States Military Academy, West Point, was begun about three years ago. The original purpose was confined to a portrait of Grant. The portraits of Sherman and Sheridan sprang from this purpose, and considering the relations of Mr. George W. Childs, to whose patriotism and liberality the Military Academy is indebted for the portraits, with those three military chieftains, the Sherman and Sheridan paintings were an easy and logical outgrowth. The scheme from which these three large valuable paintings emanated was evolved from a comparatively unimportant incident. About four years ago, with that skill and ingenuity which have made him famous in the management of the Cadet Mess, Captain William F. Spurgin, Treasurer, Quartermaster and Commissary of Cadets, succeeded in giving the Mess Hall a new floor and having its walls brightened.

“Captain Spurgin next conceived the idea of making the Hall still more attractive by hanging pictures and portraits upon the walls. This was approved by General Wesley Merritt, then Superintendent of the Academy, who authorized the

transfer from the library of several portraits for this purpose. When these were hung in the Mess Hall a new idea was suggested to Captain Spurgin, and he concluded that it would be most appropriate to collect for the Hall portraits and photographs of the distinguished graduates of the Academy. It was naturally thought that the daily presence with the cadets of these exemplars of the Academy could not fail to exercise a wholesome influence upon the corps. They would furnish cadets when at meals suggestions for thought and conversation, and those who occupied seats at tables once occupied by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, Hancock, and other eminent graduates, as they looked upon the portraits, would be encouraged to emulate the lives of those great chieftains. In addition to this, it was thought that such a gallery might be collected through relatives and friends, without expense to the Government or the Academy.

“During one of my periodical visits to the Academy Captain Spurgin outlined his scheme, and said he would like to obtain a good picture of General Grant. It was suggested that Mr.

George W. Childs had several good large size photographs of Grant, and would doubtless be glad to contribute one of them for this use. Captain Spurgin wrote to Mr. Childs, who agreed to comply with the request made. Shortly thereafter Mr. Childs mentioned this matter to Mrs. U. S. Grant, who said that she would like, above all things, to have a good likeness of her husband at the Military Academy, for which he always entertained a feeling of admiration and love. Some years prior to this Mr. Childs had Leutze, who painted 'Westward the Course of Empire' upon the wall of the west stairway to the gallery of the House of Representatives, at Washington, paint a portrait of General Grant, and suggested that the Leutze painting be transferred from the library to the Cadet Mess Hall. The Leutze portrait was not liked by Mrs. Grant, and she did not, therefore, care to have it used for this purpose. Mr. Childs then said he would have a portrait of the General made for West Point from any picture Mrs. Grant might select. The photograph made by Gutekunst, of Philadelphia, in 1865, was selected by Mrs. Grant, and Mrs.

Darragh, of Philadelphia, was commissioned to paint a portrait from it. The General stood for this photograph. It is regarded by his family, and those who were his associates, as a correct likeness of the General as he appeared at the close of the war. When the photograph was taken General Grant wore upon his left arm a badge of mourning for President Lincoln. This emblem of mourning does not appear in the painting. To many of those who knew General Grant after he became President, the Darragh portrait is not considered good, but by the family of the General, and by those who were intimate with him during and immediately after the war, it is regarded as a faithful likeness and an excellent portrait. It was sent to the Academy in May, 1887, and hung on the north wall of the Cadet Mess Hall. General Merritt, 'in honor of the great graduate of the Academy, whose portrait, a present to the Academy from Mr. George W. Childs, sanctifies the hall as a gallery for the portraits of graduates,' issued an order directing that thereafter the cadet dining-hall should be known officially as GRANT HALL.

“In June, 1887, a few days after the Grant portrait had been hung, Mr. Childs visited the Military Academy as a member of the Board of Visitors, upon which occasion I accompanied him. General Sheridan also visited the Academy at that time in his official capacity as Lieutenant-General commanding the army, and it proved to be his last visit to the institution. In company with Mr. Childs General Sheridan visited the dining-hall to inspect the Grant portrait, and during this inspection Mr. Childs said to the General, in his quick but cheerful manner in conversation: ‘General, if I outlive you I will have your portrait painted and hung there beside that of Grant.’

“Sheridan responded: ‘Mr. Childs, if you intend to have painted a portrait of me I would like to see it before it is hung in this hall.’

“‘All right,’ said Mr. Childs; ‘you shall see it. I would prefer to have you painted while living.’

“After further conversation about the Grant portrait, the two gentlemen left the hall and walked to the house of the superintendent, General Merritt, at which General Sheridan was a guest. Mr. Childs proceeded to the West Point

Hotel. Sheridan arrived at the Point that morning, and was to review the corps of cadets in the afternoon, and, as it was near the hour fixed for the parade when General Merritt's house was reached, he went directly to his room to don his uniform. While thus engaged he sent a messenger to Mr. Childs, asking that gentleman to join him before 'parade,' and, at the same time, invited the Board of Visitors, through Mr. Childs, who was President of the Board, to attend him during the ceremonies of parade and review.

"When Mr. Childs joined the General on the porch of the superintendent's house, the latter said: 'Mr. Childs, while putting on my uniform, I could not help musing about our conversation in the Mess Hall. If you are in earnest about painting my portrait for the Academy, I want to be painted from life.'

"'I am in earnest,' replied Mr. Childs. 'The portrait shall be painted, upon one condition—it must please Mrs. Sheridan. I think it would be a good idea to paint Sherman also, and to hang him on the one side of Grant and you on the other.'

“‘That certainly would be a generous act upon your part,’ said Sheridan, ‘and one which would be appreciated by Sherman and myself. I would rather have you do this service than any other man, because no one could do it with so much propriety. The relations between Grant and you were bound by strong ties of mutual affection. Those between you, Sherman, and myself have been most intimate. We have all been guests at the same time, and many times, at your house. You have come to know us better than other men know us. Grant, Sherman, and myself were closely connected with the suppression of the rebellion. United thus in our lives, we should be placed together here, returned as it were to the Academy from which we started out in the morning of life as second lieutenants. Associated as you have been with us, you are the very man to keep us united after death.’

“‘All right, General,’ said Mr. Childs. ‘The portraits shall be painted and hung in the Mess Hall. Now select your artist.’

“When Mr. Childs spoke to General Sheridan in the Mess Hall about painting his portrait, the

latter did not think that Mr. Childs was serious. I happen to know that Mr. Childs formed the determination to add the portraits of Sherman and Sheridan to his contribution prior to his visit to the Academy, and informed General Sheridan of this fact upon his return to Washington from West Point during a conversation in which he related to me what I have stated touching the conversation with Mr. Childs at West Point, and also the conversation between Childs, Sheridan, and Sherman in relation to painting a portrait of the General last named.

“Shortly after the conversation between Childs and Sheridan, on the porch of the superintendent’s house, the battalion was formed on the parade-ground. General Sheridan, accompanied by the superintendent and staff and the board of visitors, had passed down the front and up the rear of the battalion, and had taken his place at the point designated for the reviewing officer, when General Sherman rode up from Cranston’s Hotel, located about a mile south of the reservation. Sherman remained in his carriage, which was drawn up in front of the parade-ground and di-

rectly in rear of the reviewing officer. As the corps passed in common, and subsequently in double time, Sherman stood up and watched, with old time eagerness and pride, the columns of gray and white until they wheeled into a faultless line, tendered the final salute to the reviewing officer, heard the cadet adjutant announce 'parade is dismissed,' and saw the companies move, to lively music, from the parade-ground to the cadet barracks. Then he alighted from the carriage, pushed through the crowd that always fringes the parade-ground upon occasions of parade and review, and joined Sheridan and the other officials who still lingered on the ground. When the usual salutations and introductions had been concluded, Sheridan drew Sherman and Childs apart from the crowd and said: 'Sherman, Mr. Childs informs me that he intends to have portraits of you and me painted, to hang beside that of General Grant in the Mess Hall. He proposes to wait until we die, but I insisted that the paintings be made before we die, so we may see how that artist executes us. He has agreed to do this, and I told him he is the one man who can and should do it.' "

BY GENERAL O. O. HOWARD,

WHO LED THE RIGHT WING ON THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

NO MAN is better able to give an accurate estimate of General Sherman as a soldier and a citizen than Major-General O. O. Howard, now in command of the Division of the Atlantic. He was not only General Sherman's right-hand commander during the historical march to the sea, but he served with him in many other campaigns, saw him under fire as a resourceful leader extricating his command from many a perilous situation and in every other position that could test his qualities as a general. Besides, General Howard had been his warm and close friend before the war and continued in that relation until General Sherman's death. They started out in their military careers almost together, and it so happened that in their services during the civil war they were more often thrown together than any other two commanders of note in the army:

“My intimate associations with General Sherman for so many years in so many situations of danger and hardship made me look upon him as much more than a friend.

“I had a feeling of tenderness toward him almost filial. He was my adviser and support in a good many anxious hours. I never found him other than a wise counselor and true, kind-hearted friend.

“He was twelve years older than I when we went west together, and he got his brigade before I did, which was right and proper; but we were together during almost the whole course of the war. He had been in the South, thoroughly understood the plans of the Confederate States, and, having a capacious mind, took in the whole situation at the beginning. His long military experience, with these advantages, made him of invaluable service to his country from the beginning of hostilities.

HIS EARLIER SERVICES.

“His career began as the Colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry in the Army of the Potomac



GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD.

under McDowell. When he was sent west after the first campaign, it was really to take command of our forces there, and his rise in prominence being very rapid by reason of his admirable work did not beget in early days the confidence in him that was felt later. His prophecies, though abundantly justified and always sustained by the event, did not accord exactly with the views of the situation then held by others, and it was not until the correctness of his judgment had been proved many times that the full measure of his sagacity and foresight began to be realized.

“My own associated service with him may be said to have begun with the Chattanooga campaign. I was with him at Chattanooga, Knoxville and the rest of the hard-fought battles in that region. I went with him to Atlanta, and returned toward the North when we detached a division to chase Hood. I was with him again when he started from Atlanta to the sea, and had command of the right wing, as General Slocum had of the left wing, of his army on the whole of that celebrated march. And so on to Bentonville and the end of the war and to Washington.

“Not only was I closely associated with him in the field during his great achievement, meeting him every day at his quarters and seeing him under every variety of vicissitude that can befall a soldier, but after the war he maintained a warm interest in my welfare. When I was at the head of the Freedman’s Bank he continually advised and supported me, and made me feel his friendship in more ways than I can tell. I served under him again when I was in command in the Northwest, and he was General of the Army during the years when the Indian wars were going on in my division. So you may imagine the strength of the feeling of obligation and affection I entertained for him, as well as my opportunities to judge of his personal character.

HIS MILITARY GENIUS.

“As a military leader he was, in my judgment, one of the greatest that ever lived, and the only General in the war who was a genius. Genius generally has abnormal development in some direction or another, and being stronger here is not so strong there. While, taken all in all, Grant

was the greatest leader of the war, Sherman was a General of more extraordinary abilities in some directions. He was not only quick in forming his designs, but his mind seemed to take in the whole field with wonderful grasp. It was as if the whole country was mapped out on his capacious brain.

“Sherman’s knowledge of military history, comprising the whole record of war and surpassing in minuteness that of almost any other man alive, was a great source of strength to him. But his naturally resourceful mind would have made him a memorable strategist in any event. He had not only the power of arranging his troops in the way to give them the greatest advantage, but of so manœuvering them as to force the enemy into just the position in which he wanted them—obviously a great test of strategic ability. He was quick to see and take advantage of his enemy’s errors, which is another test of the same sort. While, like Napoleon, he managed to mass larger forces in front of his enemy than was opposed to him, this merely demonstrates his superior tactics.

"Strategy was his strongest point. Take him in battle and he did not seem to me to be the equal of Thomas or Grant.

HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR GRANT.

"Grant and Sherman were, in fact, co-ordinate. One was necessary to the other. The friendship between them, by the way, was one of the most interesting incidents of the war. They were like David and Jonathan. Their relations continued to be close and tender until General Grant's death.

"As a commander no man could wish to serve under a better or more considerate general than Sherman. He was kind, considerate, appreciative and quick to commend. Hardship was a pleasure to any one who served under him. I have seen commanders under whom hardship was plain hardship. But Sherman had that largeness of soul and freedom from small motives characteristic of Thomas and other really great leaders. He differed much from Thomas, however, in that he was much more excitable. He was of the sort that would

throw his hat in the air at a great triumph, susceptible to emotions and for that reason open to more intense feelings of resentment against wrong.

FATHER TO HIS GENERALS.

“Of the generals who served under him he often spoke in the kindest way during and after the war. He had for them the affection of a father for his children. General Slocum he considered one of the best soldiers and best men that ever lived. He would not hear a word against him. General Schofield, now in command of the army, he considered another admirable leader. These sub-generals were in fact just what Sherman needed. He inspired them with his own splendid animation and energy and lifted them up by his very presence. There was something about him so magnetic that they said they could feel his influence before they could see him.

“Take him all in all, General Sherman was not only one of the greatest military geniuses in history, but a model of a kindly, generous and faithful man in every position in life.

“Perhaps the most remarkable quality of Sherman’s mental make-up was his marvelous memory; probably at the close of the war he could call 5,000 officers by name. He had learned rapidly from youth to manhood, and he appeared to have forgotten nothing that he had ever learned. His Quartermaster, Easton, went to him for the solution of transportation problems as to a written authority. In ten minutes he would demonstrate to his chief commissary the number of rations that would support his different armies for a week or a month. He was apparently abreast of the great engineer, Granville M. Dodge, in train-running, bridge-building, and railroad construction. He was a little ahead of the Confederate Hood in all his quick correspondence, involving the laws of war and of nations, and whenever General Blair and myself came to him to decide between us on some historical point, awakened by our proximity in the Carolinas to an old Revolutionary battle-field, Sherman had it at his tongue’s end, and whatever the difference, we happily bowed to his decision. This indicates fundamental acquirement and extraordinary memory.”

BY MR. HIRAM HITCHCOCK.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK.

GENERAL SHERMAN was a guest of this house off and on for many years, and as such he naturally became very much beloved by our whole household. After General Grant's funeral was over, I spent the evening with General Sherman, and he told me of his plans for the future, that he wanted to move quietly from St. Louis and locate in New York. He said that he thought he should enjoy New York very much, and his youngest son was then finishing his course at Yale, and the change would bring him near to New Haven. After that the General arranged by correspondence for his rooms on the parlor floor, Twenty-fifth street side. He came here with Mrs. Sherman and the daughters, and the youngest son used to come in frequently from Yale. At his first after-dinner speech in New York—that at the New England

Society dinner—General Sherman referred to having moved to New York, and said that he had gone into winter-quarters down at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where there was good grass and water.

“The General was very particular to have everything arranged to suit Mrs. Sherman. He said that as to himself it did not make much difference. He was used to roughing it, and he could take anything, but he wanted Mrs. Sherman to be very nicely fixed and to have things to her own mind. On the other hand, Mrs. Sherman said to me; ‘It doesn’t make so very much difference about me, but I wish to have the General comfortable. Dear old fellow, he has seen a great deal of roughing it, and I want him to be entirely at ease.’ They were very happy and comfortable here during their two years’ stay, which began on September 1, 1886, and General Sherman’s idea of having a house was mainly to make it pleasanter and more agreeable, if possible, for Mrs. Sherman and the daughters; to give Mrs. Sherman a little more quiet than she could have at a hotel, although she lived very quietly here.

“During the General’s residence here he was, of course, a conspicuous figure. He was always genial and affable to every one, very easily approached, and he received and entertained a great many of his old Army companions and aided a vast number of them. In fact, no one knows how many Army men Gen. Sherman has first and last assisted pecuniarily and in various ways, helping them to get positions and giving them advice and encouragement. He used to meet hosts of friends and acquaintances in the hotel. I remember his saying once that he would have to stop shaking hands, for he had lost one nail, and if he didn’t quit soon he would lose them all. If he went to the dining-room, people from different parts of the country who knew him would get up and go over to his table and talk to him.

“It was a sort of a reception with him all the time—one continuous reception. He was very democratic in all his movements, and he always dined in the public room.

“The General kept one room for a regular working-room for himself. There he had his desk, a large library, scrap-baskets, letter-files, etc., and

that is where he was in the habit of receiving his friends.

“As for the society side of his life here, Miss Sherman and her father had regular weekly receptions during the season in the large drawing-room.

“General Sherman was exceedingly particular with reference to financial affairs. There never was a more honest man born than General Sherman. He was particular to pay his bills of every sort in full and to pay them promptly. He could not bear to be in debt. It actually worried him to have a matter stand over for a day. He knew just exactly how his affairs stood every day, and he could not bear to owe a man anything for twenty-four hours. And he was just as honest and frank and faithful in speech and in every other element of his character. He carried his character right on the outside, and it was true blue.

“When he went to his house at No. 75 West Seventy-first street, we kept up our relations with him, and we would occasionally send up some little thing to him. Soon after he moved we sent him a couple of packages, and in acknowledgment he sent us this letter:

"75 West Seventy-first street, Sept. 28, 1888.

Messrs. HITCHCOCK, DARLING & Co.,
Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y.

"*Dear sirs:* I am this moment in receipt of two boxes, the contents of which will, I am sure, be most acceptable to self and guests. With profound thanks for past favors, many and heavy, and a hearty wish for your continued prosperity, I am and always shall be, your grateful debtor,

"W. T. SHERMAN."

"Whenever the old General would come to this part of the city he would drop in. If he was going to the theatre he would call in before or after the performance—at all hours, in fact, he would come, and between his engagements. He used to sit in this office and chat. He was in this office just after Secretary Windom's death, and was asking about that sad occurrence. The last time he was here was only a night or two before he was taken sick with the fatal cold which was the beginning of his last illness. I went to the door with him and bade him good-night, and he turned and said cheerily, 'Come up, Hitchcock, come up.' I said, 'I'll be up in a few days,' and off he moved in his quick way.

"The General was, as everybody knows, a splendid conversationalist. He had a wonderful fund of anecdote, story and reminiscence, and was a capital story-teller. He was never at a loss for a ready reply.

"This was one of his comments on a story that he was not quite ready to believe. 'Oh, well, you can tell that to the marines, but don't tell it to an old soldier like me.'

"I think there was one very striking peculiarity, about General Sherman. Of course we have seen it in different public men, but I think it may be said of Sherman fully as strongly as of any other public man either in military or civil life, that he was as brave as a lion and as gentle as a woman. When anything touched him it revealed the sympathy of his nature. He was wonderfully kind-hearted.

"If there was an uncompromising patriot anywhere in the country it was General Sherman, and he manifested that in every walk of life, every expression, every look. He was a true hero. He was not only one of the great men, but one of the purest men of his time."

BY ADMIRAL PORTER.

ADMIRAL PORTER, in one of his books, gives a racy account of the meeting and a good portrait of Sherman. They had never before met. "Thinking," says the admiral, "that Sherman would be dressed in full feather, I put on my uniform coat, the splendor of which rivaled that of a drum major. Sherman, hearing that I was indifferent to appearances and generally dressed in working clothes, thought he would not annoy me by fixing up and so kept on his blue flannel suit, and we met, both a little surprised at the appearance of the other.

"'Halloo, Porter,' said the General. 'I am glad to see you; you got here sooner than I expected, but we'll get off to-night. (They were preparing for the second attack on Vicksburg.) Devilish cold, isn't it? Sit down and warm up.' And he stirred up the coal in the grate. 'Here, Captain,' to one of his aides, 'tell General Blair to

get his men on board at once. Tell the Quartermaster to report as soon as he has 600,000 rations embarked. Here Dick,' to his servant, 'put me up some shirts and underclothes in a bag, and don't bother me with a trunk and traps enough for a regiment. Here, Captain,' another aide, 'tell the steamboat captain to have steam up at 6 o'clock, and to lay in plenty of fuel, for I'm not going to stop every few hours to cut wood. Tell the officer in charge of embarkation to allow no picking and choosing of boats—the Generals in command must take what is given them—there, that will do. Glad to see you, Porter; how's Grant?''

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

"I FIRST saw General Sherman a few weeks after he had entered Atlanta, when the laurels of its capture were fresh upon his brow. After he and General Grant had corresponded for more than a month as to the project of Sherman's cutting loose from his base and striking for some point on the coast, General Grant, after discussing with me his plans in great detail, designated me as the staff officer who was to visit General Sherman, communicate to him the contemplated movements of the armies in front of Richmond, the intended operations upon the sea-coast, including the probability of an expedition for the capture of Wilmington, etc., and ascertain his views as to his movements beyond Atlanta under the various contingencies which might arise. Starting from City Point, I reached Atlanta on the morning of September 18, 1864, and found the captor of that stronghold seated on the porch of a house which he was

occupying as headquarters on Peach-tree Street.

“My mind was naturally wrought up to a high pitch of curiosity to see this famous soldier of the West. He sat tilted back in a large chair reading a newspaper, his coat was unbuttoned, his hat slouched over his brow, and on his feet were a pair of slippers very much down at the heel. He was the perfection of physical health, in the prime of life, being just forty-four years of age, and almost at the summit of his military fame. With his wiry frame, tall gaunt form, restless hazel eyes, and crisp beard, he looked the picture of ‘grim-visaged war.’ After he had read a letter with which General Grant had provided me, he entered at once upon an animated discussion of the military situation East and West, and as he waxed more intense in his manner the nervous energy of his nature soon began to manifest itself. He twisted the newspaper which he held into every possible geometrical shape, and from time to time he drew first one foot and then the other out of its slipper, and followed up the movement by shoving out its leg so that his foot could

recapture the slipper and thrust itself into it again.

“What Hood, who commanded the enemy, would do in case Sherman started from Atlanta for the sea was of course a blind surmise. His view was that if he could move without a large army to confront him at all points he could easily live off the country, go where it was deemed best, and inflict irreparable damage upon the Confederacy; but if Hood confronted him, he (Sherman) would exhaust his provisions while fighting, and probably have to strike for the nearest point on the seaboard, and it would be highly important to have an abundant supply of provisions to meet him at the coast. He discussed the possibilities of the capturing of Savannah meanwhile, to serve as a base from which supplies could be sent up the Savannah River to meet him.

“No one could help being profoundly impressed with the comprehensiveness of his grasp and the clearness of his views. His active and well-disciplined brain seemed to consider and provide in advance for every possible contingency that could arise in the doubtful fortunes of so vast a

campaign. I was authorized to assure him that General Grant would spare no effort to co-operate with him to the fullest extent from the East, in the way of sending a fleet of commissary supplies, etc., to meet him as soon as it was known at what point he would be likely to reach the coast. His expressions as to his confidence in the certainty of his chief to make provision for him were as emphatic as the words written to that chief after the Vicksburg campaign: 'I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place, you would help me out if alive.'

"It was agreed that the publications in Southern newspapers—which we always received through the lines—the information obtained from scouts, prisoners, deserters, and the 'reliable contraband,' would give ample news of his whereabouts and his progress through the country. After a full discussion of the subject in all its bearings, he gave me just before leaving a letter addressed to General Grant to carry back to him, which closed as follows: 'I admire your dogged perseverance and pluck more than ever. If you

can whip Lee and I can march to the Atlantic, I think Uncle Abe will give us a twenty days' leave of absence to see the young folks.' The record of the success of that march to the sea has since become one of the most brilliant pages of American history.

“‘Not many years ago, while sitting beside the General at a banquet; the band struck up the air with which he was invariably greeted upon public occasions, ‘As Sherman goes marching through Georgia.’ He said: ‘It seems that I am always to be known best as the commander of the march to the sea. I have never considered it by any means the most meritorious part of the work I was permitted to take a hand in during the war. I am to be sure deeply sensible of the value our people set upon it, but the battles and campaigns it fell to my lot to conduct previously were, I think, better tests of a soldier’s abilities.’”

“When he had reached Goldsborough, North Carolina, in the spring of 1865, it was thought advisable for him to visit General Grant’s headquarters at City Point, Virginia, for the purpose of a consultation. On the afternoon of March

27th the steamer which brought him was seen coming up the James River, and when it approached the wharf General Grant started from his log hut on the bluff to greet his illustrious companion in arms. They met at the foot of the long flight of wooden steps which led down to the river. It was, 'Why, how d'ye do, Sherman?' 'How are you, Grant?' And then a cordial grasping of hands and more familiar terms of greeting, their manner being more like that of two school-boys encountering after a vacation than the meeting of the chief actors in the great tragedy of war.

"To make the occasion still more interesting, President Lincoln and Admiral Porter were both at City Point. It was soon arranged that Grant, Sherman and Porter should call upon the President, who was aboard the "River Queen," the steamer which had brought him down from Washington. In the after-cabin of that vessel was held the conference between these magnates, the scene of which has been so faithfully transferred to canvas by the artist Healy. Sherman there gave a most graphic description of the stirring events

of the march to the sea ; and afterward, in answer to eager inquiries from our staff-officers who collected about him around the camp-fire, he related much of the story again. Never were listeners more enthusiastic ; never was a speaker more eloquent.

“The story as he alone could tell it, was a grand epic related with Homeric power. Mr. Lincoln seemed very nervous and anxious lest something adverse might happen to Sherman’s command in his absence, and as the General was as desirous as any one to return and push his operations in the field, he was given a swifter boat than the one which brought him, and started the next evening on his return.

“A novel feature of Sherman’s command was his ‘bummers.’ They were not mere stragglers and self-constituted foragers, as many suppose, but were organized for a very useful purpose from the adventurous spirits which are always found in the ranks. They served as the ‘feelers,’ who kept in advance of the main columns, spied out the land, discovered the well-filled granaries and tempting barn-yards on either flank of the

main columns. They were indispensable in supplying the troops, all of whom were compelled to live off the country, and in destroying the enemy's means of transportation and communication. The bummer was in fact a regular institution.

"As Sherman's army approached Goldsborough, a bummer who was a little more enterprising than the rest was found up a telegraph pole cutting the wires of one of our military telegraph lines running out from Wilmington. A Union officer yelled at him: "What are you doing there? You're cutting one of our own wires.' The man cast an indignant look at the questioner, and said, as he continued his work, 'I'm one o' Sherman's bummers, and the last thing he said to us was, "Be sure and cut all the telegraph wires you come across, and don't go to foolin' away time askin' who they belong to.'"

"General Sherman, as a subordinate, gave his chiefs no trouble in the field that could be avoided. He accepted what troops and supplies the government was able to furnish him, and did the best he could with them without grumbling. He cheerfully employed the tools placed in his

hands, and was satisfied. He never demanded what could not be given him. He was too much of a philosopher to expect impossibilities. The General was always fond of talking with his men as they filed by him on the march. As Napoleon enjoyed chatting with the old moustaches of his guard, so Sherman loved to have a familiar word with his veterans. One day a soldier had taken off his shoes and stockings, and rolled up his trousers to wade across a creek. As the General rode by he was attracted by the magnificent specimen of nether limbs exposed to view, which might have served as models for a classic sculptor.

“‘A good, stout pair of legs you’ve got there, my man,’ cried Sherman.

“‘Yes, General, they’re not bad underpinning,’ replied the soldier.

“‘I wouldn’t mind changing mine for them, if you don’t object,’ added Sherman.

The man looked at his commander’s legs, which appeared rather thin in comparison, then at his own, and finally said, ‘General, I guess we can’t make a swap.’

"If General Sherman manifested at times something of the irritability of a Hotspur, and, like the soldier in the 'Seven Ages,' was 'jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,' it was because he possessed a sensitive nature, was conscious of the honesty of his purposes, and could not brook misrepresentation and affront. When he was given a command in Kentucky, he saw with his keen military foresight that the provisions made for troops were grossly inadequate for the work before them, and declared that Kentucky ought to have at once 60,000 men, and that it would require 200,000 to suppress the rebellion in that region. He urged his views with such persistency, and resented the harsh criticisms made upon him with such vigor, that he was called a crank, and charged with being insane, and finally deprived of his command. Subsequent events proved him to be a true prophet.

"Immediately after the surrender of Lee, Sherman entered into a correspondence in perfect good faith with General Joseph E. Johnston, the commander of the forces confronting him, for the purpose of bringing about immediate peace, and

made a memorandum of agreement, which included in the terms of capitulation all the Confederate troops remaining in the field. It announced in general terms that the war was to cease, a general amnesty was to be granted, as far as the Executive of the United States could command it, on condition of the disbandment of the Confederate army, and provided for the distribution of arms and the resumption of peaceful pursuits by the officers and men heretofore composing said armies ; but it was distinctly stipulated that as the two Generals who signed the agreement were not empowered by their principals to fulfill the terms, they could only pledge themselves to promptly obtain authority, and to endeavor to carry out the programme as arranged. With Sherman it was an honest effort on the part of a humane commander to try and put an end to the war at once.

“When this paper was forwarded to Washington, it reached there just after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, when public feeling was everywhere intensely excited.

“The Secretary of War at once repudiated the

terms, rebuked and censured Sherman in a published communication, charging him with exceeding his authority, impeaching his motives, and putting forth insinuations which were calculated to incense any one who had a proper regard for his reputation.

“Sherman felt that his feelings had been outraged, not because his agreement had been disapproved, but on account of the offensive nature of the public rebuke.

“He soon after entered Washington at the head of his army, receiving a greeting from the populace which might have ranked with the triumph of a Roman conqueror. There he met Secretary Stanton, but smarting under a sense of insult, he refused to give him his hand, and turned his back upon him. But notwithstanding the bitterness of his resentment at the time, he and Mr. Stanton became fully reconciled before the latter's death.

“His writings were as graphic as Cæsar's Commentaries. There was in his compositions an elegance of diction seldom found except in the works of professional authors. He has contrib-

uted some of the finest specimens of rhetoric to be found in modern books. In his description of the departure of the troops from Atlanta, given in his memoirs, his style rises to the sublime.

“As a speaker the same qualities of style may be observed in his more serious efforts. For instance, his reference to the flag in an address made at a banquet to the veterans :

“‘The prayer that every soldier ought to breathe is that yonder flag should be above him in life, around him in death. What is that flag? A bit of bunting, a bauble, a toy. You can buy it for a few shillings in the nearest store. But once raise it as your standard, and millions will follow it and die under it. Insult it, and a whole nation of patriots will rise up in its defence, and you will find behind it all the power that can be wielded by the republic.’

“The General often fell into a jocose strain. Then there was a relaxing of the stern features, a merry twinkle of the eye, and a display of wit and humor that ‘set the table in a roar.’

“At a meeting in support of the Actors’ Fund of America, held in Palmer’s Theatre in June last,

the General being called out, stepped to the front of the stage, and began by saying: 'I confess I feel strange up here in such a presence. If the gentleman who has my favorite seat in the orchestra will kindly give it up and come up here and take my place, I will cheerfully go to the box office and pay \$1.50 for my old seat.' Afterward he astonished the audience by the statement that the theatrical profession ought to feel indebted to him because he had once saved Joe Jefferson's life; and then went on to say: 'Joe Jefferson called on me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and after he had left I saw a roll of paper under the chair he had occupied. I ran after him and cried, "Joe, did you drop this roll of paper?" He turned to me with a look full of joy. "My God, Sherman, you have saved my life!" "What do you mean? How have I saved your life?" "Why," replied Jefferson, with that familiar twinkle in his eye, "I am publishing my life, and that is the first chapter.' "

"After having listened to nearly all of General Sherman's speeches during the last six years, I have no hesitation in ranking him second to no one

as an after-dinner speaker. While the prestige of his illustrious name intensified the interest felt in what he said, yet I believe that if he had appeared at any banquet unheralded and unknown, and delivered one of his characteristic addresses, it would have been conceded that his speech was the hit of the evening. He had the art of beginning with some epigrammatic sentence or humorous allusion to some current topic, spoken in a way which at once secured the attention of the audience. He mingled wit and pathos in a happy blending which appealed to all minds and touched all hearts. As eloquence is only another name for earnestness, his serious utterances had all the power of the finest oratory. He leaned forward, gesticulated forcibly with his long right arm, looked his hearers full in the eyes, and seemed to be speaking into the particular ears of each individual before him. As a talker he deserved to be ranked among the great conversers of history, and, unlike many gifted conversationalists, he possessed the rare faculty of being a good listener. Even in the midst of one of his most animated recitals, if some one interrupted him to add a

remark, he would stop, look at him good-naturedly, and nod approval. His lips, too, would often move in unison with the speaker's, as if 'marking time' to the music of his words.

"The General's education at West Point, which taught drawing and painting, gave him a knowledge of proportion and coloring, and cultivated a taste for art which created in him a great fondness for pictures and sculpture. This was largely increased by the opportunities he enjoyed in after years in his visit to the art centres of foreign lands. His criticisms on art were very positive and decided. I was much amused one day, when talking to General Grant while a sculptor was modeling his bust in clay, to see General Sherman come into the room and begin a vigorous discussion with the artist as to the truthfulness of the resemblance. In his nervous, off-hand, rattling manner, he criticised one feature after another, insisting on a little more prominence here and a little less there, and running his fingers over portions of the moist clay to put his suggestions into effect. Finally, in his enthusiasm, he actually seized a tool out of the artist's hand, and was

about to scrape off what he deemed a too prominent projection of the cheek, when the terrified artist, upon whose face the cold perspiration had broken out, stayed the hand of the ruthless amateur, and brought him to such a realizing sense of the comicality of the scene that he joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

“The last farewells have now been spoken, the laurel which crowned the hero's brow is intertwined with the cypress, the flag he had so often upheld has dropped to half-mast, the booming of his guns has given place to the tolling of cathedral bells, and American hearts are oppressed with a sense of sadness which is akin to the sorrow of a personal bereavement.”

SHERMAN AND THE EDITORS.*

MR. H. L. PRIDDY, an old time Memphis journalist, is one of the men who regret the death of General Sherman. He and D. A. Brower, now editor of the Little Rock *Gazette*, were publishing the *Argus* in Memphis during the time that General Sherman was in command there, and they had several rather exciting experiences with him.

Mr. Priddy says of him: "He was a sure enough soldier and a gentleman; knew how to treat the people, what favors to extend, and where to draw the line. The *Argus* was the only paper published in Memphis then. The *Appeal* was scurrying over the country in a box car avoiding the Yankees. Brower and I had to simulate a degree of loyalty, but whenever we got a chance we cheered the stars and bars.

"General Sherman gave us considerable lati-

* From the New Orleans *Times-Union*.

tude, but we finally went too far, and he called us down. He did it in a gentlemanly, sociable way, however, that didn't wound our feelings. He galloped up to the office one day at noon, threw the bridle rein of his big black stallion to an orderly, and strode into the editorial room. A crowd of citizens gathered on the other side of the street and mourned for the fate of the newspaper and the editors. I think they had an idea that Sherman was going to amputate our heads and all the forms, but he didn't. He sat down and resting his feet on the table, said: 'Boys [we were both youngsters], I have been ordered to suppress your paper, but I don't like to do that. I just dropped in to warn you not to be so free with your pencils. If you don't ease up, you'll get in trouble.'

"We promised to reform, and as the General seemed so pleasant and friendly, I asked him if he couldn't do something to increase the circulation of currency. There was no small change, and we had to use soda-water checks issued by a confectioner named Lane. We dropped soda-water checks in the contribution box at church, paid for

straight whiskey with them, and received them for money. If Lane had closed his shop the checks would have been worthless.

“General Sherman comprehended the situation and quick as a flash said: ‘You need a medium of exchange that has an intrinsic value. Cotton is king here. Make cotton your currency. It is worth \$1 a pound. Make packages containing eight ounces represent 50 cents, four ounces 25 cents, and so on. Cotton is the wealth of the South right now. Turn it into money.’ ‘But the money-drawers would not hold such bulky currency,’ said I. ‘Make ‘em larger,’ said the General, and with that he strode off. As he mounted his horse and galloped away he shook his whip at Brower and me and shouted: ‘You boys had better be careful what you write or I will be down on you.’”

BY HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

“GENERAL SHERMAN, after he came to New York, was at once the most distinguished and delightful figure in our metropolitan society. He seemed to have a most elastic constitution, and endured an amount of social obligation which would have tired out and used up many a younger and stronger man. He loved to be in the company of men and women. I think he dined out every night of his life, and very often he would be found at late suppers, especially theatrical suppers.

“He is, easily, at any table, at the head wherever he sits, and has a wonderful faculty for entertaining conversation. No person ever heard him say a disagreeable thing. With the most positive, pronounced and aggressive opinions on all questions, and never concealing them, he so states them as never to offend an adversary. His attention to ladies is a most delightful

exhibition of knightly and soldierly courtesy. There is in his manner and speech something of deference, respect and admiration, which conveys a more signal compliment than can be wrought in phrase or flattery. At a night supper where the guests were mostly theatrical people he was in his joyous hilarity like a boy. In the speech which he invariably made there was much of the fatherly feeling of an old man rejoicing in the artistic success of his auditors, and to those who deserved it, whether actors or actresses, a neatly turned compliment which expressed all that a trained dramatic critic could say, and became in the recollection of the happy recipient the best memory of his or her life.

“I have been with him at hundreds of public dinners, and in studying close his mental methods and habits of speech, have come to regard him as the readiest and most original talker in the United States. I don't believe that he ever made the slightest preparation, but he absorbed, apparently while thinking and while carrying on a miscellaneous conversation with those about him, the spirit of the occasion, and his speech, when he

finished, seemed to be as much of a surprise to himself as it was to the audience, and the work of a superior and exceedingly active intelligence which included him as well as the rest among its auditors.

“Most men, and I have met several, who had this faculty, were cans of dynamite, whose explosion was almost certain to produce most disastrous results. But General Sherman rarely failed in striking out a line of thought different from and more original than any other speaker, and in sometimes giving utterance to the boldest thought, yet always in harmony with the occasion.

“I recall the last two times that I met him as especially significant of his conversational talent and power of public speech on a sudden call. I sat near him at the dinner given in his honor by ex-Chief Justice Daley about one month ago. General Sherman rarely talked about himself, but on this occasion he became reminiscent and entertained us for more than an hour with free-hand sketches of his adventures on the plains in early years, and of the original people whom he

met among the early settlers. These recollections, if taken down at the moment, would have proved an invaluable contribution to the history of the period covering the growth of transportation on the plains, from the wagon to the railroad, and the story of the bold and adventurous spirits who were the pioneers of Western civilization, many of whom he knew personally.

"The last time I met him he promised, after a dinner to which he was engaged, to do me the favor, though he said it was asking a good deal at his time of life, to come to the Yale Alumni Association dinner and say a word to the guests. His appearance there about half-past eleven was an event which the Alumni of Yale who were present, most of whom were young men who had never seen him before, will remember as long as they live.

"I have felt for many years that in the interests of the period during which he was one of the most conspicuous actors, and with one exception the most conspicuous, that he always ought to have been accompanied by a stenographer.

"I have known most of the men who have been famous in the country, in every walk in life, in the last twenty-five years sufficiently well to hear them frequently talk in a free and confidential way. General Sherman was one of the few who never bore you, whose conversation is always interesting, and no matter how long he talked, he leaves you hungry and eager for more. I was with him at the time I delivered the oration before the Army of the Potomac at Saratoga. I was with him from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon, and he talked without cessation for the whole period. It was a test few men could have stood, and the three others who were with him in the carriage only regretted that the day was limited by the light.

"General Sherman lived so much in the full blaze of publicity that there is little which can be added to the story of his life except the personal incidents he was accustomed to narrate in conversations with his friends, which shed a strong light upon the history of the times in which he was such a prominent actor. He was the only man I ever met who I thought could have not

only survived but had his fame increased by the constant attendance of a Boswell.

“A story he told me in reference to the famous campaign from Atlanta to the sea would seem by indirect evidence to settle the vexed question as to who planned that great campaign. Sherman’s loyalty to his superior officers and to the President was such that he never publicly made any claims in regard to any of his movements for himself. He said that he had been fairly importuning the President, the Secretary of War and General Grant to permit him to swing loose from his base of operations, and march across the country to the Atlantic. He believed that there was no enemy before him strong enough to resist an army as large and perfectly disciplined as that which he commanded. He also felt assured that by sweeping through that country he would cut off the food and forage which supported the armies of Johnston and of Lee. Mr. Lincoln was afraid he would lose his army. Stanton had little or no faith in the movement, and while Grant believed that Sherman was right, the staff influences about him were hostile to General Sher-

man. One day, however, Sherman received a telegram from Mr. Lincoln and one from Secretary Stanton which substantially gave him discretion. He instantly sent an officer and a detachment of cavalry with orders to tear down the wires for fifty miles between Atlanta and Washington. He said that long after the war he discovered that an effort was made to countermand the march, but the officer reported that the rebels had cut the communications.

“He told me an interesting story about a prominent citizen of Savannah who came to his headquarters after he had captured that city. The gentleman was in great trepidation and informed the General that he had some valuable pictures in his house. The General said they were entirely safe. He said he also had a collection of family plate of great intrinsic value, and, on account of its associations, very precious to him and his family. The General told him he would put a guard about his house if necessary. Then, in a burst of frank confidence, produced by this generous response to his fears, he revealed to General Sherman that he had buried in his back-yard a

large quantity of priceless Madeira, of the oldest and rarest vintages, and estimated to be worth over \$40,000 before the war. The General responded at once, 'That is medicine, and confiscated to the hospital.' What the hospital did not need he distributed among the troops. But much marching and fighting had produced in the boys an appetite more vigorous than that which recognizes the bouquet of 1815 Madeira at a New-York club or dinner-table, and they willingly exchanged a bottle of Madeira for a gill of whiskey.

"General Sherman was fully informed of the movements of Jefferson Davis, and in a position to put his hand upon and arrest him at almost any time after Davis left Richmond. He consulted Mr. Lincoln as to what he would better do, saying to the President that he did not know but what he, the President, would be relieved by not having the President of the Southern Confederacy on his hands, and asking for instructions. President Lincoln's instructions were given in this form: 'Sherman, many years ago, up in Illinois, I knew a temperance lecturer who had been an habitual

drunkard. He met on an anniversary occasion a number of his old boon companions. They were urging him to celebrate it with them in the usual way, and he finally said: 'Boys, I must stick to my principles, but if you could get some whiskey into my water unbeknownst to me I might join you!'

"The General after that made no effort to capture Jefferson Davis, and regretted that he did not reach the schooner in which he was intending an escape to Cuba, because once out of the country he never could have returned, and when arrested the difficulty which Mr. Lincoln had anticipated arose, and the situation was only solved by Horace Greeley becoming his bondsman.

"The General told me another interesting story of Mr. Lincoln, which brings out in a very clear light the humanity which was the dominating element of his character. After Sherman had reached the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia his army was spread out over the railway and roads leading from Richmond south. The General said to the President that there were two ways open for his army—one to remain where it was and compel the surrender of

Lee's forces, after Grant had driven them out of Richmond, by cutting off their supplies and means of escape; the other to join General Grant and crush the Confederate forces at once. Lincoln's answer was decisive and peremptory: 'Take the course which will shed the least blood.'

"I heard General Sherman once narrate a very striking battle incident. He had rallied his troops and led them to a charge which was everywhere successful. As he rode into the enemy's camp, he saw a soldier lying on a barrow and an officer standing over him with an uplifted knife. He shouted to the officer not to strike, and spurred up to the group to discover that the men were both dead; the only solution being that the officer, who was a surgeon, was in the act of performing an operation for the extraction of a bullet upon the soldier when the concussion of a cannon-ball passing near them had killed them both, and they had stiffened in the attitude they occupied at the moment when their lives went out.

"As General Sherman was riding one day with his staff on the march through Georgia, they came upon an old planter sitting upon his front piazza,

and they rode in for a drink of water. The old gentleman said: 'General, I saw on one of the regimental flags, the 100th Iowa. The last I heard of Iowa it was an uninhabited territory. Has that got a hundred regiments of 1,000 men each in your army now?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, said the old planter, 'if Iowa has got 100 regiments in your army and the rest of your States have sent regiments in proportion, you must have more than a million. We better give up at once.'"

BY PRESIDENT HARRISON.*

“THE death of William Tecumseh Sherman, is an event that will bring sorrow to the heart of every patriotic citizen. No living American was so loved and venerated as he. To look upon his face, to hear his name, was to have one’s love of country intensified. He served his country not for fame, not out of a sense of professional duty, but for love of the flag and of the beneficent civil institutions of which it was the emblem.

“He was an ideal soldier, and shared to the fullest the *esprit du corps* of the army, but he cherished the civil institutions organized under the Constitution, and was only a soldier that these might be perpetuated in undiminished usefulness and honor. He was in nothing an imitator. A

* In response to our letter to President Harrison to furnish a contribution for this book, he writes that it would be a labor of love for him to do so, but on account of pressing public duties it would be impossible. But he sends us the tribute above.

profound student of military science and precedent, he drew from them principles and suggestions and so adapted them to novel conditions that his campaigns will continue to be the profitable study of the military profession throughout the world. His genial nature made him comrade to every soldier of the great Union Army. No presence was so welcome and inspiring at the camp fire or commandery as his. His career was complete; his honors were full. He had received from the Government the highest rank known to our military establishment, and from the people unstinted gratitude and love."

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

“THE century had no grander soul to surrender into the eternities than the one who yesterday sped away from us, Frank, honest, brilliant, gallant, patriotic William T. Sherman!

“I thank God that I ever knew him, that I ever felt the hearty grip of his right hand and had the friendship of his great big heart. I have no interest in the question being agitated as to whether he was Protestant or Catholic. I heard his profession of faith on a memorable occasion and under peculiar circumstances. In New York, at the New England Society dinner three years ago, I sat with him four hours. He on one side and the immortal and lamented Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, on the other. We were all to make addresses, but there was time for a conversation that will be precious while memory lasts. There and then, while the merriment of the occasion filled the air, he expressed to me his respect for

the religion which his now ascended wife had embraced, and his own faith in God and his confidence for the future.

“Simple as a child, brave as a lion, sympathetic as a woman, firm as a rock, wrathful as a tempest when aroused against wrong, lovely as a June morning among his friends—how can we give him up? But God knows best.”

BY COLONEL GEORGE A. KNIGHT.

NOT many days ago our drooping banner sorrowfully reminded us that the king was dead. Within a few hundred feet of this spot royalty was stricken by the hand of death. It was something uncommon in a country like ours, founded upon principles that hardly knew what royalty meant, and yet within the education of our people we found the spirit of community and that fealty to the law of nations that told us intuitively that we should deal with the dead monarch in a spirit that became us as a people, and the swift-keeled messenger from our navy carried to the inviting clime all that was left of the sovereign, all that was left of royalty. We hardly understood what it meant, because we were not educated to believe in a divine right of kings, and were not educated up to the historical eminence that such a fact would have in other countries. Here the sovereign never dies ; the sovereignty is with the people, and

no matter how great, no matter how common the man may be, he belongs to that Government of the people, for the people and by the people' which creates a sovereignty that shall never perish from the earth.

"In times like these, when we are met to commemorate, to calmly deliberate upon, met to think over the services of one who might have been a king had he lived elsewhere, it is only then that we comprehend how great, how pure, how broad are the principles of this Government, in which men like Lincoln, men like Grant, men like Sheridan and men like Sherman may pass from this stage of action and not be credited with having within their veins the blood of royalty and be deemed by their people sovereigns. The Government of this country is founded upon principles which teach and promulgate that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights. And where do we get those principles? And from what source do we receive that teaching? Over 1800 years ago there stood by the sea of Galilee a poor, wayfaring Nazarene, with his humanity and divinity ever

pointing to the diamond of a pure faith, not seeking the titled nobility for his constant companions, but the honest, sun-tanned fisherman, and with these men he taught the lesson to the world that all men were created equal and had to be equal before the blessings of his Father would come upon them. Thus it is that we have kings among us, and show to the civilized world the perfection and high standard of our American institutions. With us a sovereign never dies.

“To day we are met to think over, as individuals, the services of one who has done much to help forward the civilization of our present day. I don’t believe in dealing with the individualities of the time. I don’t believe that we can comprehend what our present and what our past has been and the wonderful effect that it will have in years to come upon the people who may follow us. I look upon the Grand Army of the Republic of this Nation, not as an organization where individual members are known and can be called by name, because in a few years they will be gone; their names will be forgotten. But the great fact that such an organization existed will never be obliterated.

ated from the history of mankind. While we may view those who were high in military circles, and while we may be mindful of their services, the time will come when the services they rendered will overcome their individuality and they will be known only in their works.

“When we think of the great subjects, when we think of the great problems and the great principles that were submitted to those in charge of this Nation in the days of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Lincoln, we are almost overcome with the ponderous thoughts that arise in their consideration. To-day, can you imagine President Lincoln in the White House at Washington in the days of 1861 looking over the Potomac and wondering if this Nation was to live or not? Can you see him, solitary and alone, almost unsupported, with his eyes streaming over the river, and the only hope he had was in the patriotism of Grant, the dash of Sherman and the fighting propensities of Hooker and Sheridan? How could he have given us peace without those great factors who helped him to success? It is, therefore, not with men that we propose to deal, but with those

facts and principles which have brought us here.

“Of General Sherman much can be said. No living man has had more written of him; no living man has come so to the fireside of every family in the land; no living General has been so before the people; no one has inspired by his example more than this man, whose successes and achievements we to-day reverence and admire. I speak of him as a Californian. We must remember that he was educated at West Point. By his early education he was trained as a strict disciplinarian, in a school where decorum and everything that goes to make up a true soldier were rigidly required; and yet we find him here in California as a pioneer. Many of you, no doubt, remember him—many of you remember him as a successful business man, a banker and a true civilian. It might seem impossible that he could ever forget his discipline and mingle with the people in a genial way, but he showed that he had another side to his character beside that of the mere soldier. He was in Louisiana when the flag was assailed, when the mutterings of treason were abroad in the land.

He did not stop to consider whether he himself should be benefited by remaining where he was, but he gave himself at once to the cause of the Union and the cause of right.

“Those who in that day questioned his judgment lived to know that he was calm in his procedure, sound in his conclusions; not only a civilian, but the ideal type of a soldier. When he planned that march from Atlanta to the sea, that shall live as long as time shall be and the history of this Government shall be written, he was not surrounded by circumstances that would lead to ease and quietude.

“ ‘Our bugle sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

“ ‘And reposing that night on his pallet of straw,
By the dim campfire that guarded the slain,
In the dead of the night a sweet vision he saw,
And thrice ere the morning he dreamed it again.’

“That grand victorious march so closely associated with the rebellion was conceived by him on the tented battle-field.

“He was never jealous of intelligence; he had no fight to make with his equals; he was modest in the extreme. The world never presented a picture where three men like Grant, Sheridan and Sherman might be seen, each trying to put laurels on the other’s brow. Speak to Grant, and he would tell you of the successes of Sheridan and the wonders done by Sherman. Speak to Sheridan, and he would tell you of the hero of Shiloh and the wonderful man of Atlanta. Speak to Sherman, and he would tell of Sheridan and Grant and fighting Joe Hooker. Where can you find such people on the face of the earth? Where can be found men with intelligence so great, ideas so broad and natures so generous that each wanted to place upon the other the wreath that he himself was justly entitled to from the hands and hearts of a generous people.

“Sherman is dead. His body and his presence will never be seen among us again. He was a factor, together with his comrades, in American civilization; he had opportunities that never will come again to any man; he was associated with those who were great in their respective capac-

ities, and he was born, lived, acted in an opportune time for the benefit of the whole world. He was as great as his opportunities; he was modest, as all great men are, and the fitting tributes to his memory are the criticisms of the whole world. No soldier ever dreaded his presence; no one with a just cause ever flinched from presenting it to him; in fact, he was a man—such a one as we have a right to imitate as a civilian, and such a one as we have a right to be proud of as a military hero. Peace to the just man's memory! Let it grow greener with the years! Let the mimic canvas show his benevolent features to posterity, and in the book of time the glorious record of his efforts write! Hold them up to men, and bid them claim a palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame."

BY GEN. HENRY W. SLOCUM.

“**I** JOINED General Sherman’s expedition from Atlanta, and was with it from that time until the close of the war. Every other day General Sherman rode with me.

“On these occasions, being a great talker, he was as entertaining a companion as could well be imagined. His conversation covered a wide range of subjects, but touched lightly on the one subject which at that time possessed the greatest interest for the whole country—the march itself and what was expected of it.

“General Sherman’s appearance at the time was about the same as it was in later years. He was angular, nervous, but giving every one the impression of being a man of great determination. At the same time he was of a sanguine temperament.

“From the time he started on the expedition, he never seemed for a moment to doubt that it

would ultimately prove successful. Nothing seemed to shake his faith in this respect. He never discussed his plans with me to any extent. It was not his habit to discuss them with his subordinates. He preferred saying little about what he intended to do until it became necessary. His self-reliance was remarkable.

“With his troops, General Sherman was exceedingly popular. This was perhaps but natural, as he had led them to success, and a commander in such a position generally is popular. While possibly he was not generous with his men, he was always just, and this fact they recognized and honored him for. His sense of justice caused him to be severe in his treatment of those who failed to do their duty. He always looked well after the welfare of those under his command, and was never above having a pleasant word for his men.

“The feeling of the Southern people against General Sherman was probably stronger than that felt against any other Northern General. It had never been General Sherman’s wish or intention to cause any unnecessary suffering to the people in the country through which he was

marching. For the burning of Columbia he was in no way responsible. Yet he was charged with it, with much bitterness, by the Southern people. As a matter of fact, the inhabitants of the place were themselves to blame for its burning. They had filled the streets with cotton, and when Sherman's army marched in, thinking to propitiate the soldiers, they had waylaid them with whiskey, which they gave to them in tin cups, as much as they would take, until every ugly fellow in the ranks was still uglier and half drunk.

"General Sherman always expressed great regret at the suffering caused by the burning of Columbia. He talked with me about it at the time, and frequently spoke of it after the war. Nothing was further from his intentions than that the city should be burned. He strove to burn everything useful to the Confederates; nothing else. When we first crossed into South Carolina we found we were walking on torpedoes planted in the road, and the troops did some burning on their own account, but General Sherman put a stop to it as soon as possible.

"One of the most astonishing things about

General Sherman was his memory. He never seemed to forget anything which he met with and which he thought might at any future time be of use to him. Having been stationed at Charleston before the war, he seemed to have the whole topography of the State at command. Frequently he was able to give information which was not found on the map.

“The subject of religion was seldom mentioned by General Sherman. He was not, however, a bigoted man, and the disappointment he felt at his son’s entering the priesthood, he believed, was due not to the fact that he had become a priest, but to the fact that he had deserted the profession which was his father’s choice, and in which he was already gaining an enviable reputation.

“On politics he was not as reticent, but frequently declared he wanted nothing to do with them and that he would not even become a candidate for the Presidency. General Grant, he also declared, had made a mistake in accepting the Presidency, as his reputation as a soldier was worth more than any civil distinction he could attain.”

BY SENATOR MORGAN.

“ON this occasion of national solemnity I would lead the thoughts and sympathies of the American Senate back to those days in our history when Gen. Sherman was, by a choice greatly honorable to his nature, a citizen of the State of Louisiana, and presided over a college for the instruction of Southern youths in the arts of war and the arts of peace. Those were not worse days than some we have seen during the last half of this century. In those days, notwithstanding the conditions of the South, in view of its institutions inherited from the older States of the East, every American was as welcome in Louisiana and the South as he was elsewhere in the Union. We are gradually and surely returning to that cordial state of feeling which was unhappily interrupted by the civil war.

“Our fathers taught us that it was the highest patriotism to defend the Constitution of the coun-

try. But they had left within its body guarantees of an institution that the will of the majority, finally determined, should no longer exist and which put the conscience of the people to the severest test. Looking back now to the beginning of this century, and to the conflict of opinion and of material interests engendered by those guarantees, we can see that they never could have been stricken out of the organic law except by a conflict of arms. The conflict came, as it was bound to come, and Americans became enemies as they were bound to be in the settlement of issues that involved so much money, such radical political results, and the pride of a great and illustrious race of people. The power rested with the victors at the close of the conflict, but not all the honors of the desperate warfare. Indeed, the survivors are now winning honors, enriched with justice and magnanimity, not less worthy than those who won the battles, in their labors to restore the country to its former feeling of fraternal regard and to unity of sentiment and action and to promote its welfare.

“The fidelity of the great General who has

just departed in the ripeness of age, and with a history marked by devotion to his flag, was the true and simple faith of an American to his convictions of duty. We differed with him, and contested campaigns and battle-fields with him, but we welcome the history of the great soldier as the proud inheritance of our country. We do this as cordially and as sincerely as we gave him welcome in the South as one of our people, when our sons were confided to his care, in a relation that (next to paternity) had its influence upon the young men of the country.

“The great military leaders on both sides of our civil war are rapidly marching across the border to a land where history and truth and justice must decide upon every man’s career. When they meet there they will be happy to find that the honor of human actions is not always measured by their vision, but by the motives in which they had their origin. I cherish the proud belief that the heroes of the civil war will find that, measured by this standard, none of them, on either side, were delinquent, and they will be happy in an association that will never end and

will never be disturbed by an evil thought jealousy, or distrust. When a line so narrow divides us from those high courts in which our actions are to be judged by their motives, and when so many millions now living, and increasing millions to follow, are to be affected by the wisdom of our enactments, we will do well to give up this day to reflection upon our duties and (in sympathy with this great country) to dedicate the day to his memory. In such a retrospect we shall find an admonition that an American Senate should meet, on this side of the fatal line of death, as the American Generals meet on the other side, to render justice to each other and to make our beloved country as happy, comparatively, as we should wish the great beyond to be to those great spirits."

BY SENATOR HAWLEY.

“**H**E was a great soldier by the judgment of the great soldiers of the world. In time of peace he had been a great citizen, glowing and abounding with love of country and of all humanity. His glorious soul appeared in every look, gesture, and word.

“The history of our country is rich in soldiers who have set examples of simple soldierly obedience to the civil law and of self-abnegation. Washington, Grant, Sheridan and Sherman lead the list. Sherman was the last of the illustrious trio who were by universal consent the foremost figures in the armies of the Union in the late war. Among the precious traditions (to pass into our history for the admiration of the old and the instruction of the young) was their friendship, their most harmonious co-operation without a shadow of ambition or pride. When Gen. Grant was called to Washington to take command of the armies of the Union his great heart did not forget the men who stood by him.”

BY HON. CARL SCHURZ.

"HISTORY will not fail to record that this great General was, as a victorious soldier, a model of republican citizenship. When he had done his illustrious deeds, he rose step by step to the highest rank in the army, and then, grown old, he retired. The Republic made provision for him in modest republican style. He was satisfied. He asked for no higher reward. Although the splendor of his achievements, and the personal affection for him which every one of his soldiers carried home, made him the most popular American of his day, and although the most glittering prizes were not seldom held up before his eyes, he remained untroubled by ulterior ambition. No thought that the Republic owed him more ever darkened his mind. No man could have spoken to him of the 'ingratitude of republics' without meeting from him a stern rebuke. And so, content with the consciousness of a great duty nobly done, he was happy in the love of his fellow-citizens."

BY EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

“MY intimate acquaintance with General Sherman dates only since the war. I had been on friendly terms with him for about twenty-five years. He was so well-known to the whole people, and especially to the Union soldiers, that there is hardly any reason for off-hand talk about him. There are probably few men who ever lived in any country who were known and loved as General Sherman was. He was the idol of the soldiers of the Union Army. His presence at soldiers’ meetings and with soldiers’ societies and organizations was always hailed with the utmost delight. When the General was present the enthusiasm created by his inspiring presence was such as to make him the chief attraction at all important gatherings. He was always cordial and very happy in his greetings of his comrades. He was full of the comrade spirit, and all, from the humblest soldier to the corps com-

mander, were equally gratified by the way in which they were met and greeted by General Sherman.

“He will be greatly missed and greatly mourned by the whole body of men who served with and under him, and, indeed, by all the soldiers of all the armies. He was generally regarded by them as the military genius of the war. He was a voluminous writer, and a ready, prompt and capital talker. Probably no man who was connected with the war said as many things which will be remembered and quoted hereafter as did General Sherman.

“In figure, in face and in bearing he was the ideal soldier. I think that it can be said of him as he once said of another, that ‘with him gone, the world seems less bright and less cheerful than it was before.’ The soldiers in looking around for consolation for his death will find much in the fact that he lived so long—almost twenty-six years after the final victory. There is also some consolation in the fact that he has gone before age and disease had impaired his wonderful powers and attractions. He was, in short, the

most picturesque, magnetic and original character in the great conflict. He was occasionally in his writings and talk wonderfully pathetic. I recall nothing connected with the war that was finer in that way than a letter which he wrote, probably during the second year of the war, when his son, about ten years old, who was named after the General, died in camp. The boy fancied that he belonged to a regiment in his father's command, and the members of the regiment were very attentive to him during his sickness, and at the time of his death General Sherman wrote a letter to men of the regiment, thanking them for what they had done. I cannot now recall the terms of that letter, but I doubt not that if it were now published many an eye would moisten as it was read.

"A very noble trait in the character of General Sherman was the fidelity of his friendships. His loyal support of Grant under all the circumstances cannot be surpassed in all the history of the relations between eminent men engaged in a common cause."

BY HON. CHARLES F MANDERSON.

"UNITED STATES SENATE,

"Washington, D. C., March 9, 1891.

"R. H. WOODWARD & Co.,

220 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

"*Dear Sirs:*—Your favor of the 4th instant is received. I really have not the time to comply with your request that I should write an article for publication on General Sherman, of such character as the man and the object you seek to accomplish, would naturally require. I send you herewith enclosed a clipping from the *Congressional Record* which contains an unprepared tribute that I paid to his memory when the news of his death came to the United States Senate. I met, and came to know General Sherman at an early period in the war. I served under him during the great Atlanta Campaign, in command of my regiment and part of the time in command of a demi-brigade. Since the war it has been my

good fortune and great pleasure to have seen much of him, and with all others who came in contact with him, I not only had the highest respect for his great ability, but a strong affection that naturally resulted from his many delightful traits of mind and heart. He is enshrined in the hearts of the American people and there will always be among those who served with and knew him, a greater degree of affection than would be extended toward any other of the great leaders of the Union cause in the War of the Rebellion. On his 70th birthday, Senator Squire, of Washington, General Anson G. McCook, Secretary of the Senate, and I, joined in a telegram to him congratulating him upon his good health and wishing that he might live long to enjoy the love of his countrymen. February 9th, 1890, I received a letter from him of which I will quote a part, because it shows the kindness of his nature and the affection that he bore for those who had served with him. He says:

“*My dear and good friends*:—Such a kind and gracious message as you sent me yesterday, my 70th birthday, fell like the dew of Heaven on the

head of your old commander, and may revive his vital energy that he may yet dance at some of your funerals. One thing is certain: spite of the voracious newspaper correspondents, his hair is not silvered over, but remains the same old chestnut sorrel it was the days we played soldier. Yesterday, letters, telegrams, presents and flowers showered in on him till he was bewildered, and now asks McCook to come to his relief on the theory that grave and reverend Senators cannot stoop to such trifles. Did you jointly or severally send, or order to be sent, a composite bouquet showing the glory of our national coat of arms with the stars and stripes all proper? If so, I beg to thank you and compliment your florist on his skill. If not, I must seek for the donor elsewhere, because yesterday my household became a little mixed, but now the dishes are all washed, the house got in order, and I am now left to guess who sent this or that and the why and wherefore. If an ordinary birthday occasions such a commotion, don't expect an invitation until my centennial in 1920. With a love and affection for my comrades of the War—once

young, now in prime manhood or old age—which grows in intensity with each receding year, I am sincerely, Your friend,

“ ‘W. T. SHERMAN.’

“I think that nothing could show the warmth of General Sherman’s nature better than this letter.

“I hope that some one may give to the world before a great while, so that his old comrades in arms can enjoy reading the work, a *carefully edited* book, giving his letters and speeches since the war. They breathe a kindliness of spirit, a soundness of sense and patriotism so exalted that they would result in great good to coming generations of the Republic.

“Truly Yours,

“CHARLES F. MANDERSON.”

“MR. MANDERSON. Mr. President, as the waiting hours of the last two or three expectant days have passed away I have not had the heart to make that preparation for the sad event, by all feared and dreaded, that would seem to be meet and appropriate. An effort to prepare anything during the life of the great one that might be in

the nature of a *post mortem* tribute seemed to me like a surrender to an enemy.

“This death comes to us, although we might have been prepared for it, as the unexpected, for hope has been with us all. This is a day, Mr. President, as is suggested in the message which we have received from the Chief Executive, of national mourning and of widespread grief. Here at the capital of the nation lies ready for interment the body of the great Admiral, the chief of the Navy, and in New York, being prepared for the last sad rites, is the corpse of the greatest military genius this nation has produced.

“Mr. President, he was not only great as a military leader, but, as suggested by the Senator from Connecticut [MR. HAWLEY], he was equally great as a civilian. Who is there that has stood by General Sherman and heard him tell in vivid words of the events and observations of his wonderful career but has felt an admiration for the man and a respect for his ability such as he could feel for no other with whom he came in contact? How eventful that career! How varied his experience! We have heard him speak of his life in

the early days in California, of that brave struggle he, with others, made to carve out the great empires of the Pacific Slope. We have heard the story of his going to the South and of his passing into semi-obscurity, to emerge from it when the nation called her sons to arms for her defence, and become the brightest and most brilliant of all her military leaders.

“General Sherman, Mr. President, was perhaps the only man, in the North at least, who in the early days of the war seemed to appreciate to the full what this terrible conflict meant. His life in the South, that broad and extended observation that had been his to make over all this broad land, and his knowledge of men, had taught him that the crushing of the rebellion would be no ‘break-fast job.’

“We well remember how it was said in the days of 1861 that he must be insane to make the suggestions that he did, We recall how, when, in Kentucky, he was at the head of a body of troops numbering less than 20,000, in conversation with General Halleck, I think it was, who was sent to consult with him, he said that to hold the

lines of defence merely in Kentucky would take 60,000 men, and that before the Union troops were through with the task in the centre and be able to make aggressive attack 200,000 men must be called to arms for duty there. This suggestion was one so startling to the country that it is not to be wondered at that men doubted his sanity.

"He seemed, Mr. President, to live, as men of great genius are said to live, in that debatable ground which is sometimes referred to as existing between the line of perfect sanity and insanity.

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied."

"His military career really opened at Shiloh. It was not my fortune to serve under him at Shiloh. I was with the column of Buell that marched down from Nashville to Savannah and crossed the river on the evening of the first day. There can be no question about it, and there is no man who witnessed that scene who does not know that that first day of Shiloh was one of disaster and great danger to the Union arms. But there were two men on that battle-field, however, who did not know that they were whipped. One was

Ulysses S. Grant, the captain, and the other was William Tecumseh Sherman, the lieutenant. They 'wrested victory from the jaws of defeat.'

"We follow, in thought, his career from Shiloh to Vicksburg. In that wonderful campaign and memorable siege there was a renewal of that affinity, that brotherhood in thought and action, that seemed to exist between Grant and Sherman. There was never aught of jealousy between those great men. The Senator from Connecticut [MR. HAWLEY] has read the glowing tributes of the one to the other. They acted in unison, and were an impelling force before which everything gave way.

"What an exultant feeling of victory went over the country when, on that memorable day in July, Vicksburg fell! It was the ray of hope piercing the gloom. It seemed to the patriotic North, weary with much waiting, as the prophecy of ultimate success.

"He came east with the Army of the Tennessee. We, who were of the Army of the Cumberland under Thomas, joined forces with Sherman's men of the far West at Chattanooga. That great

victory, conceived by Grant, achieved under Sherman and Thomas, and where the entering wedge of battle was driven by Sherman at Tunnel Hill, has been sung in song and written in story. It was the fitting overture of that wonderful Atlanta campaign. There will be to the student of warfare no recital more interesting, no lesson more instructive, than that which comes from that over one hundred days of fighting from Catoosa Springs to Lovejoy Station, which ended in the capture of Atlanta. There was the steady unfaltering pressure of tremendous military power and a master hand guiding the resistless force.

“There was in front of the Union soldier a foeman worthy of his steel. The conduct of the Confederate Army under its skillful leader in its masterly retreat during that campaign is one that is unequaled in the history of war, and had there not been at the head of the Union forces a soldier so admirably equipped as Sherman, I do not believe that Atlanta, that Gate City of the South, would have been ours. The capture of that city, the opening of that gate, permitted the ‘march to the sea,’ over which orators grew eloquent, and

which produced the familiar song which will live forever in the poetry of nations, and be the tune of inspiration to the daring of soldiers while war shall be.

“General Sherman not only knew what this war was to be, but he knew what war meant beyond any man who fought on either side. I have sent to the Library and procured his Memoirs, desiring to refer for a moment to a letter written by him to the Mayor of the city when his army had occupied Atlanta after it had been evacuated by the Confederate troops. I sent for it that I might refresh my memory and be able to give here and now what Sherman’s idea of war was, and what he believed were the duties of peace.

“I know there is a common conception that Sherman waged war cruelly, and that he was not actuated by those finer motives which sometimes prompt men who see their duty differently. This was not so, and in this letter to the Mayor and City Council of Atlanta, when they were pleading that their women and children might be allowed to remain within the fortifications of this captured

city, he showed not only full appreciation of war's horrors, but displayed his knowledge of how its terrors could be best ended to those who were suffering from it. He wrote:

“‘We must have peace, not only at Atlanta, but in all America. To secure this we must stop the war that now desolates our once happy and favored country. To stop the war we must defeat the rebel armies which are arrayed against the laws and Constitution that all must respect and obey. To defeat those armies we must prepare the way to reach them in their recesses, provided with the arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purpose.

* * * * *

“‘You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will. War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and those who brought war into our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out. I know I had no hand in making this war, and I know I will make more sacrifices to-day than any of you to secure peace. But you cannot have peace and a division of our country.

* * * * *

“ ‘Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the National Government, and, instead of devoting your houses and streets and roads to the dread uses of war, I and this army become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from what quarter it may.

* * * * *

“ ‘I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through union and war, and I will ever conduct war with a view to perfect and early success.’

“The unfortunate thing was that this important lesson was not taught earlier in the days of our civil strife. Had it been it would have saved many thousands of lives and untold suffering to this country.

“General Sherman never trifled with his duty. He appreciated the duty of peace as well; and I believe the sentence came from the inmost recesses of his heart when he wrote in this same letter these words:

“ ‘But, my dear sirs, when peace does come,

you may call on me for anything. Then will I share with you the last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter.'

"He did full duty in peace or war. Estimable as a citizen, and as fully appreciating the duties of a civilian as he was admirable as a soldier.

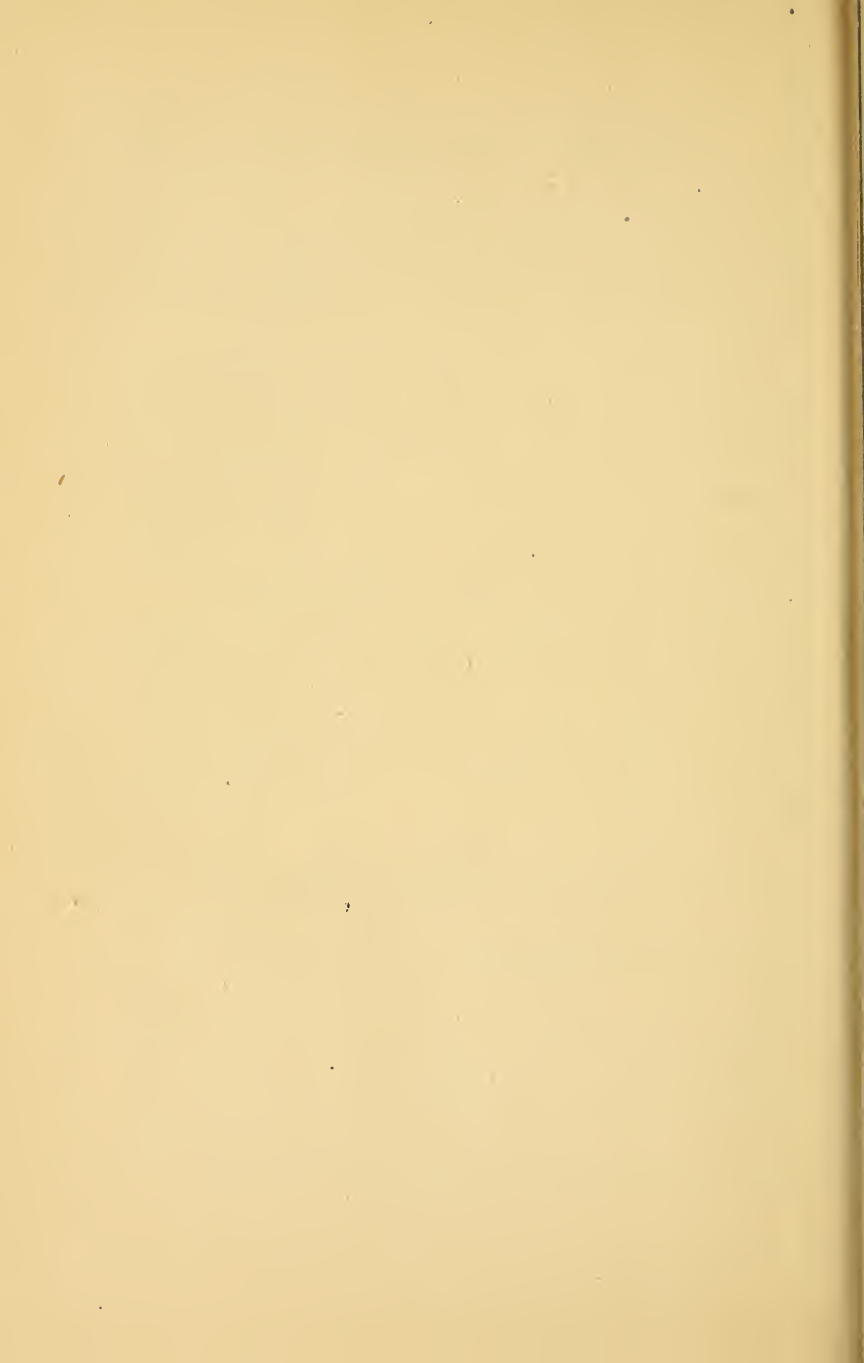
"But, Mr. President, the strife that we have watched with such intense interest for the past few days has ceased. The conflict has ended. A nation has witnessed it. Sixty millions of people have stood in silence watching for the supreme result. Death, ever victorious, is again a victor. A great conqueror is himself conquered. Our captain lies dead!

"The pale lip saith to the sunken eye,

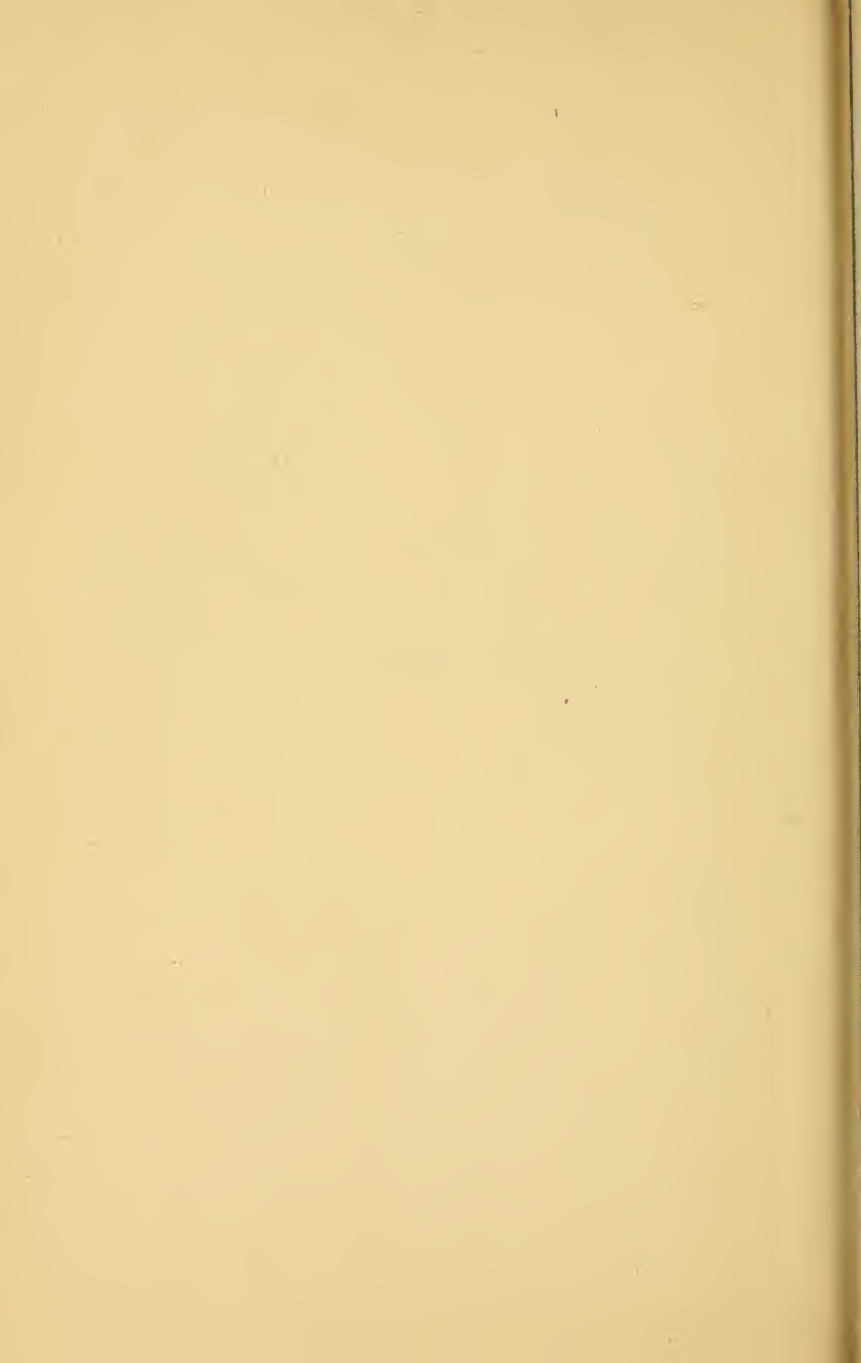
'Where is thy kindling glance?'

'And where thy winning smile,'

It makes reply."



APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

OLD TIMES IN CALIFORNIA.

THE rise and development of California and of the Pacific States and Territories seem to have more interest to the present generation than the slower, steadier growth of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Colorado, etc. The Southeastern States of the Union, though making large progress, have seemingly withdrawn from competition with the Great West.

There are plenty of histories of California, and all I now propose is to supply from my own memory some episodes illustrating the American method for a State or group of States to pass from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. In 1846 there were two distinct Californias—Upper and Lower.

* By special permission and kindness of the Editor of *North American Review*, we are enabled to give extracts from several very interesting and valuable articles by General Sherman.

The name of California is generally supposed to come from the two Latin words, calor (heat), fornax (oven). This name might properly apply to Lower, but not to Upper California. Upper California has a temperate climate, and was first colonized by pious people from Mexico, who solely aimed to Christianize the native Indians. When our ancestors were fighting the French in Canada (1756), and afterwards fighting for the Independence of the Colonies from the Dominion of Great Britain (1775-83), these pious people were employed in founding the missions of San Diego, San Louis Rey, St. Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, Maria de los Angeles, San Fernando, Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Inez, San Luis Obispo, San Miguel, Soledad, Monterey, San Juan Bautista, Santa Clara, San Francisco de Asiz, San Rafael and Sonoma. The Indians of the Pacific Coast were a most submissive race, were taught agriculture and some of the ruder arts, and the period from 1756 to 1830 is, or was, described as a sort of Elysium.

In 1821 the Republic of Mexico fought for and gained her independence from Spain, thereby

becoming sovereign of both the Californias. The missions named were soon after "secularized"—that is, were reduced to civil instead of religious rule. The authority of the priests thereby became limited to their churches, schools, gardens, orchards, etc., and Mexico granted their other or surplus lands and privileges to outsiders and immigrants. Old soldiers were thus compensated for services to Mexico, and as a rule these new settlers, or *rancheros*, devoted their time to the rearing of horses, cattle and sheep. There never was or can be a better description of California in that epoch (1830-35) than is contained in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," accessible to every reader.

In 1846 the United States declared war to exist with Mexico, and I, as a Lieutenant of Captain C. Q. Tompkins' company of the Third Artillery, was sent in the U. S. store-ship "Lexington" to California, around Cape Horn, 198 days buffeting with the winds and waves, yet arriving, January 29, 1847, at Monterey, the most speedy and convenient route possible at that day. There was no city of San Francisco

then. Our orders were to occupy and hold Monterey, the capital of Alta, or Upper California. We found there a lieutenant of U. S. Marines (Maddox), and a midshipman (Baldwin), who transferred the public property to us most gracefully, and our Company F, Third Artillery, Captain C. Q. Tompkins, became masters of the situation.

The frigate "Independence" lay in the harbor, commanded by Commodore William Bransford Shubrick, a native of South Carolina, one of the most accomplished gentlemen I have ever met. I happened to be on board that frigate dining with the ward-room officers when the sloop-of-war "Cyane," Captain Du Pont, was reported off the harbor coming in from San Diego. In that sloop was General S. W. Kearney, of the regular army of the United States, who, with a smart escort, had come across the continent with orders to command the land forces, leaving the navy equal control at sea.

Thus wisely and properly the division of power was adjusted, order and system resulted, and from that day to this Upper California has

grown by the natural law of American development, whilst Lower California yet remains *in statu quo*, a province of Mexico.

In 1847, only forty-two years ago, there was no such thing as a mail in California. Letters came straggling by chance ships from China, Valparaiso, Callao, and the Sandwich Islands.

The Adjutant-General of the army, afterwards from Washington, sent across land, by Kit Carson, F. X. Aubrey and Roubideaux, a few official letters once a year by way of Fort Leavenworth, Santa Fé, Los Angeles, etc., starting usually in September of each year, and reaching our headquarters at Monterey in May of the following year. That was the surest and most expeditious way we in California could receive letters from our Eastern friends in 1847, 1848 and part of 1849.

As soon as General S. W. Kearney had established his headquarters in Monterey (March, 1847), he ordered the quartermaster, Captain Folsom, at Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), to establish a semi-monthly mail from San Francisco to San Diego, a distance of 500 miles.

Captain Folsom divided the route into four parts—San Francisco to Monterey, Monterey to "Dana's" (Nepoma), Dana's to Los Angeles, and Los Angeles to San Diego. This was the first regular mail route ever established on the Pacific Coast. General Kearney, in May, 1847, returned to what was then called the United States, leaving Colonel R. B. Mason, First Dragoons, in his place, and me as his Adjutant-General. All reports, messages, etc., came to me, and I had a small adobe house, with a negro boy, "Jim," who was supposed to take care of me. The mail-rider from Monterey to Dana's was an old trapper, Jim Beckworth, a counterpart of Jim Bridger, except that Beckworth was a cross between a *voyageur* of Canada and a Crow Indian, and was, in my estimate, one of the best chroniclers of events on the plains that I have ever encountered, though his reputation for veracity was not good.

Some time in the fall of 1848 I was seated in my room at Monterey when Jim Beckworth came in with his saddle-bags of mail and exclaimed: "Leftenant, they killed them all, not even spar-

ing the baby." "Jim," said I, "what the devil are you talking about? None of your lies, now!" "I tell you, Leftenant," repeated Jim, "that they killed them all, not even sparing the baby."

After overhauling the mail of letters from San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, etc., most of which it was my duty to forward by another express messenger to Yerba Buena, I naturally turned to Jim Beckworth. "What is this you report?" With an earnestness not to be mistaken, he reiterated: "Leftenant, I tell you that Reed at San Miguel is killed, all his family and servants, not excepting the baby." He then told me, with a vividness of detail not exceeded by Dickens, how he had received his mail at Dana's, had ridden to San Luis Obispo, and so on to San Miguel. Approaching this mission at night, he observed the absence of the usual lights. Still he drove his two spare horses into the interior corral, hitched his own to a post, went as usual into the kitchen for his supper, and saw the Indian cook, as he supposed, on the floor asleep. Trying to arouse him, he found his own hand covered with warm blood. Then, fully alarmed,

he regained his horse and went on to the nearest ranche, some five miles off, gathered a few friends, and returned to the mission. Hiding their horses in the orchard, they crept up to the Mission of San Miguel and gained the kitchen; the body of the cook was gone, but it had left a trace which they followed to a back building, where were piled, along with old beams and rafters, the dead bodies of Reed, his wife, children, and servants, all murdered, and meant to be consumed, along with the mission itself, by the murderers. The whole scene was so horrid that Jim Beckworth, though he had spent his whole life with Indians and hunters, confessed that he was *scared*, that he regained his horse down in the orchard, and did not stop till he reached me, ninety miles away at Monterey. Satisfied that he was telling me as near the truth as Jim Beckworth could, I took him to the quarters of Colonel R. B. Mason, commanding the Department, where he repeated the same story. Colonel Mason instructed me to go up to the fort on the hill and order Lieutenant Ord to take a detachment of soldiers, to proceed with all pos-

sible dispatch to San Miguel, to ascertain the facts, and pursue the murderers to the death. This event occurred during the Mexican war, when the military power in California was superior to the civil, though we tolerated judges of the First Instance, Alcaldes, etc., to administer civil justice among the people, who universally spoke the Spanish language and respected the old Mexican laws. Also, at that date, everybody traveled on horseback, usually with three horses to one rider, two driven ahead and one under saddle. Thus our habit was to make ten leagues or thirty miles a day, and, if necessity required, as much as a hundred miles a day, always at a gallop, without baggage or food, except "jerked beef" and "pinole" (parched corn), tied to the saddle. Lieutenant Ord, with his detachment, was off before midnight, reached San Miguel (ninety miles) the next day, found Jim Beckworth's story true, got the trail of the murderers, which led south by Santa Inez, back of Santa Barbara, and at the Rinconada, twenty-five miles south, he overtook the party, who proved to be four deserters from the sloop-of-war "Warren," lying in the harbor

of Monterey. They had a running fight, in which Ord lost one of his men, killed the ring-leader, and captured the other three men. These three confessed everything, and, as usual, threw off the crime on their dead comrade, their "nameless leader."

Gold was discovered at Sutter's Sawmill, Coloma, early in 1848. In the autumn of that year, no story was too big to be swallowed. Soldiers and sailors believed that men at the mines were shoveling gold in bags by the ton, and they deserted their posts and their ships to share in this "bonanza." Four men deserted from the United States sloop-of-war "Warren," at Monterey, with little or no knowledge of geography, but impelled by the universal greed for gold. By some means they got horses, only worth from \$5 to \$8 apiece, and on an evening of October, 1848, found themselves near the old mission of San Miguel. This mission had been leased from the padre, or priest, by an Irishman named Reed, with a native wife, half a dozen children and servants, a few horses, cattle and sheep. He had been to the mines with a flock of sheep,

which he sold at a gold ounce—\$16—apiece, when a few months before they were only worth \$1.25 apiece.

These deserters unsaddled and picketed their horses in the valley, where the grass was good, walked up to the mission, and were received by Reed, as always, most hospitably. The mission was, like all others in California, built in a quadrangle, enclosing a space used as a corral for cattle, horses, or sheep. The front included the church, the residence of the priest, and of the *gente de razon*, the quality or better class. The sides of the quadrangle sheltered the neophytes, the workmen and women of the mission, and the rear building, facing inwards, generally served as work-shops, store-rooms, etc., etc. About the middle of the main front was a gate closed at night, making the whole defensible. All the buildings were habitually of one story, except the church, were of adobes (sun-dried bricks), with the tile roofs, dirt floors, and barred windows, projecting or porch roofs inside. Such was the mission of San Miguel in the fall of 1848.

When these four men came, Reed received them in his accustomed manner, gave them supper, and invited them to share his hospitality. In one corner of his room was a fireplace with chimney, not usual at that date, and behind in the same room was a pile of wood with an axe. In that same room was an ordinary *seaman's chest*. Sitting by this fire smoking their pipes, Reed naturally inquired: "Boys, where are you going?" Their leader answered: "We are deserters from the sloop-of-war 'Warren,' anchored at Monterey, and we are bound for the gold mines." Reed said: "You are on the wrong road; you should have gone by St. Juan Bautista, Cacheco's, etc., to the Stanislaus." The leader said they had taken this the longer road to avoid the chances of capture.

Then a general conversation ensued about the gold mines. Reed said he had been there, and the miners were making piles of gold. He had sold sheep for \$16 not worth more than a dollar and a quarter a few months before, and intimated that the *seaman's chest* contained the results of his speculation. The leader of these deserters

went back to the wood-pile, seemingly to replenish the fire, but took the axe, approached Reed from behind, and clove his skull. Then ensued pandemonium. The mother and her babe in the next room, the children begging for their lives, and, finally, the servants, including the cook, *all—all*—were murdered. Then came the sound of Jim Beckworth, with his two extra mail horses. The deserters naturally hid themselves, but when Jim had found the cook with fresh blood, and had departed, they searched the mission for gold. The seaman's chest contained little or no gold; only some presents of calico which Reed had bought for his children. They then dragged the bodies to the rear building, piled them up with old rafters, intending to burn the mission, and thereby efface all traces of their guilt. The opportune return of Jim Beckworth, with his posse of rancheros, again disturbed them. They regained their horses, and fled south.

As before stated, Lieutenant Ord (afterwards Brigadier-General E. O. C. Ord, of the regular army) overtook them at the Angustura Pass,

below Santa Barbara, killed the leader, took the other three back to Santa Barbara, and delivered them to the Alcalde, Lewis Dent, brother of Mrs. General Grant.

They all made full confessions, had a fair trial, and were sentenced to be shot. They *were* shot, Lieutenant Ord and his detachment present, but not assisting; and no men ever better deserved death than these three. When Lieutenant Ord returned to Monterey and reported what he had done, Colonel R. B. Mason, a strict constructionist, doubted Ord's right to assist in what he construed as an unlawful act; but I always contended that my orders to Ord to follow the murderers "to the death" were Colonel Mason's orders, and were absolute and final. At all events, time has settled this question forever.

California, from 1848 to 1888, passed through all the phases of civilization which England did in the past thousand years. In 1846 it was an outlying Mexican Province. At that time there was not a shod horse in California, not a tavern, hotel, or even a common wagon road. We trav-

elled by trails, on horseback, sleeping by the road-side, eating jerked meat or game shot with our rifles. And now California has *better* hotels, *better* markets, more convenient appurtenances for travel than London, Paris or Vienna, and as good stores, factories and machine-shops.

When I first rode into Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), in 1847, I could not command a roof, a common meal, or even buy oats, barley or hay for my tired horse. *Now*, anybody can obtain a good carriage, hotel, and room as luxurious as can be found in the world. By the law of virtual velocities this transition has been sudden, violent and necessary. The existence of San Francisco on the Pacific coast was demanded by the civilization of the whole world, —a necessary link between Europe, America, Japan, China, etc. Mexico was not equal to accomplish this task, and we of the United States have the right to claim the perfect fulfillment of a noble task in the grand march of civilization which must encompass the globe.

But it is not of this problem that I now want to treat, but of episodes which have marked its

progress up to the present moment, leaving to others to fulfill Burns' prophecy that "man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be."

The recent death of Admiral Baldwin in this city recalls to my memory a most interesting incident, and one illustrative of the development of civilization on the Pacific coast.

As soon as the United States had become possessed of California, arrangements for a more perfect communication with it were begun, even before the discovery of gold had attracted world-wide attention. A contract was made for a monthly steamship line from New York and New Orleans to California by way of Panama. The first of these steamers, the "California," reached Monterey February 23, 1849; the next, the "Oregon," in March, and the "Panama" in April. Thereafter we had a monthly mail to the "United States." Of this line Wm. H. Aspinwall & Co. became the owners. Subsequently a rival line was established by way of Nicaragua, of which Mr. Vanderbilt was the chief owner. Being in San Francisco in the autumn of 1853, and having business in St. Louis and

New York, I took passage by way of Nicaragua in the side-wheeler "Brother Jonathan," of which Lieutenant Baldwin, U. S. Navy, was the captain. He may have resigned from the navy before that date; but he was every inch a sailor, a gentleman, a type of the school in which he had been reared, and the same who, when a midshipman, had been relieved by us of the command of that block-house at Monterey in 1847.

Our voyage down the coast was uneventful, with about one hundred and fifty first-class passengers going home from California, and about four hundred and fifty steerage passengers. When off the coast of Lower California, one morning, Baldwin and I were standing on the hurricane deck near the pilot-house, when we noticed some commotion and unusual noise among the steerage passengers on the deck below—the spar deck,—and presently a strong, stout man, who had a rope around his neck, was shoved forward by a crowd of angry men, and one of the steerage passengers had shinned up the jack-staff at the very bow, where was a

cross-jack, over which the rope was passed, and five minutes more that man would have been struggling as from a gallows. Baldwin called out: "What are you men about?" But not the least attention was paid to him. He was then at his prime, about thirty-one years of age. He jumped to the lower deck, seized a handspike from the rail, and felled three or four of the ringleaders, all the time calling on the steerage passengers to desist, and for his mates and crew to come to his help. At last there was a pause, and one of the steerage passengers spoke to him: "Captain, this man is a gambler, a rascal, a thief duly convicted, and we mean to hang him." Baldwin replied: "This is a United States ship. I am captain, and you are passengers. That flag which is at the peak is sacred. No violence shall be done one of my passengers without my consent. Take off that rope, and leave me to be the judge." "No! Captain, we respect you; but we intend to hang this man." Through this delay the mates, crew and cabin passengers had come to the relief of the captain; the noose was taken from the neck

of the trembling man, and he was safely escorted to a lower state-room, and there securely guarded. Then the angry men told Captain Baldwin that the man he had rescued from certain death was a well-known gambler of San Francisco; that he was the owner of a nugget of gold nominally worth about five hundred dollars; that, being "short," he had offered it for sale to his fellow-passengers, and had finally put it up to raffle,—fifty chances at ten dollars a chance; that it had been won by a young lad from Illinois, who was returning home as poor as he went, and who was so overjoyed at winning this prize, which he could take home to his grandmother, that he went around to show it to his fellow-passengers. I remember his coming to me, his face beaming with satisfaction; but he afterwards showed it to a doctor, who was more suspicious, and who, with his knife-blade, detached some pieces of quartz, and developed the fact that the "nugget of gold" was only lead coated with gold by electricity. The boy was correspondingly indignant at this palpable swindle, aroused the passions of his fellow-steer-

age passengers, and these would have hung that man in another five minutes had not Captain Baldwin interposed. The gambler claimed that he had bought the nugget in San Francisco, had, himself, been imposed on, and showed a bill of sale. After some negotiation, Baldwin consented to an investigation, which resulted in a regular "miners' court," on the hurricane deck of the "Brother Jonathan." An old gentleman named Kelly—the same who owned Kelly's Island in Lake Erie, famous for its grapes—was chosen as judge; a good jury of twelve men was impaneled; a prosecuting attorney was appointed, and the prisoner was allowed to choose his own counsel. Baldwin had the awning spread, and chairs and benches for the court, witnesses and spectators, of whom I was one; and I have rarely seen a more dignified court. The testimony was full and complete; the arguments of counsel were really brilliant; the charge of the judge dignified, and the jury retired. In due time the foreman sent word that the jury had come to a verdict. All again assembled on that hurricane deck, and the ver-

dict was rendered: "Guilty; the worthless nugget to be cast into the sea; the money the gambler had actually received to be given to the Illinois boy (about \$350), and the gambler to be punished with hickory withes as soon as he got ashore in Nicaragua." The result was that Captain Baldwin maintained the honor and discipline of his ship, the boy got the net proceeds of the lottery, and as there is not a "hickory withe" within a thousand miles of Nicaragua, I infer that that gambler got off without a beating.

It is a matter of history that I, individually and officially, opposed the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco in 1856, because I believed the time had passed for such extreme measures; that the courts, especially Judge Norton's, were better qualified to try the cases which caused so much feeling than any which could be devised by the Vigilance Committee; and I knew that the Governor of the State, J. Neely Johnson, was resolved to execute the lawful sentences of the courts.

Absolute and perfect obedience to the Consti-

tution of the United States is, and should be, the duty and pride of every good citizen. The fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth amendments guarantee to the vilest criminal protection till duly convicted, and to no single man or community is given the right to set aside these fundamental principles of eternal justice.

In due time the "Brother Jonathan" reached San Juan del Sur, and we all scrambled to get across to Greytown and home. I have seen none of these people since; but with Baldwin as Midshipman, Lieutenant, Captain, Commodore, and Admiral, I have been associated ever since; and but a few weeks ago I saw the casket inclosing his body lowered into an honored tomb.

If our Government will continue to encourage such men, no American need entertain a doubt of the future of his country.

Wholesale murders, mobs, miners' courts, and vigilance committees have long ceased in California. We go there to-day in palace cars, with every luxury and comfort, in less than one week, knowing that for a reasonable consideration the Palace, Baldwin, Cosmopolitan and Lick

hotels will receive us, and give better entertainment than the Grand of Paris or Langham of London. Justice and law are as well enforced there as here in New York, and all the manufactures, trade and business are conducted on a scale which fully measures the demand.

Such transformations have not occurred in the same time since the creation of the earth, and seem more like the fables of the Arabian Nights than a reality; yet these things are the creations of American energy. Nothing but the folly of man can check this progress, and the modern Ku-Klux and White Caps should take warning, and join in this general advance by honest, persistent, methods rather than by spasmodic attempts. Let them reform themselves and take the beam out of their own eyes before seeking the mote in others—a measure sanctioned by high authority.

W. T. SHERMAN.

GRANT, THOMAS, LEE.

IN *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, 1887, published in London and New York, appears a most interesting article of ten pages, from the pen of General Lord Wolseley, in which, reviewing the recent Memoirs of Robert E. Lee, his Military and Personal History, by General A. L. Long and General Marcus J. Wright, General Wolseley describes his personal acquaintance in 1862 with that famous man, the great impression made by his graceful manner and profound intelligence, and concludes with the following paragraph: "When all the angry feelings roused by secession are buried with those which existed when the Declaration of Independence was written, when Americans can review the history of their last great rebellion with calm impartiality, I believe that all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe he will be regarded, not only

as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the great American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen."

As I happen to be one of the very few survivors of the great Civil War in America who had a personal and professional acquaintance with the chief actors in that grand drama, I am compelled to join issue with General Wolseley in his conclusion, while willing to admit nearly all his premises. Though he is much my junior in years, I entertain for him the highest respect and admiration; he has deservedly gained fame by deeds here in America, in South Africa, Egypt, and in Great Britain. His estimate of the men whom he has met in life will command large attention, but I trust his judgment in this case will not be accepted by the military world as conclusive and final. In all wars, in all controversies, there are two sides, and the old Roman maxim applies, "*Audi alterem partem.*"

England has so long been accustomed to shape

and mould the public opinion of our race, that her authors, critics, and officials seem to forget that times are changing, have changed. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland contained in 1880 only thirty-six millions of inhabitants, with an area of 121,571 square miles; whereas the United States of America had fifty millions of people, with 3,602,990 square miles of territory. Great Britain is crowded, whereas in our vast interior there still remains land enough for three hundred millions of inhabitants. All of these are taught the English language, believe in the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Tennyson; all read English magazines, periodicals, and newspapers, and have a way of thinking for themselves. They have had twenty-one years for thought and reflection since the smoke and confusion of battle obscured the horizon, and have settled down to the conclusion that Abraham Lincoln was the great civil hero of the war, and that Ulysses S. Grant was the chief military hero.

We all admit that General Robert E. Lee was,

in the highest acceptation of the term, "a gentleman and a soldier." He did not graduate at the head of his class at West Point, as stated by General Wolseley, for *Hollum's Register* shows that Charles Mason, of New York, afterwards of Iowa, was No. 1 of the date of 1829; that Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, was No. 2, and that Joseph E. Johnston, also of Virginia, was No. 13 in that class of forty-six members. Lee was very handsome in person, gentle and dignified in manner, cool and self-possessed in the midst of confusion and battle, not seeking strife, but equal to it when it came, and the very type of manhood which would impress itself on the young enthusiast, General Wolseley. That special phase of his character which General Wolseley thinks a "weakness," his invariable submission to the President of the Southern Confederacy, is probably better understood on this than the other side of the Atlantic, where from childhood to manhood is impressed on us the old fundamental doctrine that the pen is mightier than the sword, and that the military *must* be subordinate to the civil authority. A *coup d'etat* in

this country would excite a general laugh, and I confess to a feeling of pride that at no period of our history has the idea of a military dictator found permanent lodgment in the brain of an American soldier or statesman. Mr. Lincoln, in assigning General Hooker to the command of the Army of the Potomac, wrote him, under date of January 26th, 1863, "I have heard in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needs a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship."

General Lee was a typical American, and knew that the Southern States could only succeed in forming an independent nation by united action under a President armed with both military and civil functions, and he was unquestionably right in subordinating his conduct to the head of the government which he had chosen and undertaken to support and defend.

Before entering upon the analysis of his mil-

itary character and deeds, permit me to digress somewhat. General Wolseley constantly refers to the Revolutionary War of 1776 as similar to that of our Rebellion of 1861. They were as different as two things could possibly be. In the first our fathers most humbly and persistently petitioned the Parliament of Great Britain for the simple and common rights conceded to every Englishman; they were denied and repelled with a harshness and contumely which no British community of to-day would tolerate. They rebelled because they were denied the common inheritance of their race; and when they had achieved independence they first undertook for themselves a government which was a "Confederacy of States," and which proved impracticable. Then, after years of hard experience, in 1789 they adopted the present Constitution of the United States, which in its preamble, sets forth clearly: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a *more perfect Union*, do ordain this Constitution, etc." This was not a contract between "Sovereign States," but a decree of the aggregate people

of the whole United States. Now, on the other hand, there was a fair election in November, 1860, for a President under that Constitution. The Southern people freely participated in that election. After they were fairly beaten, and Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, was duly elected, some of the Southern leaders, delving back into the old abstractions of 1776-1789, revived this doctrine of State Allegiance: that a man happening to be born in a State (an accident he could not control) his allegiance became due thereby to that State, and not to the aggregation of States, the Union. I have too high an opinion of General Robert E. Lee to believe that he could have been humbugged by such shallow doctrine. No! many of us believe that Lee, in 1861, saw and felt the approaching horrors and tortures of a civil war, resigned his commission in the army, hoped to hide away; first declined service in the so-called Confederacy, and accepted temporary service to defend Virginia, his native State; but, being possessed of large qualities, he was importuned, dragooned and forced to "go in," to drift over the Niagara

which was inevitable, and which he must have foreseen. His letter of April 20th, 1861, addressed to Lieutenant-General Scott, is in that direction: "Since my interview with you on the 18th instant, I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from the service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed. During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been so much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me. Save in defense of my State, I never desire to draw my

sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity." His resignation was not accepted until April 25th, 1861 (Townsend, p. 31).

Yet, on the 23d day of the same April, he issued his general orders No. 1 from his headquarters in Richmond, Virginia:

"In obedience to orders from his Excellency John Letcher, Governor of the State, Major-General Robert E. Lee assumes command of the military and naval forces of Virginia."

To us in the United States of America this seems a sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. Virginia had neither an army or navy, and such were forbidden to States by the Constitution which Lee had often sworn to maintain. (Article 1, Section 10.)

I have before me, in print, another letter, dated Arlington, Va., April 20th, 1861, addressed "My dear Sister," and signed "R. E. Lee," reciting that "the whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn, and though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have

foreborn and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I would take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the army, and, *save in defence of my native State*, with the hope that my poor services will never be needed, I hope I never may be called on to draw my sword. I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right." . . .

Now, at these dates, April 20th and 23d, 1861, the State of Virginia had not yet concluded "secession." According to McPherson, page 7, the convention in secret session adopted, April 17th, an ordinance of secession, but on April 25th that same convention adopted and ratified the Constitution of the Provisional Government

of the Confederate States of America, "this ordinance to cease to have legal effect if the people voting on the ordinance of secession should reject it." The actual vote did not take place till June 25th,—128,884 for secession and 32,134 against it. How far Lee's defection had aided to create this majority is still the question. (See "Twenty Years in Congress," Blaine, Vol. 1, page 302.)

We all sympathize with the struggles of a strong man in the toils of other ambitious men, of less principle, who had use for Lee in their contemplated conspiracy. At that date there was a Virginia claiming sovereignty and the constitutional right to secede; but there was also a Confederacy embracing many States *already* in rebellion. Lee unquestionably took the oath to Virginia and the command of her "army and navy," then a myth, but it is a popular belief that he never took the oath of allegiance to the "Confederacy," although when General Johnston was wounded and disabled at "Fair Oaks," June 1st, 1862, General Lee did succeed him, and did command the Army of

Northern Virginia under the Confederate Government till the end at Appomattox.

His sphere of action was, however, local. He never rose to the grand problem which involved a continent and future generations. His Virginia was to him the world. Though familiar with the geography of the interior of this great continent, he stood like a stone wall to defend Virginia against the "Huns and Goths" of the North, and he did it like a valiant knight, as he was. He stood at the front porch battling with the flames whilst the kitchen and house were burning, sure in the end to consume the whole. Only twice—at Antietam and Gettysburg—did he venture outside on the "offensive defensive." In the first instance he knew personally his antagonist, and that a large fraction of his force would be held in reserve; in the last he assumed the bold "offensive," was badly beaten by Meade, and forced to retreat back to Virginia. As an aggressive soldier Lee was not a success, and in war that is the true and proper test. "Nothing succeeds like success." In defending Virginia and Richmond he did

all a man could, but to him Virginia seemed the "Confederacy," and he stayed there whilst the Northern armies at the West were gaining the Mississippi, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, Georgia, South and North Carolina—yea, the Roanoke, after which his military acumen taught him that further tarrying in Richmond was absolute suicide.

Such is the military hero which General Wolseley would place in monument side by side with Washington, "the father of his country—First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." All that is good in the character of Gen. Robert E. Lee is ours, and we will cherish it, and will be charitable to his weaknesses, but so long as the public record tells of U. S. Grant and George H. Thomas, we cannot be at a loss for heroes for whom to erect monuments like those of Nelson and Wellington in London, well worthy to stand side by side with the one which now graces our capitol city of "George Washington."

In 1861 General Lee was a colonel of cavalry on leave of absence at his home at Arlington,

and U. S. Grant was an humble citizen of Galena, Illinois, toiling to support his family. He at first gave little heed to the political murmurs creeping over the land by reason of the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the talk of secession at the South; but when the telegraph announced that the United States flag had been fired on in Charleston Harbor, he roused up, presided at a public meeting of his fellow-citizens, instructed them how to organize themselves into a company of soldiers, and went along with them to Springfield. In due time he was made colonel of a regiment of volunteers, conducted it to Missouri, and in December, 1861, reached Cairo, Illinois. His career from that day to this is familiar to every school-boy in the land. He moved, in co-operation with the gun-boat fleet, up the Tennessee to Fort Henry, which was captured; to Fort Donelson, where a fortified place, with its entire garrison of 17,000 men, surrendered without conditions; then on to Shiloh, where one of the bloodiest and most successful battles of the war was fought, which first convinced our Southern brethren, who had been

taught that one Southern man was equal to five Yankees, that man to man was all they wanted; then Vicksburg, Chattanooga,—everywhere victorious, everywhere successful, fulfilling the wise conclusion of Mr. Lincoln, that he wanted “military success.” Then he was called, for the first time in his life, to Washington, to command an army of perfect strangers, under new conditions and in a strange country. Casting his thoughts over a continent, giving minute instructions for several distinct armies from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, himself assuming the hardest share, he began a campaign equal in strategy, in logistics and in tactics to any of Napoleon, and grander than any ever contemplated by England. His personal action in crossing the Rapidan in the face of Lee’s army, fighting him in the Wilderness, “forward by the left flank” to Spottsylvania, to Richmond and Petersburg, was the sublimity of heroism. Of course, he had a superiority of numbers and resources, but nothing like the disproportion stated by General Wolseley. At Vicksburg he began in May, 1863, the movement with less numbers than

Pemberton surrendered to him along with Vicksburg in July. At Chattanooga he attacked his enemy in the strongest position possible; so strong, indeed, that Bragg, a most thorough and intelligent soldier, regarded it as unassailable, and had detached Longstreet's corps to Knoxville, of which mistake Grant took prompt advantage, and I never heard before that Bragg thought the pursuit after his defeat was not quick and good enough to suit him; and, finally, when Lee was forced to flee from his intrenchments at Richmond and Petersburg by Sheridan's bold and skillful action at Five Forks, I believe it is conceded that the pursuit by Sheridan and Grant was so rapid that Lee was compelled to surrender his whole army. Grant's "strategy" embraced a continent; Lee's, a small State. Grant's "logistics" were to supply and transport armies thousands of miles, where Lee was limited to hundreds. Grant had to conquer natural obstacles as well as hostile armies, and a hostile people; his "tactics" were to fight wherever and whenever he could capture or cripple his adversary and his resources; and when

Lee laid down his arms and surrendered, Grant, by the stroke of his pen, on the instant gave him and his men terms so liberal as to disarm all criticism. Between these two men as generals I will not institute a comparison; for the mere statement of the case establishes a contrast.

I offer another name more nearly resembling General Lee in personal characteristics,—General George H. Thomas, probably less known in England, but who has a larger following and holds a higher place in the hearts and affections of the American people than General Lee. He, too, was a Virginian, and when Lee resigned from the army in 1861, Thomas succeeded him as colonel of the Second Regular Cavalry. A graduate of West Point of the Class of 1840, who had served his country in the Florida War, in the Mexican War, and in campaigns against hostile Indians, rising with honor and credit through all the grades, at each stage taking the usual oath to defend the United States against all her enemies whatsoever, foreign and domestic. When the storm of civil war burst on our

country, unlike Lee, he resolved to stand by his oath and to fight against his native State, to maintain the common union of our fathers. In personal appearance he resembled George Washington, the father of our country, and in all the attributes of manhood he was the peer of General Lee,—as good, if not a better soldier, of equal intelligence, the same kind heart, beloved to idolatry by his Army of the Cumberland, exercising a gentle, but strict discipline, never disturbed by false rumors or real danger, not naturally aggressive, but magnificent on the defensive; almost the very counterpart of his friend, General Lee, but far excelling him in the moral and patriotic line of action at the beginning of the war. Lee resigned his commission when civil war was certain; but Thomas remained true to his oath and his duty, always, to the very last minute of his life.

During the whole war his services were transcendent, winning the first substantial victory at Mill Springs in Kentucky, January 20th, 1862, participating in all the campaigns of the west in 1862-3-4, and finally, December 16th, 1864,

annihilating the army of Hood, which in mid-winter had advanced to Nashville to besiege him. In none of these battles will General Wolseley pretend there was such inequality of numbers as he refers to in the East.

I now quote from General Garfield's eloquent tribute of respect to his comrade and commander, General George H. Thomas, addressed to the Army of the Cumberland at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 25th of November, 1870, shortly after the General's death, which tribute has gone into recorded history, never to be effaced :

"When men shall read the history of battles they will never fail to study and admire the work of Thomas during that afternoon at Chickamauga, September 20th, 1863. With but twenty-five thousand men, formed in a semi-circle, of which he, himself, was the centre and soul, he successfully resisted for more than five hours the repeated assaults of an army of sixty-five thousand men, flushed with victory and bent on his annihilation.

"Towards the close of the day his ammunition began to fail. One by one of his division

commanders reported but ten rounds, five rounds, and two rounds left. The calm quiet answer was returned, 'Save your fire for close quarters, and when your last shot is fired give them the bayonet.' On a portion of this line the last assault was repelled by the bayonet, and several hundred rebels were captured. When night had closed over the combatants, the last sound of battle was the booming of 'Thomas' shells bursting among his baffled and retreating assailants.

"He was indeed the Rock of Chickamauga, against which the wild waves of battle dashed in vain. It will stand forever in the annals of his country that there he saved from destruction the *Army of the Cumberland*. He held the road to Chattanooga. The campaign was successful. The gate of the mountains was ours."

Nashville, on the 15th and 16th of December, 1864, was General 'Thomas' most important battle, where he was in supreme command—of which General Garfield says:

"Nashville was the only battle of our war which annihilated an army. Hood crossed the Tennessee late in November, and moved north-

ward with an army of fifty-seven thousand veterans. Before the end of December twenty-five thousand of that number were killed, wounded, or captured. 'Thousands more had deserted, and the rabble that followed him back to the South was no longer an army.

"In summing up the qualities of General Thomas it is difficult to find his exact parallel in history. His character as a man and a soldier was unique. In some respects he resembled Zachary Taylor, and many of his solid qualities as a soldier were developed by his long service under that honest and sturdy soldier.

"In patient attention to all the details of duty, in the thoroughness of organization, equipment, and discipline of his troops, and in the powerful grasp by which he held and wielded his army, he was not unlike, and fully equaled Wellington.

"The language applied to the Iron Duke by the historian of the Peninsular War might almost be for a description of Thomas. Napier says: 'He had his army in hand, keeping it with unmitigated labor, always in a fit state to march or to fight. Sometimes he was indebted to for-

tune, sometimes to his natural genius, always to his untiring industry ; for he was emphatically a painstaking man.'

"The language of Lord Brougham addressed to Wellington is a fitting description of Thomas:

" 'Mighty Captain! who never advanced except to cover his arms with glory ; mightier Captain! who never retreated except to eclipse the glory of his advance.'

"If I remember correctly, no enemy was ever able to fight Thomas out of any position he ever undertook to hold.

"On the whole, I cannot doubt that the most fitting parallel to General Thomas is found in our greatest American, the man who was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' The personal resemblance of General Thomas to Washington was often the subject of remark. Even at West Point, Rosecrans was accustomed to call him General Washington.

"He resembled Washington in the gravity and dignity of his character, in the solidity of his judgment, in the careful accuracy of all his

transactions, in the incorruptible integrity, in his extreme but unaffected modesty.

“Though his death was most sudden and unexpected, all his official papers and his accounts with Government were in perfect order and ready for instant settlement. His reports and official correspondence were models of pure style and full of valuable details. Even during the exciting and rapid campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, he recorded each month the number of rounds his men had fired, and other similar facts concerning the equipment and condition of his army.

“His modesty was as real as his courage. When he was in Washington, in 1861, his friends with great difficulty persuaded him to allow himself to be introduced to the House of Representatives. He was escorted to the Speaker’s stand, while the great Assembly of Representatives and citizens arose and greeted him with the most enthusiastic marks of affection and reverence. Mr. Speaker Colfax, in speaking of it afterwards said:

“‘I noticed, as he stood beside me, that his

hand trembled like an aspen leaf. He could bear the shock of battle. but he shrank from the storm of applause.'

"He was not insensible to praise; and he was quick to feel any wrong or injustice. While grateful to his country for the honor it conferred on him, and while cherishing all expressions of affection on the part of his friends, he would not accept the smallest token of regard in the form of a gift.

"So frank and guileless was his life, so free from anything that approached intrigue, that when, after his death, his private letters and papers were examined, there was not a scrap among them that his most confidential friends thought best to destroy.

"When Phidias was asked why he took so much pains to finish up the parts of his statue that would not be in sight, he said, 'These I am finishing for the gods to look at.' In the life and character of General Thomas there were no secret places of which his friends will ever be ashamed.

"But his career is ended. Struck dead at his

post of duty, a bereaved nation bore his honored dust across the continent and laid it at rest on the banks of the Hudson amidst the grief and tears of millions. The nation stood at his grave as a mourner. No one knew till he was dead how strong was his hold on the hearts of the American people. Every citizen felt that a pillar of state had fallen, that a great and true and pure man had passed from earth.

“There are no fitting words in which I may speak of the loss which every member of this society has sustained in his death.

“The General of the army has beautifully said in his order announcing the death of General Thomas :

“Though he leaves no child to bear his name, the old Army of the Cumberland, numbered by tens of thousands, called him father, and will weep for him in tears of manly grief.

“To us, his comrades, he has left the rich legacy of his friendship. To his country and to mankind he has left his character and his fame as a priceless and everlasting possession.

"O iron nerve, to true occasion true!

O fallen at length that tower of strength,

Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!

His work is done,

But while the races of mankind endure,

Let his great example stand,

Colossal sun of every land,

And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,

Till in all lands, and thro' all human story,

The path of duty be the way to Glory."

Such was the testimony of Garfield, who stood by his side amidst carnage and slaughter, the same Gen. James A. Garfield who afterwards was elected by an overwhelming majority of the American people to be their Chief Magistrate and President.

Let me now quote from another equally distinguished soldier and statesman, U. S. Grant, of world-wide fame. General Grant always manifested the greatest affection, love and respect for his senior in years and service, General Thomas, but just before the really great battle of Nashville, as critical and important to America as was that of Waterloo to Europe, General Grant, in Virginia, having absolute command of all the armies of the Union, became impatient with what he

thought "slowness" on the part of Thomas. After several telegrams pro and con, he made a conditional order to supersede him, which never went into effect, because events fully justified Thomas. But on pages 295 and 296, Volume 2, of John Russell Young's "Around the World with General Grant" will be found:

"This led to some talk about Thomas. The General (Grant) said: I yield to no man in my admiration of Thomas. He was a fine character, all things considered—his relations with the South, his actual sympathies and his fervent loyalty—one of the finest characters of the war. I was fond of him, and it was a severe trial for me even to think of removing him. I mention that fact to show the extent of my own anxiety about Sherman and Hood. But Thomas was an inert man. It was this slowness that led to the stories that he meant to go with the South. When the war was coming Thomas felt like a Virginian, and talked like one, and had all the sentiment then so prevalent about the rights of slavery and sovereign States, and so on. But the more Thomas thought it over, the more he

saw the crime of treason behind it all, and to a mind as honest as that of Thomas, the crime of treason would soon appear. So by the time Thomas thought it all out, he was as passionate and angry in his love for the Union as any one. So he continued during the war. As a commander he was slow. We used to say, laughingly, 'Thomas is too slow to move and too brave to run away.' The success of his campaign (Nashville) will be his vindication, even against my criticisms.

"That success and all the fame that came with it belong to Thomas. When I wrote my final report at the close of the war I wrote fourteen or fifteen pages criticising Thomas, and my reasons for removing so distinguished a commander. But I suppressed that part. I have it among my papers and mean to destroy it. I do not want to write anything that might even be construed into a reflection upon Thomas. We differed about the Nashville campaign, but there could be no difference as to the effects of the battle. Thomas died suddenly, very suddenly. He was sitting in his office, I think, at Headquarters (San Francisco),

when he fell back unconscious. He never rallied. I remember Sherman coming to the White House in a state of deep emotion with a dispatch, saying, 'I am afraid old Tom is gone.' The news was a shock and a grief to us both. In an hour we learned of his death. The cause was fatty degeneration of the heart, I if remember. I have often thought that this disease, with him long-seated, may have led to the inertness which affected him as a commander.

" . . . I have no doubt, if the truth were known, the disease from which Thomas died demanded from him constant fortitude, and affected his actions in the field. Nothing would be more probable. Thomas is one of the great names of our history, one of the greatest heroes of our war, a rare and noble character in every way worthy of his fame."

In this same volume, pages 458-460, will be found General Grant's estimate of General Lee, told in the same informal, conversational style:

"I never ranked Lee as high as some others of the army—that is to say, I never had as much anxiety when he was in my front as when Joe

Johnston was in front. Lee was a good man, a fair commander, who had everything in his favor. He was a man who needed sunshine. He was supported by the unanimous voice of the South, he was supported by a large party in the North. He had the support and sympathy of the outside world. All this is of immense advantage to a general. Lee had this in a remarkable degree. Everything he did was right. He was treated like a demi-god. Our generals had a hostile press, lukewarm friends and a public opinion outside. The cry was in the air that the North only won by brute force, that the generalship and valor were with the South. This has gone into history with so many other illusions that are historical. Lee was of a slow, conservative, cautious nature, without imagination or humor, always the same, with grave dignity. I never could see in his achievements what justifies his reputation. The illusion that nothing but heavy odds beat him will not stand the ultimate light of history. I know it is not true. Lee was a good deal of a headquarters general, a desk general from what I can hear, and from what his

officers say. He was almost too old for active service—the best service in the field. At the time of the surrender he was fifty-eight or fifty-nine, and I was forty-three. His officers used to say that he posed himself, that he was retiring and exclusive, and that his headquarters were difficult of access.”

Many of us believe that, had Lee stood firm in 1861, and used his personal influence, he could have stayed the Civil War, and thereby saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of the fairest youth of the land, and thousands of millions of dollars in cost and destruction; but since the public mind has settled to the conclusion that the institution of slavery was so interwoven in our system that nothing but the interposition of Providence and horrid war could have eradicated it, and now that it is in the distant past, and that we as a nation, North and South, East and West, are the better for it, we believe that the war was worth to us all it cost in life and treasure. We who fought on the right side are perfectly willing to let this conclusion remain; but when the question of honor to the

memory of our dead heroes is raised at home or abroad, we will fight with pen and speech to secure for our Grant, Thomas, Meade, McPherson, Hancock, Mower, Logan, Blair and a hundred others who were true and faithful, brave and competent, every honor a nation can afford to bestow.

I know full well that it was the fashion in England, during the dark days of our Rebellion, to consider the leaders at the South as heroes contending for freedom, for home and fireside, whereas we of the North were invaders, barbarians, "Huns and Goths," rude and unlettered. This was not true; and every American may, with pride and satisfaction, turn to Mr. Lincoln's first inaugural address; to the glorious uprising of our whole people, who had been engaged in peaceful pursuits, to assume the novel character of soldier; whose leaders emerged from the great mass by the process of nature; who gradually, from books and actual experience, learned the science of war, and so applied its rules as to subdue a rebellion against the national authority by one-third of our people,—a feat never before

accomplished on earth; who, at the conclusion of hostilities, granted terms to the vanquished so generous and magnanimous as to command the admiration of mankind, and then quietly returned to their homes to resume their old occupations of peace. England, and even some of our Eastern States, seem not to realize that the strength of our country lies west of the Alleghenies. They still see only the war in Virginia, and, at furthest, Gettysburg. The Civil War was concluded when Vicksburg, Chattanooga and Atlanta fell. After these it only remained to dispose of Lee's army, which was promptly and scientifically done. Had General Wolseley met General Thomas at Chattanooga in 1864, his quick, discerning mind would have reached another conclusion. He would have doubted whether a single corps of English troops, with the best staff which Aldershot turns out, could have turned the scale after the year 1862.

Of all governments on earth, England is the last to encourage rebellion against lawful authority; and, of all men in England, General

Lord Wolseley is the last who should justify and uphold treason. Ireland, to-day, has many times the cause to rebel against England which the South had in 1861; and when some future Emmet manifests the transcendent qualities which scintillate and sparkle in the Irish character, and some enthusiastic American applauds him, and awards him national honors, then will General Wolseley, or his successor in office, understand the feelings of us in America, who, though silent, watch the world's progress toward the conclusion in which truth and justice must stand triumphant over treachery and wrong.

When the time comes to award monuments for service in the Civil War, the American people will be fully prepared to select the subjects without hint or advice from abroad.

W. T. SHERMAN.

OUR ARMY AND MILITIA.

FIFTY years ago, when I was a cadet at West Point, a bright young lad came from his fond parents, as fresh and innocent as a lamb, duly appointed to dedicate his life to the glorious cause of his country, and to receive the necessary instruction at that national school. He passed through the usual ordeal of admission, and at a suitable moment applied to the commandant of the new cadets with the question, "What must I do to excel in my profession?" He received the blunt answer, "Obey orders." The sequel was that he graduated in the following January, went back to his home, studied law, rose in his profession, and became a judge in one of the United States courts in a western territory.

There is no doubt that to "obey orders" is a large factor in the problem of military life, because subordination to lawful authority is the bond which

holds together the parts which compose all armies, and makes them powerful instruments for good deeds; but something more is required. There must be some to give orders; and it is for these that instruction is chiefly needed.

In every profession is found an epitome of the knowledge requisite for success. Every religious denomination furnishes a "*vade mecum*" which teaches the believer what he must do to be saved; but the military profession offers only the articles of war, which amount to "You'll be damned if you do, and you'll be damned if you don't"—nothing to answer my friend's inquiry what he should do to *excel* in his profession. The task is a difficult one; yet it must be undertaken, and military men should undertake it, because it is their exclusive business.

There can be no question that recorded history illustrates the science of war better than any abstract treatise, because what men have done in the past they may do again, and every army contemplates the use of physical force to achieve some result at the least cost of life and treasure and with the largest promise of success; but the study

of recorded history is too long, too complicated and massive, to be undertaken by the common officer or soldier; therefore condensation is necessary, if not imperative.

Say what you may of the immortal part, man is at best an intellectual and combative animal, and the history of the world is chiefly made up of wars—conflicts of self-interest or opinion. The Bible on which is founded modern religion—
—“Peace on earth and good-will to men”—records the deeds of military heroes, of bloody battles and fearful slaughter; and subsequent histories are full of war, its deeds and alarms. Yet philosophy and experience teach that each century has brought about an amelioration. Statesmen, lawyers and doctors of all degrees find germs of the modern professions in the examples of Greece and Rome; while many good soldiers believe that brave men and skillful generals “lived before Agamemnon,” and find in the Greek phalanx and Roman legion the counterparts of the modern battalion and *corps d’armee*.

My own reading and experience, however, convince me that modern governments and modern

armies have their origin in the so-called dark or middle ages, between the downfall of the Roman Empire and the discovery of America—a period of a thousand years of fermentation, resulting in great good to the masses of mankind. Students of the military profession may therefore safely begin with the chronicles of the middle ages, “England, France, Spain, and Adjoining Countries,” 1320–1461, by Sir John Froissart—a book of world-wide renown, which is filled with graphic accounts of the deeds of the knights-errant, and from which Walter Scott has drawn largely in his “Ivanhoe” and “Quentin Durward.” Froissart’s “Chronicles” are more valuable to the military student by reason of the faithful description of the habits, customs, and thoughts of that period than for the records of individual feats of arms; and from them can be traced many of the usages and customs which now prevail in all armies.

Gunpowder was known to the Chinese as early as the year 80 of the Christian era, and the knowledge of its destructive powers passed to India, Persia, and Africa, whence the Moors carried it into Spain and used it in sieges as early as 1238,

though the world generally gives to Berthold Schwartz, of Germany, the credit of its discovery about 1330.

The battle of Crécy, August, 1346, between the English and French, marks the first recorded use of gunpowder in a field battle; it enabled a few thousand English to rout and destroy four-fold their own number of valiant knights, and absolutely revolutionized the whole art of war as then practiced. Among the first instruments used were cannon, smooth-bores and breech-loaders, soon followed by the arquebus and rampart gun with a tripod, or "rest," fired from the shoulder, with a pad to distribute the shock. The bullets, or projectiles, were of stone, iron, lead, or some other metal, samples of which are common in the arsenals of Europe and America.

At all events, in that century the knight in steel armor, with bow, lance, and spear, gave place to the musketeer, and the barons with their retainers made way for the regular captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates, all bound by oath to serve their sovereign for specific periods, and with regular pay and allowances.

In that epoch of transition there lived in Europe great men, great statesmen, great scholars, great soldiers. I need recall no name other than that of Shakespeare, who lived in England from 1564 to 1616, whose knowledge of the human heart and brain, and whose comprehension of the motives which impel human action, have never been equaled in these modern times, with all their inventions and all their professions of superior knowledge. Shakespear^e referred to gunpowder in his "Henry IV.," wherein he makes *Harry Percy* say (Part I., Act I., Scene 3):

"It was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier."

If any of the present generation flatter themselves that they are better and wiser than their ancestors, let them read Shakespeare; also the second chapter of Dr. Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," Volume II., wherein it is demonstrated that learned Moors brought algebra

and the mathematical sciences into Spain centuries before Columbus was born, had measured on the shores of the Red Sea the exact length of a degree of the earth's meridan and the obliquity of the ecliptic, and knew enough of astronomy to prove the rotundity of the earth. While the professors of England, France, Italy and Germany were teaching that the earth's surface was flat, the Spanish Moors were teaching geography in their common schools from globes. Nevertheless, the modern world was not yet ready for the refined, superior civilization of the Asiatics.

In the fifteenth century occurred three great events—the application of gunpowder to the uses of war; the invention of printing; and the practical discovery of America. Gunpowder gave rise to the modern science of war; printing to the universal dissemination of knowledge; and America gave room for the then overcrowded, discontented, and adventurous population of Europe. Out of that chaotic period the present states of Europe crystallized, resulting in clearly-defined boundaries of territory, the population of each state similar in language, manners and cus-

toms, and each governed by a sovereign, a parliament and a judiciary.

The reign of Louis XIV. of France, "*le grand monarque*," 1638-1715, was rich in brilliant men and great events. Two famous soldiers, the Prince of Condé and Turenne, graced this period. The former has left us some wise advice, which may well be pondered by every young officer and soldier:

"There are some things which a young man is absolutely obliged to know when first he goes to the wars, and some others which he may be ignorant of without any reflection upon his honor. He must know he is bound to respect all his superiors, to be civil to his equals, to be courteous to all officers, and to have charity for all those under his command. But this charity must not extend so far as to slacken in obliging them to perform their duty to the full, for he can never be too severe on that point. The knowledge of these matters will prevent his falling into many errors. He cannot fail in point of respect to his superiors without being reprimanded, and perhaps punished, because all generals take care that

every man have his due, not according to his own birth, but to his post. Therefore a young gentleman must not think that because he is of great quality he can pay the less respect to a soldier of fortune; he will never be in the wrong in giving him all manner of honor, and should he fail in that particular, he will be compelled to it. In the next place, if he is civil to his equals, all men will value him, for civility wins the heart, whereas everybody hates pride. Thirdly, if he is courtly to all the officers, they will all speak well of him, and he may hope to advance his fortune that way, as well as by his brave action; reputation in war being as necessary as any other thing. Lastly, if he has charity for all under his command, he must certainly be beloved, which will be no small advantage to him, for soldiers never forsake an officer they love upon action; and he gains much honor by their sticking close to him; whereas those who are hated by their men are often abandoned by them, and thus shamefully disgraced, soldiers sometimes preferring their revenge before their honor.

“As for the lieutenant, he ought to know full as

much as a captain, his duty being almost the same. He is often detached to command a party in chief, or a guard that might be a captain's, and, having nobody there to advise with, he must have experience; for, wanting it, the consequences may be fatal. I have seen lieutenants committed to the provost for having behaved themselves like mere novices in the fight. Therefore I would never advise a young man to be a lieutenant at first, because, being a lieutenant, there will not be so much connivance towards him as if he was a cornet. Besides, all the troops depend on him and the quartermaster; so that if the troopers once discover his weakness, which certainly they will, they will neither value nor respect him; and it were better for him to be no officer than to be so contemned. Besides, his ill name will soon spread throughout the whole army, the common discourse of troopers being about their officers, whom they extol to the very skies if they value them, and run them down as fast if they undervalue them. In short, if a man would have an account of any officer, he need only set his troopers' tongues a running upon that subject, and they will

tell him all the good or harm they know with unspeakable ingenuity."

In 1779 was published in America the volume of Baron Steuben's tactics, which contains the manual of arms for our Revolutionary Army. The musket was then a flint-lock muzzle-loader, with single ball or ball and buckshot, effective at about one hundred yards, with a recoil as dangerous to the soldier as the object aimed at. For firing and loading the commands were, the musket being loaded and at a shoulder: "Poise fire-lock: Cock fire-lock: Take aim: Fire." "Half cock fire-lock: Handle cartridge: Prime: Shut pan: Charge with cartridge: Draw rammer: Ram down cartridge: Return rammer: Shoulder fire-lock."

Up to 1840 we had the same old flint-lock, smooth-bore musket with paper cartridges, and loaded by twelve commands: "Load: Open pan: Handle cartridge: Tear cartridge: Prime: Shut pan: Cast about: Charge cartridge: Draw ramrod: Ram cartridge: Return ramrod: Shoulder arms."

About 1845 the percussion cap, previously

used by sportsmen, was adapted to the smooth-bore muzzle-loader, and it was loaded in "*ten* times" or motions; gradually reduced to four motions, and finally to one: "Load at will."

Now, in 1890, every recruit knows that he can load his rifle and fire it from five to twenty times a minute, thereby exhausting his supply of sixty rounds in a few minutes, whereas as late as our Civil War forty rounds in the cartridge-box and twenty in the haversack were a full allowance for a day's fighting. To supply an army engaged in battle will henceforth tax the supply train, for it is well known that recruits measure a battle by its noise, whereas the veteran measures it by the effect; hence the increased value of experience. There are hundreds of most valuable patents for modern rifles; and in this connection I will only venture the statement that the invention of the metallic cartridge was the parent of all, and that the mechanism of the breech is of less importance than the accurate preparation of the barrel.

Meantime, corresponding changes have occurred in cannon from the original bars of iron held in place by rings, to the mortar, howitzer,

field and siege guns, sea-coast and naval guns, all of them rifled and some of them so heavy that steam or hydraulic power is required to load and fire them. Armor plates of steel twenty inches thick are used to protect the vital parts of ships, and even the gunners. It seems to me that, no matter how powerful naval guns may be fabricated, our land guns, resting on the solid earth, can be built stronger, while steam and hydraulic power may raise the gun, fire with precision, and lower away behind the invulnerable earth; so that the old ratio is not changed, that five guns on land are equal to a hundred afloat.

Anything which attempts to limit danger to person in war is a mistake. In my judgment, the engine of a man-of-war should be protected as far as possible by armor, but the fighting decks and bulwarks should be thin, so as to encourage the shot to go through as quickly as possible. The same of our sea-coast forts. A few twelve-inch rifles at the salients bearing on sea-channels, with steel casemates, an abundance of cheaper ten or fifteen-inch barbette or embrasure guns, with spherical cast-iron shot well handled, supple-

mented by entanglements and torpedoes, will make our chief seaports comparatively safe against any modern fleet.

The progress made in naval and seacoast guns in the last twenty-five years has been very great, and the establishments for their manufacture have kept pace with the demand. These guns and this ammunition are very costly and will add largely to the expenditures of the next war. They also demand much time in their fabrication, and therefore a supply should be obtained and stored where needed. In like manner, field guns should be provided in advance and stored in the usual arsenals. A new army requires as many as six guns to a thousand men, but after experience these may be reduced to three or even one, as was the case in my long march from Atlanta to Raleigh in 1864-'65.

The cavalry of the world have probably passed through more transitions than the infantry and artillery. They are the immediate successors to the knights templar. They have discarded the casque, cuirass, and coat of mail, rendered useless by the modern pistol and carbine, and they dress

like other soldiers, only clinging to their horses and sabres. They take their place in line of battle usually on the flanks, often detached as "the eyes of the army." They can make a circuit of forty or fifty miles a day, while the infantry and artillery plod their fifteen or twenty; but in a march of a thousand miles, as is recorded of Alexander the Great, the infantry arrive first. A man is a more perfect animal than a horse. He can live on two pounds of food a day, whereas the horse and rider must have twenty; therefore in all times, ancient and modern, the infantry have composed—and they will continue to compose—the great mass of all armies. The chief use of the cavalry in a modern army is to supply information; to watch flank movements; to fight on foot, and, when the enemy is in retreat, to pursue and gather the fruits of victory.

Having thus rapidly sketched the three "arms" into which all modern armies are resolved, I now desire to give my readers the benefit of some personal thoughts and experiences, in partial answer to the question, "What must an army officer do to excel in his profession?"

We all know what he must not do ; and the real question is what he should do.

The army of the United States is older than the present government, some of the companies antedating the Revolutionary War. It has always been officered by men of marked ability, whose examples are the precious inheritance of their successors. They have been the advance-guard in the settlement and civilization of this continent. Therefore I say to the young officer. Attend with scrupulous fidelity to the duties of the garrison or post to which you are assigned, with the assurance that these duties are based on the experience of your predecessors, as good men as yourselves, and no better. The government provides the officer and soldier with reasonable liberality, so that they must not embark in trade, business, or speculation ; for a man cannot be a good soldier if his thoughts and interests are elsewhere. The condition of the junior officers and enlisted men of our army has been largely improved. They are better paid, better clad, have better food and infinitely better quarters, than fifty years ago.

There is no doubt that this world has been undergoing a series of charges, physical and intellectual, according to some law not yet discovered, and that it is sometimes disturbed by aberrations such as happen to light, electricity, and the motions of the planets ; yet generally the world moves, in a direction of "betterment." Nations, like individuals, have had their birth, youth, manhood, old age and death ; to be succeeded by others with larger proportions, generally with better opportunities to indulge in liberty of thought and action, the enjoyment of their inheritance and the fruits of their own labor.

To this class of men the discovery of America gave great stimulus, and the facility of spreading news by means of the art of printing made the exodus from Europe universal, resulting in many colonies of every type and kind of people more or less independent of the States from which they had come and of each other ; yet all obeying the general law that like races come together for mutual protection and social advantage.

Every army officer is now required to know

the history of his own country and of its institutions, of the colonies, of the War of Independence, the subsequent war with Great Britain, the Mexican War and the Civil War, all of which were conflicts of arms made necessary by social and political causes, all resulting in a step forward; and he further knows that *his country* extends 3,000 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, 1,000 miles from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, wholly within the best latitudes for civilization—latitudes producing the types of men of the largest physical and mental strength, possessing the largest measure of liberty ever enjoyed by any people on earth, and therefore most liable to civil convulsions. We have no personal sovereign: our sovereignty remains with the people, whose will may be theoretically ascertained by fair means under a written constitution, symbolized by a common flag known the world over as the "Stars and Stripes," with the motto "*E Pluribus Unum*"—one nation composed of forty-four States, each with exact boundaries, and with powers as clearly defined as can be done by words.

Under this system, though wrong may be

done to individuals and even to communities for a time, tyranny and oppression are impossible. With us, as with all other governments, monarchical or imperial, the actual administration is subdivided into legislative, judicial and executive. These may at times create a conflict with each other, but there is less liability of it with us than under any other form of government. Yet as every court must have its marshal or sheriff, so must every State and the general government have an armed force to compel obedience to its decrees. On this branch of the subject there can be no better authority than the Constitution itself, the judgments of the Supreme Court, and the precepts of Washington.

Army officers cannot be expected to follow all the decisions of the Supreme Court, but they may easily master the two volumes of Bancroft's "History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States," published in January, 1882, which describe with great precision the confusion which prevailed in the old Continental Congress during the Revolutionary War, the utter failure of the confederation of the thirteen colonies, with

all their impracticable prejudices and diverse interests, and the final adoption of our present Constitution, of which Mr. Gladstone has written : "As the British Constitution is the most subtile organism which has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

By our Constitution the power to declare war, create an army or navy, make rules for the government of the land and naval forces, call forth the militia, etc., is committed to the National Congress, and when these forces are called into the service of the United States, the President becomes the commander-in-chief thereof. Of course he cannot be expected to command in person a navy on the high seas or an army in the field: these duties must be committed to subordinates, and it is to these subordinates that I address this paper.

During our Civil War many a young lieutenant became a colonel, brigadier, major-general, corps or army commander, in one, two and three years, without a book save the "Army Regula-

tions;" and hundreds, if not thousands, commanded detachments, with power over life and death, with little knowledge of the great laws of war. Of the valuable treatises on this subject I always prefer that of "The Rights of War and Peace," by Hugo Grotius (born in Holland), translated into English and published in London, 1738—a book which ought to be found in every good library. Every army officer should make Grotius his text-book, just as every lawyer makes Coke and Blackstone his.

In time of war the armies of the United States are rightfully and lawfully invested with extraordinary powers, always subject to the national government, and in time of peace, being composed of citizens, they are further subject and subordinate to the civil code of the locality; but when the storm comes, when Congress, the Supreme Court, and the President are defied, insulted, and maligned, as occurred in 1861, then comes in that new, but long-existent, code of war; and it is to the interest of every citizen of the United States that the army officers should be not only honest and patriotic,

but intelligent and learned enough to understand the nature of the power thus imposed on them. No officer of the United States army has ever questioned or ever will question the fundamental principles of our Constitution; but when the Congress has declared war, has provided the ways and means, and the President, as constitutional commander-in-chief, has indicated the measures, then the soldier goes in with confidence to restore *peace*. Of these measures the commanding officer on the spot must often be the sole judge. The law then becomes the law of war and not of peace.

In this article I have purposely abstained from treating of general and staff officers. In my judgment, a good, well-managed garrison on the frontier, or anywhere, is the best possible school for generals, and even staff officers; and I shall regard it as a fatal mistake if the cavalry and artillery shall be withdrawn from the school of application at Fort Leavenworth, because the three arms of the service should be associated in daily duties, on drill, and on the march, so that when war compels them to be assembled in the

same army, as must inevitably be the case, their habits will be already established. Out of these will come the natural leaders, who can select the necessary staff or assistants.

W. T. SHERMAN.

CAMP-FIRES OF THE G. A. R.

A RECENT visit to Columbus, Ohio, September 10-14, convinces me that the young people, male and female, of the interior of our country feel an increased interest in the events of the Civil War.

I did believe, and may have so expressed myself in former years, that the interest, enthusiasm and élan would die out with one or two generations; but not so. There were present at Columbus as many ex-soldiers, their wives, children and families, as could have been assembled in 1865; as many as forty thousand ex-soldiers and sixty thousand citizens, male and female, other than the resident population (eighty thousand) of that capital city. This is not a mere guess, but a professional estimate based on numbers and measurements made on the spot. The same or similar results have been noted at Toledo, Indianapolis, Springfield and St. Paul. The people of the

great Northwest, whose first centennial was in part the occasion of the recent meeting at Columbus, are more peculiarly *American* than similar crowds elsewhere, and give us one element of value in the problem of integral calculus for the "*next centennial*."

I mingled with this crowd in halls, in great tents and on the streets—and though individuals took liberties with my hand and person not contemplated by army regulations, I will bear witness that in the four days of my stay I did not hear a coarse word, see a single drunken man, or observe any infraction of the common police regulations for crowds. I have known Columbus from boyhood, and am sure the people to-day are better and more refined than they were fifty years ago. In accomplishing this result the Civil War and the Grand Army of the Republic have been important factors; and in this paper I desire to invite public attention to one feature of the Grand Army of the Republic—its "camp-fire." The mere name suggests its object. Imagine a group of intelligent soldiers after night—the march done—supper over, and things put away for an early

start—a clear sky above and a bright fire beneath, you have the perfection of human comfort, and the most perfect incentive to good fellowship. Of course to make the scene more perfect there must enter the element of danger, but that is now past, and the “camp-fire” of the Grand Army is a mere assemblage of comrades absolutely on an equal footing, regardless of former rank, yet subject to self-imposed discipline; the comrades may be seated round their hall or at tables, with the simplest and cheapest fare, when they sing their old war songs, tell their old war stories, or in the soldier’s phrase “swap lies,” and transact their business of “charity.” Now at this very hour around their many camp-fires are being spun the yarns which in time will be the warp and woof of history. For mathematical accuracy, one should go to the interesting tables of statistics compiled by adjutants-general, but for the living, radiant truth, commend me to the “camp-fire.” My memory of camp-fires goes back to the everglades of Florida, and the days of the trappers in the Rockies and California, and people who suppose these men were rude, coarse and violent, are

sadly mistaken. Roubideaux was the gentlest, least offensive man I ever saw; but if a thieving Pi-Ute tried at night to steal his picketed mule, he became a good, *i. e.*, a dead Indian. Kit Carson always avoided danger, sometimes would go two or three days out of his course to avoid danger, but when it stared him in the face his eye was as clear as crystal, and his nerves as steady as forged steel. Carson was usually taciturn, but on occasions would "swap lies" with the most expert. F. X. Aubry was to me the most satisfactory, because with paper and pencil he could delineate the country passed over, and describe its features as to wood, water and grass, all that man and horse needed in those halcyon days. The Bents, Campbells and St. Vrain were traders of a higher type than the trappers. Of this latter class, Jim Bridger always at a camp-fire carried off the palm. One night after supper, when gathered round a real camp-fire on Bear Creek, a comrade inquired: "Jim, were you ever down at Zuni?" "No! there are no beaver thar." "But, Jim, there are some things in this world besides beaver. I was down there last winter and saw

great trees with limbs and bark on, all turned into stone." "Oh!" rejoined Jim, "them's called petrifications; come with me to the Yellowstone next summer and I will show you petrified trees a-growing, with petrified birds singing petrified songs." Now, it so happens that I have been to the Yellowstone, have seen the petrified trees "a-growing," but not the petrified birds or petrified songs. The geysers of the Yellowstone at intervals eject hot water supersaturated with carbonate of lime and geyserite to a height of a hundred and fifty feet. This water is carried as mist laterally by the wind two or three hundred feet, saturating growing trees, gradually converting that side to stone, while the off-side has living branches. So Jim Bridger's story was not *all* a lie, only partly so. Mr. Tiffany, of Union Square, is at this moment working up the petrified trees of Zuni and of the Little Colorado into exquisite ornaments.

There is an old maxim of lawyers, "*Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*," good enough doctrine for the courts, but not the "camp-fire." Does any man question the truth of Gil Blas or Don

Quixote Are not the Pickwick papers literally true? Or what American will permit a bloody Britisher to dispute the entire truth of Rip Van Winkle, or the Legend of Sleepy Hollow? As well doubt that Tam O'Shanter saw the dance of witches and had a close call with his "Maggie" at the Bridge of Ayr. The camp-fire of the Grand Army of the Republic is only a continuation of what occurred "during the war," adding wit and romance to relieve the great mental strain when each soldier realized that the next day might be his last—he did not dread death, but mangling, wounds, the hospital and captivity, were ever present to his mind, sleeping or waking. These fears and apprehensions are now far in the past, and no wonder the soldiers of 1861-65 meet again at their camp-fires to "swap lies," and should they exaggerate their own powers and deeds of valor, I know that a sweet angel will blot out the sin. In illustration I will venture to give one of a thousand instances which have occurred to me personally.

After the war was over I was stationed in St. Louis with absolute command over all the region

west of the Mississippi River to the Rockies, and gave much personal attention to the protection of the parties engaged in building the Pacific railroads west from Omaha and Kansas City, the country then being infested by the most warlike tribes of Indians on the continent, the Sioux, Kiowas, Arapahos and Cheyennes, who knew that the building of these railroads would result in the destruction of the buffalo, on whose meat they subsisted, and whose hides made their lodges. It was, in fact, a continuous warfare, following the close of the great Civil War, and though Congress utterly ignored the fact, I had in Sheridan and Hancock, Terry and Auger, good lieutenants, and we won that war as we had previously the greater, but not more important one.

I was seated at my table at St. Louis in the office over a clothing store, corner of Washington Avenue and Fourth street, absorbed in my subject, when I became conscious that a man in rough garb, with a broad-brimmed hat, was addressing me—I had no sentinel or orderly. He grasped my hand familiarly, called me Uncle Billy, was delighted to see me in apparent good

health, inquired about the family, and finally announced that he was "dead broke," and must raise \$26.50 somehow to get his trunk out of pawn, and to reach his home in Ohio. I naturally inquired what claim he had on me. Oh! of course he was one of my boys; he had been a lieutenant in the —th Ohio Cavalry; had fought with me at Chattanooga, Knoxville, Atlanta, etc., and being a perfect stranger in St. Louis, had come to me as his "uncle." He did not remove his hat, which made me suspicious; still he gave correct date and place for every event of his regiment, from Iuka, Miss., to Raleigh, N. C. At last he tripped. "Don't you remember, General," he said, "the Grand Day at Washington when we passed the President in review; that was a glorious day——" "Yes, my good sir," said I, "I left the —th Ohio at Raleigh with Kilpatrick." With hat still on, he pondered some minutes, and then, with beaming face, "Uncle Billy, it was not *all* a lie; I confess I lied some, but I was in truth a lieutenant in the —th Ohio Cavalry, and have since the war been out on the plains as a teamster, and have told the story so often that I believed it myself; the story is true

up to Raleigh, but after that it is fiction. The Cheyennes jumped our train near Fort Wallace, got the mules, burned the wagons, and left me on the ground scalped and dead. The soldiers came out from the fort, took me into the hospital, where I was kindly and skillfully treated, and got well, but the scalp is gone." With that he removed his hat, bowed his head, and the "hair was gone."

This was the reason why in my presence he had not stood "hat in hand" in the presence of his superior officer as he should have done. It so happened that I had been to Fort Wallace about the time when that train was "jumped," and General A. J. Smith, who also happened to be near by at the time, confirmed the general fact. So that among us we raised the \$26.50 to get his trunk out of pawn, and buy a ticket for him to his home in Ohio. I have completely forgiven him, and have never seen him since.

A somewhat similar circumstance occurred to General Zachary Taylor in 1850—then President of the United States—as told me by one of his household. General Taylor was a magnificent type of the soldier of his day and generation; had

served in the Regular Army on the frontier continuously from 1808 till 1849, when he was elected President of the United States chiefly by reason of his sturdy manly qualities and his brilliant success at the battle of Buena Vista, Mexico, February 22, 1847. In this battle General Taylor, with an army of 5,000 volunteers, defended his position against 21,000 Mexican regulars, led in person by General Santa Anna, President and Commander-in-Chief of Mexico.

When in March, 1849, General Taylor was installed in his office of President, he was furiously assailed for place and office by his old war comrades. Among these was a citizen of Mississippi, who sent on his petition to be made postmaster of his town, professing to be a "good Whig," was indorsed by his neighbors, but rested his claims chiefly on the fact that he was in the First Mississippi at Buena Vista. He expected his appointment by return mail, but not receiving it, as is usual, he went to Washington to learn the reason why. Obtaining access to the Postmaster-General (Collamer, of Vermont), he was simply disgusted that in Washington the great and bloody

battle of Buena Vista was held secondary to the Whig vote of North Carolina. So our Mississippi candidate pushed his way into the White House, and laid his claims for office before President Taylor. He described the ridge at Buena Vista projecting toward the road by which the Mexicans were approaching in solid phalanx—how the first Mississippi formed line to the front, then changed to the left to repel the attack; again changed front to the right, and last doubled column on the centre, and charged, driving the bloody Mexicans off the field.

General Taylor listened with great patience, as was his habit, but when the embryo postmaster slackened in his eloquence and gave him a chance, he answered: "I used to think I was at the battle of Buena Vista myself, but since I have come to Washington, I have heard of so many things which happened down there, that I am convinced I was not there at all." My inference is that the self-constituted Mississippi hero never became a postmaster for Uncle Sam. And I also hear of so many things which happened at Dalton, Resaca, Marietta, Atlanta, that I am inclined to be-

lieve that the man who marched down to the sea was another fellow of the same name as myself. Nevertheless, for this very reason I believe in modern "camp-fires." They afford opportunities for wit and humor, they prick the bubbles of the boastful and stamp as genuine the pure gold of heroic action and of patient endurance. No man can, to-day, go to a camp-fire of any Grand Army Post, and successfully boast of deeds not genuine without certain exposure. Brothers reared under the same roof know and love each other well, but a day, or week, or year of war comradeship in the same company begets a knowledge of character not possible elsewhere. In peace we must accept a man on his own word. Not so in war; the truth is then revealed, as it were, by the lightning's flash. In the twinkling of an eye, we segregate the true from the false, the brave from the timid, the earnest from the doubtful.

There were then (1850) no Grand Army posts; now there are over four thousand, and the amount of good and charity done by them cannot be measured by dollars and cents. For years after the war our men wandered over the land seeking

the employment they had given up to take a musket to save the union and government. Of course that crisis is now past, but a greater danger lurks—the next generation may conclude that the wise man stays at home, and leaves the fool to take the buffets and kicks of war. This danger can best be met by just such an organization as the Grand Army of the Republic, with its camp-fires of song and story, to irradiate the gloom of ordinary humdrum existence where an Auditor of the Treasury would measure a “life” as he would a bushel of spoiled oats.

All I mean by this paper is to encourage the men who “saved the Union” to be of good cheer; to meet often at camp-fires; sing their old songs; tell their stories with reasonable exaggerations, and always cultivate the comradeship begotten of war, the charity which blesses him who gives as well as him who receives, and a loyalty that ordains that the “penalty for treason is death.”

W. T. SHERMAN.

RESPONSE OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:
On your bill of fare you will see that General Sherman's name is written down for the toast to the army. I have heard that before. But I believe they generally concede to me the privilege of skirmishing around a good deal. You show the effect of it, too, when you are approaching a mass of timber and know some one is lying around there loose. Just burst a couple of shells in it and you will find out. I burst a couple of shells, too, and I found out. I don't intend to mar an occasion like this with anything but feelings of mutual respect and love. Sometimes it is well to stir up things—it increases the interest. Whether Portland, Oregon, or Portland, Maine, is the more beautiful city makes no difference, they both belong to us. And it is so with the Army of the

* Delivered at the 21st Annual Reunion of the Army of the Potomac, held at Portland, Me., July 3d and 4th, 1890.

Potomac and the armies of the West. I know Gen. Walker too well to find fault with him. He thought there were enough here to speak for the Western armies, and I merely availed myself of the opportunity to tell some anecdotes, some of which led to others.

I have attended a great many of these army meetings and talked more at them, perhaps, than I ought to have done. In my early days it was thought discreditable for an army officer to speak ten words in succession. The most you could get out of old officers was "Obey orders!" "Mind your own business!" But sometimes it is well, where you have anything to say, to say it in a frank, earnest manner. That is my object, and I hope never to give offence, and I hope I have not done so to-day at all. I myself have stood on yonder White Mountains when the wind was blowing a hundred miles an hour, with the house chained to the rocks and yet swaying like a ship at sea, and from its summit—six thousand feet they call it—I could behold this city of Portland lying at its feet, a beautiful panorama, and ships sailing on the ocean beyond, all like a miniature

map. It was the clearest day, the sergeant told me, on that mountain that he had ever seen. That was two or three years ago. I have also looked for the mountain to-day, but I didn't see it, because it was raining, which is a normal condition here, I believe. The mayor says you will have a bright day to-morrow. He is sensible of the kindness of Providence for giving you an occasional pleasant day. It is the same way in Portland, Oregon. It sometimes drizzles there for five months without cessation, and then you have lovely weather and you forget about the drizzle. But there stands old Mt. Hood, and I know it will be there the next time I go out there, and I am going to look at it for two weeks. But whether it is a better town than this city is not for me to determine.

Now as to the army, gentlemen, that is a very old subject. It is written that brave men lived before Agamemnon. I don't know whether you know when Agamemnon lived. He was no acquaintance of mine. And there were armies before the days of Cæsar, well organized armies, too. Indeed, you who have read the Bible—I

don't think you read it much up here—you remember the captains of tens, and of hundreds, and of thousands—that is organization, the very basis of all military tactics. The next thing is grand strategy—what is to be done? Common sense applied to the art of war. You have got to do something. What is that something? You have got to have it defined in your mind. You can't go around asking corporals and sergeants. You must make it out in your own mind and ascertain what you intend to do. Then the method by which it is to be done—tactics—comes in merely as a means to an end. You can't handle a hundred men loosely scattered. Forrest, the rebel general of cavalry, had only two commands in his tactics. I don't know whether he could read or not, but his tactics consisted in this, “scatter like the volunteers,” and “huddle like the regulars.”

Now the third great principle embraced in the art of war, and it has been an art, is now and ever will be, just as much as medicine, mechanics, or engineering, there must be one mind to direct the whole. In all civil governments the many gov-

ern the few. In the army one mind governs, but behind it is the authority of law. There is no general on this continent that is independent of the law, and the President is the minister of that law.

Now when a campaign is laid out, you first want a well organized army suitable to the object to be done. Next, you must have it so governed by tactics, wheeling to right and left, facing about so as to fight in every direction. I remember on one occasion I rode to a colonel of volunteers, a brave, good man—dead now, poor fellow! I said, "Colonel, take two companies and deploy them ten paces apart and see what is in that timber." He looked at me as much as to say, "What are you talking about?" I said, "Deploy your two companies ten paces apart, and do it quick!" He looked as dumb as a pig. A little major stepped up and said, "General, I understand you perfectly." I said, "Do it then." Now it wasn't that the major was braver, but he knew how, and that *how* was very important. Now that is the only reason why those soldiers who were instructed before the war are better than

those gathered together at the beginning of the war.

Now the army of the United States is not composed merely of the enlisted men and the officers—that is not the army of the United States. The Secretary of War has stated properly that the whole population is the army. Of them, we have about eight millions—a very respectable army, gentlemen, comparable with that of Russia or any of the great powers of Europe. But of course out of this mass of men must be taken a few like your State troops, making a force say double the regular army. The government could, at little more than the cost of the present army, maintain one hundred thousand men, all-sufficient for all the chances of war in the near future.

We cannot see far ahead, but the art of war should be kept pure and simple, and at the base of it should be patriotism, that love and devotion to our country—to the whole country, not to any little piece of it, or to any State because you happen to be born there, but to the whole United States.

And what is the emblem of that power that binds our hearts? It is over your heads now,

gentlemen. In these navy pennants you see fluttering in the breeze all around your beautiful city, the birthday of our national independence. But I have seen it upon the high seas. I have seen it come out of the water, first a little fluttering something with glasses pointed to it. Little by little it comes above the horizon, more and more your glass tells you there is red and there are white and blue. And the ship rises above the horizon and you see the gallant-masts, and the royals coming up also, and recognize the star-spangled banner, and your heart beats with a new throbbing worth living for.

Yes, my friends ; on the vast plains of the West I have seen the same thing. As you approach one of those little military posts, perhaps of one or two companies, there is the flag. You look for it and see it fluttering on the flag-staff, and you feel at home just as soon as you recognize the stars on the blue field. You and I have seen it on the battle-field, and when you have recognized it coming to your aid when you have needed aid, oh ! how beautiful it was ! You all know that feeling. Certainly I do, and I can recall a thousand

instances. Not only is it beautiful, but it is grand and glorious.

My friends of the Army of the Potomac, remember that whosoever follows yonder flag is your brother in arms, brother soldier and citizen, fellow in all respects, elbow to elbow, and all bound to gain the ultimate goal—glory and independence.

SHERMAN ON LONGSTREET.

WHY HE REFUSED TO RECOMMEND HIS FRIEND FOR A CABINET
PLACE.

AN Atlanta (Georgia) dispatch stated that by permission of the gentleman to whom it was directed, and with approval of the family of the late General Sherman, the following letter, which was written soon after the election of President Harrison, is given to the public:

“No. 75 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET,

“NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1888.

“*To Hon. E. A. Auger, Atlanta, Ga.*

“MY DEAR SIR: I thank you for your good letter, of the 20th, about General Longstreet, and promptly assure you that I will rejoice at every piece of good fortune which may happen to him in his old age to give him comfort and honor, but I must not be an active agent, because I am overloaded with friends who now turn to me.

“Naturally and properly I will not write a personal letter to General Harrison, whom I know to be an honest, true and able man, perfectly qualified to fulfill the office he has undertaken and who should be allowed to choose his cabinet as unbiased by outside pressure as in selecting his wife.

“I hold that any intrusion now would be a positive wrong. He has a heavy burden to carry during the next four years, and I, of all men, must not add to that burden a single ounce. I have thought over the subject long and my thoughts have crystallized to positive conclusions.

“The men of mature years who, from 1861 to 1865, endeavored to disrupt our National Government should not be entrusted with foreign legations, with cabinet positions or with seats on the Supreme Bench. In all the other offices they ought to have a liberal share. I know that Longstreet would be absolutely true and faithful to any office in the gift of this Government, but no nation on earth can afford to put a premium on treason. But if he will be content to be United States Marshal of Georgia, postmaster of Atlanta,

or take any United States appointment within the limits of his domicile I will endorse him strongly.

"I knew him as a cadet and in the old army, and if every newspaper of the South were to charge him with anything dishonest or insincere I would resent it as quick as thought. Longstreet went into the Confederate army from an impulse—honest, enthusiastic and positive—and when the war was over I know of my own knowledge that he stood up like a man to regain for his whole country the condition of law and prosperity which had been so foolishly and recklessly jeopardized by the civil war. General Grant, who knew Longstreet even better than I, always spoke of him with affection and respect.

"General Grant as President was most anxious to draw to his support the live men of the South, whose manly valor he had encountered and respected, but the old political element defeated his generous intentions.

"The North to-day is hardly prepared to see an ex-Confederate at the head of the War Department. That is, the Northern people are law-

abiding people and will ratify any choice which President-elect Harrison shall make, but if I can proffer any advice I would personally prefer some one of the Union generals, of whom our country is full. In any and every other way I will do what is possible and probable to recognize and reward ex-Confederates of the type of General James Longstreet, whose personal friend I claim to have constantly been for fifty years, since 1838."

627









